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November, 25c

REAL

DETECTIVE

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Pickpockets**

**How
Detectives
Caught the
"Queen of
Crooks"**



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This is the most complete opportunity ever made. I am offering a genuine Underwood late model No. 5 direct-to-you at way below 1/2 original price—and on easiest terms besides. Positively the greatest bargain ever offered. Accept the special 10-day trial offer and be convinced. See the neat, perfect work it does—compare its bright, shiny appearance without risk.

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Think of it—a genuine late model Underwood No. 5 reduced to \$39.90 (cash). Send only \$1 deposit for a 10-day Trial. Then only 10c a day on my easy year-to-pay plan. Use and enjoy your typewriter all the time. Remember this famous No. 5 Underwood all renewed and refinished is without question a bargain never before equalled.

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Only by an exceedingly fortunate deal direct with the manufacturers, am I able to make this amazing offer. Just stop and think what a bargain you are getting. With the famous Van Sant touch system course, I furnish Free—you can soon be an efficient typist ready to make good money. Send for 10-day trial—AT ONCE—and be convinced. This offer may never be repeated.

International Typewriter Exchange
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Dept. 1119

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Name Age

Address

Town State

Real Detective

THE MAGAZINE OF INSIDE NEWS

Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office

Edited by EDWIN BAIRD

RAH! RAH! RAH! The Cops Take a Crack at the Campus



Edith Nasella, "teen-aged girl, who spent several days in a Yale dormitory, "enter-taining" twenty-four students.

There is something rotten in the colleges. It smells like gin. Booze has become Buddha. The "Three B's" are Beelzebub, Rousing, and Rum. Co-eds no longer aspire to Greek—unless he's good looking. Some of the girls wear glasses—the better to find the keyhole when one is soused, my dear. The girl who gets the play is she who never runs out of cracked ice and ginger ale, and who is broad-minded and doesn't want babies—yet. The hidden facts about our schools of higher learning—the dark secrets concealed behind university walls—are daintily revealed in

"College Gin"

By Densmore Dugan, '33

"I am a harlot—"

"Raised in the worst possible environment, yielding to the entreaties of my first 'boy friend,' lacking guidance and normal affection—eager for good times, careless of the price I paid for them—I sank from one rung to another in the social ladder, until I became the pawn of a white slave ring. . . . Men—an endless procession of them. . . . I am not yet twenty-one. My face is pretty, my figure still alluring. What does the future hold for me? I don't know, don't care. . . . I am a harlot. . . . The poignant, gripping, true life story of what the world calls a "fallen woman" is told in the frank confession of one of them—"

"I Sell My Body"

By "Milly"

Both these daring stories—and a dozen other live, up-to-the-minute features—will be published

In Next Month's

REAL DETECTIVE

On Sale November 15

Vol. XXVII

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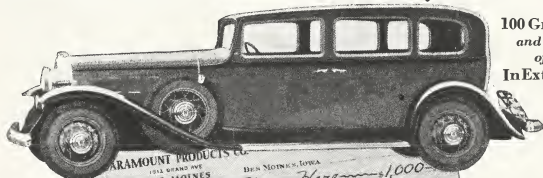
Velma S. May, Secretary

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100 Grand Prizes
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In Extra Rewards

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You

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Sensational money-making opportunity for everybody! You may win this handsome latest model Buick 8 Sport Sedan—delivered to your door by your nearest dealer—or \$1,500.00, all cash if preferred. Also \$1,000.00 extra for promptness. This offer is made by a prominent business house for advertising purposes. Someone is going to win \$2,500.00—why not you?

**Qualify for the Opportunity to
Win \$2,500.00**

OR BUICK 8 SEDAN AND \$1,000

All you do to qualify for an opportunity to take part in this great cash prize advertising plan is to find hidden faces in picture. The silvery moon shining through the trees and bushes makes some funny shadows. Some look like the faces of people. How many faces can you see? Some faces look straight at you, some are upside down, etc. Sharp eyes will find them! Mark the faces you find, clip the picture and send it with coupon below.

We are giving more than \$5,000 in 100 prizes, in a great new plan to advertise our business. Also thousands of dollars in special Rewards. Not a penny of your money is required to win by this plan. Write me today and I will send you proof that the money is already in a big, strong Des Moines bank waiting to be paid to the winners. In this campaign someone wins \$2,500—why not you?

Send No Money

**\$1000 EXTRA PRIZE
FOR PROMPTNESS**

Don't delay! Send your answer at once. Make sure to qualify for the \$1,000.00 extra given for promptness if you win the Buick Sedan—a total of \$2,500.00 if you desire all cash. Tear out the coupon and fill in your name and address now before you forget.



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Someone wins the latest model Buick 8 Sedan and you are sure to profit if you take an active part. In case of ties, duplicate prizes will be given. In addition to the Grand Prize of \$1,500.00 in cash, or the Buick Sedan, and \$1,000.00 extra for promptness, there are 99 other wonderful cash prizes. Second Prize \$750.00 cash, Third Prize \$300.00 cash, and so on. All told \$5,025.00 in cash. Money to pay the prizes is already on deposit in the Bankers Trust Co. Bank, a big Des Moines bank. Everyone who takes an active part will be paid in cash. Nothing for you to lose—everything to win. Just think how wonderful to get \$2,500.00 all at one time! 100 Grand Prizes. You are absolutely sure of being rewarded in cash if you take an active part.

Send This Today

Paramount Products Co.,
Dept. 60, Des Moines, Iowa

I have found five faces in the \$2,500.00 prize picture and am anxious to win a prize. Please advise me how I stand.

Name.....

Address.....

Town..... State.....

PARAMOUNT PRODUCTS CO
Dept. 60 Des Moines, Iowa

THE political pot boils and bubbles, as election day draws near, and the air sizzles and crackles with the oratorical thunder from the Presidential candidates and their spokesmen; but, from where I sit, nobody seems to care a damn. By November 8 this indifference may vanish, but meanwhile the average voter is more interested in finding a job than in electing the next President.

Still, we must elect one; and, while there isn't much choice between the two candidates (as Carter Dale points out in his *Washington Grab Bag*), it's time we made a change. The Republicans have made a mess of things, and probably the Democrats would have done no better, but it's only fair play to give the Donkey a chance at the feed-box, from which the Elephant has feasted too long. And that's why I'm for Herbert Hoover—for ex-President.

The reckless waste of money in official Washington affects every person in the nation. Whenever you buy a gallon of gas for your car, whenever you mail a letter, you help to pay for this frightful extravagance. That's a good thought to keep in mind when you go to the polls on Tuesday.

A biting satire on this appalling spectacle is found in *More Merry-Go-Round*. Ironical, too, is the chapter entitled "Muscle Men." They will fight like a pack of alley cats, these Muscle Men (otherwise known as United States Senators), over a triviality, such as an obscene book, "But let some fundamental economic issue arise, such as curbing the power trust, slashing military budgets, or taxing away vast concentrations of wealth by high income and estate levies. Let a man arise and call for fundamental economic reform and reorganization and propose measures striking at the vitals of the private profit system. Then Robinson, the Democrat, and Smoot, the Republican, and all the others of this bloc, will be found fighting shoulder to shoulder in perfect harmony and understanding. Party labels, trivial sectional differences, all go by the board when the issue of economic control rears its head. Then they are blood-brothers together, fighting the good fight for the status quo."

Drew Pearson, now revealed as co-author of the anonymous *More Merry-Go-Round*, is writing for us the inside story of his controversy with Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley, which cost Pearson his job with the *Baltimore Sun*. The newspapers have printed hundreds of columns on this, but the real story hasn't yet been published. Pearson will tell you all about it in next month's *REAL DETECTIVE*.

From time to time, in this great fireside journal, I've published many stories about prison breaks—and I've read many more that I didn't publish—but never have I read or published one so stirring as *Forty-four Hours in Hell!* For sheer drama, for blood-tingling horror and aching suspense, this story unquestionably tops the whole lot. Written by a man who saw the revolt—an inmate of the prison—it fairly throbs with life in the raw. . . . Pardon my enthusiasm, but the thing is really such a masterpiece of grim realism, such an epic of stark tragedy, that I feel like whooping it up. And I don't want you to miss it. Be sure to read it in next month's issue.

An Argument for Betting on Horses

Dear Editor: I have been reading *REAL DETECTIVE* for a year or more, and it seems to me that the October issue is the best yet. I got quite a kick out of *Cauliflower Crooks*. I used to be a personal friend of old Jake Kilrane. After the Jeffries-Johnson fight I was belly-aching to Jake about the cash I had lost on Jeffries. . . . and Jake told me that an old Negro in Baltimore once told him, "Never bet on anything that can talk."—HOWARD THOMPSON, Pasco, Washington.

A CHAT with the CHIEF



Speaking of bets and hosses, can anybody tell me why, in the first race at Lincoln Fields on Saturday, September 24, Etcetera, the favorite, came limping home ten lengths behind the field? I bet on Etcetera, and I'm curious to know why.

At Last an Honest Man!

Dr. L. K. Eastman on Stand Denies Being Ethical.—Chicago *Daily Times*.

Which reminds me that on our publication schedule is a complete show-up of quack doctors and dentists.

Mind and Matter

Gentlemen: As a regular reader of your magazine, I must express to you the hope that the article, *Selling God for Cash*, which appears in your October issue, is the last by Edgar Irvin Fuller. . . . Does the Hon. Edgar Irvin Fuller lay claim to more knowledge than the clergy, the modern M.D.'s, and a vast army of thinking people could possibly possess, when he seeks to ridicule the power of mind over body? I imagine that had he been living on a certain Friday, centuries ago, he would have been found among the mob who jeered while the greatest Psychologist of all time died upon a cross.—B. E. TOWNSEND, Houston, Texas.

Particularly Since There Is No Such Word

"In the joint account there were losses and I paid half of them. So the word, 'beneficence,' was not the best word to describe the situation."—MAYOR WALKER, as reported in the *Chicago American*.

Re "Nudism in America"

Dear Sir: Now from the standpoint of a woman who is about to be married and who has posed for years for her friends in the nude, I just can't see why it shouldn't be done. My gentlemen friends have always acted as such when I was in their studios; and it was at a meeting of his art club that my fiancé met me. I was the model, and he asked me to work for him. I did, and after a few weeks we became engaged. In fact, he proposed while I was resting. So you can see I am no prude. . . . I have never spent a week-end at a nudist camp, but just because your article has aroused my curiosity, I am going to make my man take me this Saturday. I am anxious to see what is what and just what sort of people attend them. I am wondering how much of a sensation it will be when my fiancé, his sister, and I step out.—ARLENE MADISON, Washington, D. C.

Last week, returning from a brief fishing trip to Wisconsin, feeling kindly and mellow after communing with nature and reflecting on the benevolence of an all-wise Providence, I found on my desk a printed circular letter from Alfred K. Foreman, receiver, notifying me that the Chicago Bank of Commerce, which had accepted my hard-earned cash, had gone bust. After reading Mr. Foreman's circular, I dug up my savings passbook, to determine how much I'd lost, and noticed this delightful blurb on the cover: "Safeguard your estate by making a will, naming this strong (sic) bank as executor-trustee. This bank acts in all trust capacities. Confer with our officers. When you have funds available for investment, you are invited to confer with our officers. They will be pleased to help you select securities fitted to your needs." The main officers of the Chicago Bank of Commerce arc, or were: Henry S. Henschen, president; Edward A. Schroeder, vice president and cashier; Adolph Lindstrom, vice president; and Harold G. Townsend, vice president and trust officer. I don't care to confer with these gentlemen on the investment of available funds, but I should like to ask them why their "strong bank" folded up and what chance I have, if any, of getting my money back. Banks don't fail without cause, and in the case of this particular bank failure I intend to give the cause a thorough probing. I shall render my report on this page.

E. B.

"The SCREAMING SCANDALS of HOLLYWOOD"

Whose
Fingerprints
Were on
the Gun
That Killed
Paul Bern?



What Goes on
Behind the
Movie Scenes?

How
Did the
"It Girl"
Buy Her
Comeback?



What
Happens on
the Sets When
the Camera Stops?



Hollywood
Suicide

Why
did
"Peg"
Entwhistle
Leap to Death?

Unveiling the Secrets of the Studios!
Unmasking the Sex Worshipers of
Screenland!



Hollywood
Hotcha Girl
What's the REAL
story about Clara
Bow's comeback?



Hollywood
Blonde
What really hap-
pened between Jean
Harlow and her hus-
band?



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NOVEMBER 15

WHO'S CROOKED NOW?

An Editorial by EDWIN BAIRD

WITH IVAR KREUGER in a suicide's grave and Sam Insull hiding out in Europe (they may have him back by the time this is read), we see, too late, that we've made a mistake about our public enemies. We see, now, that we've been looking for them in the wrong spots.

We really ought to apologize to Al Capone. We ought to tell him we got the wrong guy.

There we were, a year or so ago, sniffing and running around in circles, spending a lot of time and money seeking our public foes in the underworld, when all the while they were hidden in the upper. Snugly wrapped in their blankets of respectable wealth like fat white grubs in silk cocoons. And nobody ever suspected! It took a major depression to smoke them out. Such a joke on us, ha?

Yes, sir, we've all been taken for a terrific ride. And now they're planning to take us for another. The same gang of chiselers that rooked us before are now plotting to rook us again. Better watch where you step and look out for spiders, or the first thing you know you'll be hooked in another stock-market trap.

Between the burglar and the financial knave there isn't much difference—except that you get quicker action with the burglar. He's through with you in two or three minutes. With a Kreuger or an Insull it takes two or three years. In either case, you end up the same—with a sick headache and without a dime.

Crooked financiers, crooked stock brokers, crooked bankers—the whole crew are working a gigantic con game. And the sucker public, victim of this colossal swindle, takes it all as a matter of course, like one of the inexorable laws of nature. We're altogether too complacent—and much too lenient. I see no reason why a crooked banker should not be treated as any other crook—taken to police headquarters, fingerprinted, mugged for the rogues' gallery, and summarily tried and sent to prison. The Canadian government, I understand, employs some such system. You don't hear of any bank failures in Canada.

In the good old U. S. A., however, they're exploding like fireworks on the Fourth of July. Three cheers and a whoop for glorious Independence! And rally 'round the flag, boys—for around the smoldering ruins the dark vultures are rallying (for politeness' sake, we call them receivers), evil birds of prey, hungrily waiting to pounce on what's left.

But, you ask, if a man can't trust his bank or his broker, what's he going to do with his money? He can't hide it in a tin can, or in a safety deposit vault, or carry it about in his pockets. Vaults are looted, and so are pedestrians—and in these piping days of readjustment they'll slit your throat for a bit of loose change. So what's a man to do?

Well, if you ask me, the best thing for him to do is to spend his money as fast as he gets it.

of Iowa's *Crazy* "GOVERNOR"

stumped the state, telling the people what a great guy he was and making the usual campaign promises. But when the votes were counted he was just an also-ran. The only thing he got out of the election was the phony title of "Governor," and by that moniker he was thereafter known.

MRS. SMITH WAS NOTIFIED of the ghastly tragedy, but because of the condition of the body she was not permitted to see it. She had won a bathing beauty contest a few years previously and was one of the leaders in the Perry Methodist church. The "Governor" and his wife and ten-year-old son were one of the most respected families of the community.

A coroner's jury was assembled at Denison and a verdict was returned that Smith met his death in the blazing truck as the result of an accident. The watch and key ring and the fact that it was his truck were taken as prima facie evidence that the body was his.

The remains were shipped to Perry and the townspeople turned out en masse for the funeral to pay a final tribute to their honored citizen. The church was filled to overflowing. The American Legion post provided a guard of honor, for Smith was a veteran of the World war. There was much sorrow and weeping.

But the body had scarcely been lowered into the grave before ugly rumors began to fill the air. When the "Governor" left Perry that fateful day several persons said they saw a box resembling a coffin in his truck. Another rumor was that on the same day he had withdrawn all the family funds from the bank.

And from Denison came a story that rocked Iowa and the Middle West like an earthquake. Mrs. Earl Riddle said a man came to her tourist rooming house in Denison two hours after the flaming truck was found, rented a room, arose early the next morning, paid for the night's lodging from a huge roll of bills and departed.

That man, said Mrs. Riddle, was "Governor" Smith. She had never seen him before, but when shown his picture she instantly identified him.

The question, now, was: If Smith was alive, whose body was found in his truck? In an attempt to solve the mystery, the body, which had been buried with great display at Perry as Smith's, was exhumed. The examination revealed that a heinous crime had been committed.

The body had been embalmed; it was a corpse before it was placed in the truck to be consumed by the fire. It was not Smith's body.



"Governor" Smith

He ran for Governor of Iowa—and landed in a madhouse.



The Charred Clue

An investigator is pointing to one of the holes in the burnt truck that are mute witnesses to one of the strangest crimes on record.

The arms and legs had been *chopped off*; not burned off. The legs had been severed so that the body could be set upright in the seat, since rigor mortis prevented bending them. Part of the face had been chopped away to destroy any possible chance of identification.

The man had been dead only a short time, so one of the examining doctors said. He was between forty-five and fifty years old and, because of the fine texture of clothing found untouched by the flames under the stubs of his arms, presumably in good circumstances.

Where did the corpse come from? Why was it planted in the blazing truck? And where was "Governor" Smith?

A NATION-WIDE SEARCH WAS IMMEDIATELY STARTED for the "Governor." He had dropped completely from sight when he left Mrs. Riddle's rooming house. Long hours of grilling failed to get any clues from Mrs. Smith. She had been forced to go to work in the Perry canning factory to support herself and child. She said that on the day Smith disappeared he told her he was going to Manila, Iowa, on business. Manila is only a few miles from where his blazing truck was found. Smith's brother lives in Manila, but they had seen each other only a few times in the past ten years.

The scorn of the hundreds who had once been her friends and the continual harassing of the investigating officers finally caused Mrs. Smith to broadcast this appeal:



Pauline Shaw

The "Governor" bigamously married her and took her on a honeymoon—only to keep a tryst with the wife he had deserted.

"John Smith: If you have done anything come back and face it. Your family is all broken up. We love you. Come back, please."

The investigation soon began to show results. It was discovered that the "Governor" had been in Omaha, which is not far from Denison, a week before the holocaust.

Fate must have beckoned Smith to the Nebraska metropolis, for it was while there that he got the idea for the hoax of the corpse. It is a strange coincidence that Omaha's famous "burial by proxy" scandal was exposed just at that time.

The real purpose of Smith's trip to Omaha was to shake down those who answered his advertisement for

All his policies were for double indemnity in case of accidental death. They had been taken out a few months before and his wife was named sole beneficiary in each.

It was not until five months later, under spectacular circumstances, that investigators were able to wring the following confession from Mrs. Smith:

"I state that my husband took out a large amount of insurance. That I talked to him about it and he told me I might benefit some day. Under our plan I was to collect the insurance, and then meet John when he got into communication with me, which might be from one to two years."

An investigator said: "She was the hardest person to make come through I ever dealt with."



In the Hands of the Law

This is how the "Governor" looked when he was finally trapped. The officer who has him in charge is Sheriff Knece.

salesmen for his products. Dozens of men applied for jobs. He promised each exclusive territories. The salaries, he told them, would yield from \$200 to \$500 a month.

From more than a score of applicants he extracted a \$50 deposit as a "guarantee of good faith." From many others to whom he promised managerships he was able to get \$100 each. The jobs were to start on February 15. Smith never intended putting the men to work. It was merely one of his schemes to get some easy money for his Great Adventure.

While in Omaha the "Governor" procured a \$5,000 traveler's insurance policy. It ran for only twelve days. Smith saw to it that the time limit came within the day the body was found in the truck.

He also had regular life insurance totalling \$60,000.

DELVING INTO THE "GOVERNOR'S" PAST, it was learned that he was thirty-nine years old; not thirty-three as he had said to get a lower insurance premium. He and his wife were married in Chamberlain, South Dakota, in 1917. For several years they lived in Norfolk, Nebraska, and while working there as a railroad brakeman he was injured by falling on a bent grab-iron of a box car. He said his skull was fractured and his vision impaired. The engine foreman declared the grab-iron had been bent by a fresh blow and that the car had been inspected four days previously. Believing Smith's story of the accident was faked, the railroad's attorneys recommended he be given no damages.

Two years after the accident to her husband, Mrs. Smith claimed her skull was fractured when a loose plank in a railroad crossing at Norfolk wrecked her automo-

bile. Soon after this the Smiths left Norfolk and threatened to sue the railroad unless it settled in a hurry. Then the railroad paid \$4,400 to Smith. Mrs. Smith sued and collected \$3,000.

It was also disclosed that after the couple moved to Perry, Smith collected insurance on eighty barrels of in-

secticide which he said had been destroyed in a fire, while in fact only eighteen barrels burned.

ALL EFFORTS TO DISCOVER where Smith got the corpse that he placed in the truck as a substitute for his own body, in order to cheat the insurance companies, met with defeat. Every cemetery, undertaking parlor, and medical school in western Iowa and eastern Nebraska was checked without success.

While Smith's wife waited in vain for her husband to return home and face the music, he was having a glorious time. After he staged his disappearing act he bought a flashy automobile and started out to paint the Middle West red, while the wife he left behind struggled to keep body and soul together.

One day, a month and a half after he disappeared, Smith drove into Elgin, Kansas, entered a restaurant, and became infatuated with one of the waitresses—Pauline Shaw, twenty years old. Smith told her his name was Mac J. Smith and began courting her passionately.

Miss Shaw is an orphan and lived with Mrs. May Clayton, who also acted as her guardian angel. When the love match became serious, Mrs. Clayton interrogated Smith closely, but he never told her, or Pauline, that he already had a wife in Iowa and was wanted for an atrocious crime. When asked if he had money to support Pauline, the "Governor" replied that he had just received \$35,000 for a patent on a "louseless chicken coop." The inquisition ended with Mrs. Clayton's ultimatum that if he ever harmed a hair of Pauline's head she would trail him to the ends of the world and turn him over to the law.

With that "blessing," Smith and the waitress burned the road up getting to Sedan, Kansas, where they were married. She looked upon Smith as her Prince Charming. Then they started on their "honeymoon."

Going to Winterset, Iowa, fifteen miles south of Perry, Smith took his bride to a hotel and had her sign her name, but did not sign his. A few minutes later he slipped out and telephoned to Mrs. Smith, his legal wife, to meet him that night at Black's Corner, which is halfway between the two towns.

Sending his Kansas bride to a show with the excuse that he wanted to have some repair work done on his car, the "Governor" left for the tryst with his wife.

But peril lay ahead. When Mrs. Smith left Perry she was followed by a car full of officers who had been tipped off about the phone call.

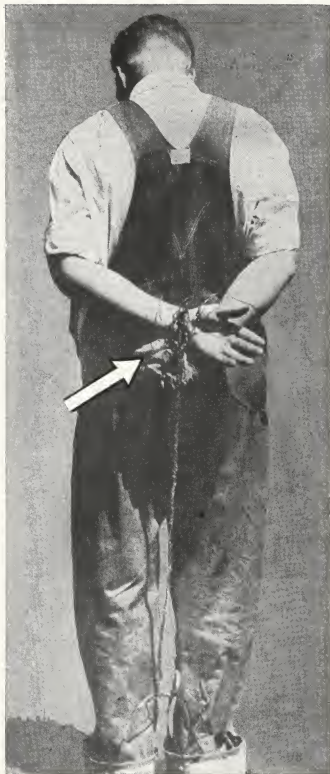
SMITH AND HIS WIFE reached Black's Corner at almost the same minute. She stopped her car and another pulled up beside it. From out the darkness a voice called: "Is that you, Edith?"

No sooner were the words spoken than from the shadows of a nearby building one of the officers ran toward Smith's car, shotgun in hand.

Smith had left the motor of his machine running, and when he heard the officer running toward him he instantly got his car into motion. The sleuth leaped on the running board but the "Governor" reached out and pushed him off. The officer was hurled to the ground, the fall breaking his gun and nearly breaking his neck.

While this was happening Mrs. Smith got her car started and raced after her mate. The officers stopped to pick up their injured companion and were so far out-distanced by the speed of the other two cars that they never got within gun shot of the fugitive.

The wild ride of Smith and his wife continued mile after mile at terrific pace through the night. They had been cheated out of what started out to be a love rendez-



"This is How the Kidnappers Tied Me"

The "Governor" is demonstrating how his hands were tied behind him—by kidnapers, he said. But the officers suspected that he had bound himself. . . . He was found tied in this manner, lying in a roadside ditch, when he staged his sensational re-appearance.

vous, a happy reunion, when the officers spoiled the party. Smith thought the car pursuing him carried his enemies.

The chase suddenly ended almost in a tragedy. In going around another auto at seventy miles an hour, Mrs. Smith's car skidded and crashed in a ditch. She was critically injured and lay at the point of death for days. But the "Governor" escaped the trap and raced back to his bride. She now takes up the story:

"Mac (the name she knew him by) came into the theater, grabbed me and said we must leave at once. I asked him what was the trouble and he said he would tell me later. We went to the hotel, got our things and sped out of town like mad.

"After we drove about an hour I saw we were going back over the same road we had come in on. Mac then told me we were going back to Kansas. After much pleading I finally persuaded him to tell me why he was in such excitement. Then he told me about his other wife. Oh, it was terrible! I was heart-broken. My dreams of happiness were shattered. He said his other wife was a double-crosser and mentioned something about insurance, but I was too crushed to ask him about it. Nothing mattered except that I wanted to get home as soon as I could."

Smith pleaded with her not to leave him. He told her he loved her more than his legal wife and that he would get a divorce. When they drove up to her old home in Elgin at the end of the sad honeymoon Pauline read him the riot act as tears streamed down her pretty face. Luckily for him, Mrs. Clayton was not at home. Smith's parting shot was:

"All right, if you won't take me back I can get a hundred girls just as pretty as you are."

He did not get a hundred, but he almost got a dashing young widow in another Kansas town. Who she is the "Governor" won't tell.

Whatever part Smith's legal wife may have had in the plot to defraud the insurance companies was knocked out of her when her car crashed during the wild chase at Black's Corner. As she lay in bed she broadcasted a second appeal as follows:

"John Smith: I am sick in bed with a nervous breakdown, with a nurse and doctor by my side. Am getting weaker every day. Now, have you done anything serious? There may be a trial and a fine, but that is nothing in my life if you love us. Will you come back and talk to me while I can talk before it is too late? I had a wreck of my car that night and I was driving about sixty or seventy miles an hour, and it was all your fault. Now we have nothing to live on. The pension department has taken the pension away from us. They did not pay the \$300 that I paid in funeral expenses, thinking it was for you that was buried. So we have nothing. So come back for the life of your wife and son as we need you in this time of sickness. Now, I am afraid that if you don't get here within a week I will be in a land where I will suffer no more. The First Methodist church of Perry is praying for you and I do hope our prayers will be answered. If you are alive you should come back and take care of your wife and son. I love you and I know that you love me wherever you are if you are alive. So goodbye if I don't see you again.

"Your Loving Wife and Son."

SMITH DID NOT RETURN to the bosom of his family within a week, nor was he the loving husband she thought he was. But his romance with the widow was not progressing well and he grew homesick for sight of his wife and child. She did not die—that would have been merciful in the face of (Continued on page 89)



Insurance Fraud

Arthur Taggart was on the commission that selected the body for the tomb of America's unknown soldier—and that gave him an idea for a gigantic insurance fraud. The scheme didn't work, but apparently it suggested the same sort of plot to "Governor" Smith.

"Lady Wallingford"

MISTRESS OF CON GAMES

For eight years Barbette Hammel swept up and down the Pacific Coast and across the continent, mulcting society men and women, shrewd business men, doctors and lawyers, out of hundreds of thousands of dollars. No confidence game was too wild or daring, nothing too fantastic. Her exploits surpass the most extravagant fiction. She made one of her victims lend her securities to cover the bad checks she had given him—and then kept the securities. She induced two others to bail her out of jail, persuaded another to vouch for her at an auto agency, then swindled the company out of an expensive car and hired a chauffeur with a worthless check.

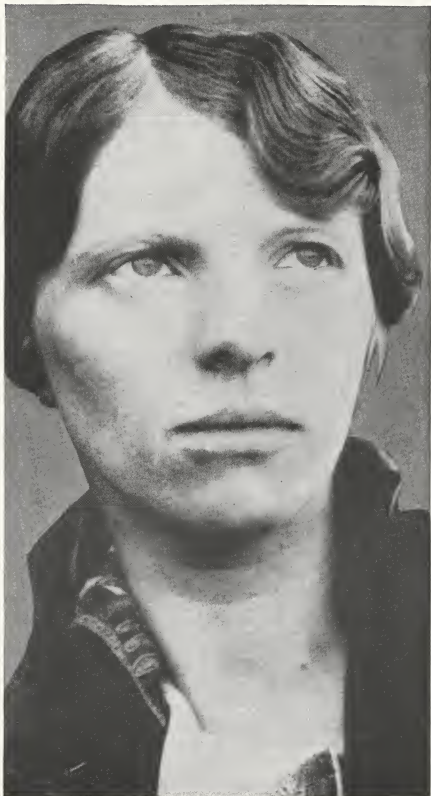
The police were all but powerless against her, for she was a human chameleon. Her appearance changed as fast as her victims. No description of her was valid for the length of time it took to give it. So consummate was her acting that she could lose her identity in any new role. Waitress, Spanish dancer, English noblewoman, friend of kings, social leader, wealthy philanthropist—she brilliantly enacted them all. She had eighteen different aliases and almost as many personalities.

She dealt only with intelligent, clever people, and outwitted them all; but finally she met a hard-boiled taxi driver—and found she was no match for him. . . . The whole astonishing story of this remarkable woman is vividly told in the following pages.



Get-Rich-Quick Barbette

"And this was the woman with whom E. Delos Magee, one of San Francisco's best known attorneys, sat in the St. Francis Grill in the firm belief that he was lunching with an English noblewoman who was the fiancée of the wealthy and socially elect Templeton Crocker."



Queen of Crooks

The Amazing True Story of America's Greatest Woman Swindler

By J. FRANK COAKLEY

Assistant District Attorney of Alameda County, California

Obtained for REAL DETECTIVE

by HAROLD J. FITZGERALD

ONE DAY IN APRIL, 1927, a fashionably-dressed young woman with a condescending manner was ushered into the office of E. Delos Magee, attorney, in the Mills Building, San Francisco.

"I'm Mrs. Dorothy Gregory," she announced in clipped English accents. "If I were at home in England I might use a title, but I've dropped all that temporarily. And if you can keep a secret"—she smiled coyly—"I'm engaged to marry Mr. Templeton Crocker!"

Magee's eyebrows rose. Yachtsman, clubman, and composer, Templeton Crocker, prominent member of one of San Francisco's oldest and wealthiest families, was known to be obtaining a divorce.

"He desires," said Mrs. Gregory, "to finance an electric cooker which I am promoting, and to provide for my personal expenses. But for secrecy's sake he wishes to do this through a \$200,000 trust fund. Would you care to act as trustee?"

Magee would; and he suggested that they go out to lunch to talk it over.

"Just a moment," said Mrs. Gregory. She borrowed some paper and wrote a note informing "Dear Templeton" of the attorney's acceptance, showed it to Magee,

then sealed and addressed it. But she did not show him the address on the envelope: Mrs. Dorothy Gregory, 485 Bush Street. She dropped the letter in the mail chute as they went out.

On Montgomery Street many admiring eyes turned toward the petite and stylish figure as she led the elderly attorney to a smart sedan that awaited them at the curb. None of those who saw her, and least of all Magee, suspected that they were looking at the nation's most notorious woman swindler.

Born Dorothy Homans, she had danced, acted and worked in a tea room at Carmel under the name of Carmelita de Montes. In 1921—when she was twenty-five—she had convinced the pastor of Carmel Mission and his archbishop that the King of Spain had sent her to help restore the old California missions. With letters from them she toured the state in a taxi, collected \$100,000, and disappeared. As Mrs. Dorothy Hammel she

The Woman of a Dozen Personalities

"The secret of her success in deluding victims and eluding the police lay in her personality—or, rather, her personalities. . . . She was such a born actress that her whole appearance changed to fit any role she played, and a dozen pictures might have been those of as many different women. So, when she wanted to disappear, she simply assumed a new name—and looked like a different person."



Barbette, the Chameleon

These three photographs show how she could disguise herself merely by changing her expression. Study these pictures closely. Would you say that all three are of the same person?

Whispering Wires

Here are some of the telegrams sent to Magee by Barquette during her feverish stay in the East. Strange secrecy shrouded her messages—the code name, "Petre," mysterious innuendoes, and other hocus-pocus.

CLAIM OF SERVICE

This is a full-page Telegram or Cablegram unless its character is indicated by a symbol in the check or in the address.

Received at 1448 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco

45H F H 10

RA NIAGAI

E DESLOS MAGEE 980

THINGS GOING FINE

TIME KINDEST

PETRE 9

THE QUICKER

THE QUICKEST, MURDER AFTER MURDER

WESTERN UNION

RECEIVED AT 1448 VAN NESS AVE., S.F.

45H F H 10

RA NIAGAI

E DESLOS MAGEE 980

THINGS GOING FINE

TIME KINDEST

PETRE 9

THE QUICKER

THE QUICKEST, MURDER AFTER MURDER

WESTERN UNION

RECEIVED AT 722 MARKET ST., SAN FRANCISCO

LA32 50 NL=CLEVELAND OHIO 21

E D L MAGEE=

980 RUSH ST SAN FRANCISCO CALIF=

TELEPHONING DOCTOR YOUR HOUSE SATURDAY NIGHT IMPERATIVE I TALK TO HIM WIRE PEARSON BROOKLYN WHAT TIME CONVENIENT I CALL DOCTOR INFORMATION I CANNOT GIVE IN LETTER OUR MONEY ABSOLUTELY ASSURED SO DO NOT WORRY CERTAIN CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH I AM WORKING HAVE CAUSED ME TO MAKE SOME VERY DECIDED CHANGES=

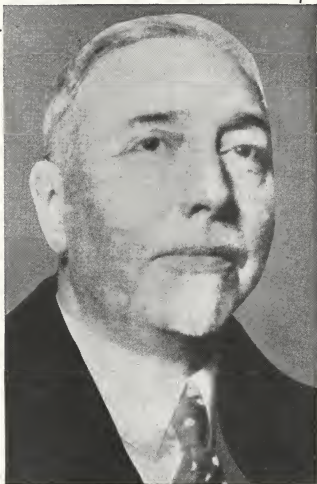
PETE.

induced A. B. C. Dohrmann, San Francisco philanthropist, to advance \$15,000 in "operating expenses" for a non-existent school for subnormal children, and disappeared. As Mrs. Barquette Hammel she persuaded Mrs. Gladys Doyle, social leader, to back her with \$43,000 in an ultra-exclusive modiste shop venture, exhibited the checks as proof that Mrs. Doyle was behind the enterprise, and so obtained the entire \$200,000 stock on credit. She sold most of it before the truth came out, then disappeared from her seventy-eight creditors.

She established herself in a tent in the Oakland hills, and announced that she had been ruined by "parasitic relations." Her sad plight so aroused the public sympathy that her creditors saw that any prosecution of her would be regarded as persecution. The state labor commissioners seized the goods left in the salon to pay the wages of her nine girl employees. She convinced them she could get a higher price by selling the goods herself—and skipped out with the proceeds. Touring the state in a limousine, she posed in small towns as a wealthy woman who had just leased "the big Soandso place out on the Suchandsuch Road"—and reaped another fortune passing bad checks on the hopeful merchants.

THE SECRET OF HER SUCCESS in deluding victims and eluding the police lay in her personality—or, rather, her personalities. She was by no means a beauty; but she had the air of a duchess, the brain of a Machiavelli, the magnetism of a Maude Adams, and the dramatic versatility of a Ruth Draper. She was such a born actress that her whole appearance changed to fit any role she played, and a dozen pictures might have been those of as many different women. So, when she wanted to disappear, she simply assumed a new name—and looked like a different person. The name she had given Magee was her fifteenth alias.

And this was the woman with whom E. Delos Magee, one of San Francisco's best known attorneys, sat in the St. Francis Grill in the firm belief that he was lunching



E. Delos Magee

He was swindled out of \$15,000 by the oily-tongued Barquette. Her smooth lies hooked him neatly in one of her many con games.



Templeton Crocker

Millionaire yachtsman and son of one of San Francisco's first families, he was selected by Barbette for use in one of her crooked deals. She said she was engaged to him and that he had provided a \$200,000 trust fund for her. But it was just another bunco act. Crocker had never even seen the woman.

with an English noblewoman who was the fiancée of the wealthy and socially elect Templeton Crocker. A day or so later she showed him a letter, ostensibly from Crocker, expressing satisfaction with her selection of Magee as trustee and a desire to meet him and turn the trust fund over to him.

Magee now regarded himself as in Crocker's employ, so he readily okayed accounts in numerous shops and advanced Barbette cash out of the anticipated trust fund. But the meeting was delayed from day to day, Barbette explaining that Crocker was busy writing the Bohemian Club's annual play—which, incidentally, was later produced in Europe and America as the opera, "Fay-Yen-Fah." Then several stores complained to Magee that Mrs. Gregory's accounts were overdue.

"That's all right," smiled Barbette, when he mentioned it. "Templeton wants us to have dinner with him at the Palace Wednesday night."

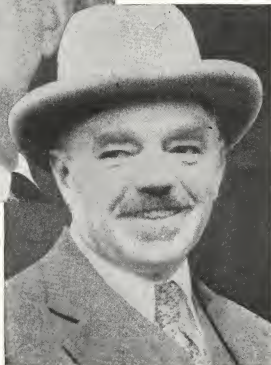
But on Wednesday night she said Crocker had gone to Tia Juana to investigate her first marriage, and wanted them to meet him in Los Angeles Saturday. In

Los Angeles she said he had been called home, and wanted them to come to San Francisco. In San Francisco she said he had rushed off to Bohemian Grove to attend the production of his play.

Meanwhile, Magee had had to settle several store accounts, pay hotel and traveling expenses, and buy Barbette an automobile and a fur coat "out of the trust fund," which nearly exhausted his patience. Then she told him Crocker was going to Sacramento to look into her second marriage, and that she was to meet him there and receive \$13,000 to defray expenses temporarily. Several more stores threatened suit, and it cost Magee several thousand dollars to satisfy them. But Barbette returned from Sacramento in high spirits and showed Magee a \$125,000 check, payable to the D.

Wealthy Victims

Gregory Trust Fund, and signed Templeton Crocker. As there was no trust fund yet, they couldn't deposit it; but Crocker would attend to that, she explained, as soon as he returned to town.



A. B. C. Dohrmann

He found himself \$15,000 poorer because of Barbette, but through his newspaper, the Bulletin, he helped land her in jail. (Mr. Dohrmann's paper has since been merged with the Call and is now owned by Hearst as the Call-Bulletin.)

PETRE
750P

THE BULLETIN

1200 P

SIGNS

100 - Daily News
200 - Daily News
300 - Daily News
400 - Daily News
500 - Daily News

AND SUGGESTION CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

1200 P

SIGNS

100 - Daily News
200 - Daily News
300 - Daily News
400 - Daily News
500 - Daily News

MAILER'S NAME AND ADDRESS

THE BULLETIN, 4321, Local 249

28

DETAILS TOMORROW MATTERS FINE

THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

Then it seemed Crocker wasn't satisfied with Barbette's second divorce, and insisted that she get a new one in Reno. Magee paid her fare and gave her a card to Attorney Robert Price. She borrowed \$350 from Price, then bought expensive clothes from Reno merchants on credit, giving him as her reference. She returned to California early in 1928 with \$3,000 worth of hats, gowns, furs, and jewelry.

SHE FOUND MAGEE PRACTICALLY BROKE. He had been unable to stave off her creditors' lawsuits any longer, and the court had held him responsible for her bills. In order to meet their demands the elderly lawyer had taken cheap office quarters and moved into a one-room apartment where he did his own cooking. Barbette had cost him \$15,000. He inquired anxiously about Crocker.

"Oh, didn't you read it in the papers?" she moaned. "He's gone to Europe to produce his opera there!"

"I'm ruined!" gasped Magee.

"Don't worry," said Barbette brightly. "I've a much bigger deal on now."

By this she meant that she had a fresh victim to replace the financially exhausted Magee. He was Dr. Howard H. Markel, prominent surgeon and professor of orthopedics at the University of California Medical College in San Francisco. She had been introduced to him, under the name of Dorothy Whipple, by Paul E. Sobotker of Piedmont. Sobotker had lost \$12,000 and Dr. Markel \$2,000 in a short-lived concern known as the Capital Fiber Co. Barbette told them she had lost \$18,000. But she had evidence, she said, that Earl T. Jones, president of the defunct company, had sold the stock without a permit. He was now vice-president of a New York stock and bond house. She proposed to go to New York, threaten him with extradition, and make him refund their money.

The truth was, Jones had violated no law and Barbette had no evidence against him; but Markel and Sobotker knew little about the circumstances of the case and less about the law, and Barbette's adroit tongue took full advantage of this.

All the expenses would have to be borne by Markel, who was then worth about \$30,000. Barbette took the sting out of these "touches" by making them appear as advances. Markel was to get his \$2,000 intact, and whatever it cost him would come out of her \$18,000. He gave her \$600, and she went to New York. There she called on Jones, but he ordered her out of his office. She went straight to a telephone and called Markel—collect.

"It's practically settled," she said. "I have him scared to death. But I'll need another \$250."

Markel sent it. A few days later she phoned again—also collect. "He's so badly scared," she said, "that I'm talking him into paying an extra \$10,000 for interest and expenses. But living's terribly high here."

Markel sent \$300. Then she phoned that it was all settled, and that if he'd send \$250 she'd come right home. He did.

She came home; but she didn't bring the money. Jones had insisted, she said, that all the evidence be put in escrow before he'd pay a cent. To protect her and this evidence on the trip back to New York she'd need a bodyguard; and she selected for this position one Marshall Hobson who, it developed later, she had taken away from his wife and children. Then she gathered up every scrap of paper in Markel's and Sobotker's possession that had Jones' signature on it, plus \$1,700, and left with Hobson for New York. Soon she phoned back.

"Jones was so overcome by the evidence," she said, "that I've boosted my demand to \$50,000. And he's agreed to pay. Isn't that marvelous? But Marshall and I will need another thousand."

Dr. Markel sent that, too—and was soon rewarded by the arrival of a contract to pay \$50,000, bear-

ing what looked to him exactly like Jones' signature.

Considerable traveling was necessary for Barbette and Hobson before they could find just the right bank to handle the escrow, and that cost Dr. Markel another thousand. Then she phoned again.

"I've just discovered," she said, "that Jones is going to make \$125,000 in commissions on a Colombian bond issue that his house is floating. So I'm not going to let him off with any mere \$50,000. I'm going to demand \$100,000—to make up for all we might have made on our money in the years he's been withholding it! And, oh yes, I mustn't forget—please send another \$500 so I can see this through."

Soon she reported that Jones was trying to deny that he would get as much in commissions as she believed, so she was having to tour the East getting information on this point. Also, she now had to have a secretary. All that meant another \$1,500. Then along came the \$100,000 contract, accompanied by a request for \$750, which Dr. Markel willingly sent.

Now she wrote that for \$2,500 a company in the East would bond them against the possibility of Jones backing out of his agreement. Thinking this would be his last expense, Dr. Markel sent the money; then a little later he had to send another \$500 to bring Barbette, Hobson, and the secretary home. It had cost him \$11,450 to get the \$100,000 contract. A bargain, he thought it at the time.

BUT AGAIN BARBETTE BROUGHT NO MONEY. It would be about six weeks, she explained, before the commissions would all be collected. Meanwhile she must live. Markel couldn't refuse to lend money to the woman who had enriched him by so many thousands, so he put \$7,500 into a joint account against which she was to draw as she needed it. It turned out that she needed it at the rate of over \$2,500 a month during

July, August, and part of September; then she borrowed another \$1,000 from him to return to New York.

Before leaving, she announced that she had received mysterious warnings that Jones was preparing to use violence to prevent her from turning that evidence over to the bank. To conceal her movements she took a code name, "Petre," which she was to sign to all messages; and she arranged to send these to Markel by way of Magee.

"If this deal goes through I can pay you back in full," she told the attorney. And she warned him against telling Dr. Markel that she was really Dorothy Gregory. "This is a dangerous game," she explained, "and I must keep my identity absolutely secret."

She then hired a second bodyguard, named Crawford, and departed. Her route to Chicago was marked by messages relayed through Crawford and Magee to Markel. Despite all these precautions, the "enemy" reached her in Chicago with a threat that if she tried to go to New York she'd be sorry. Then Markel received the following wire:

RAWLINS, WYO. RELAYED.
PARTIES UNFORTUNATELY MADE



J. Frank Coakley

As assistant district attorney of Alameda County, he brought Barbette to justice—and in these pages he tells the colorful story of her amazing career.

GOOD THEIR WORD BUT PETRE MADE GETAWAY. HAVE PUT ON EXTRA PROTECTION. CRAWFORD.

Barbette explained by letter that she had been kidnapped on her way to the Chicago station, and, although she had escaped from her abductors, she had missed the train, on which was her baggage containing the precious "evidence." She had hired an airplane, overtaken the train and proceeded on to New York—where she had hired a third bodyguard.

Once in New York, Barbette found that Jones had talked the New York bank out of handling the escrow, and she had to make new arrangements. Further attempts were made to kidnap her, and once her hip was injured. She added three more men to her corps of guards. Daily Markel received, via Magee, cryptic wires from one or another of these that "Petre" had escaped her pursuers by taking a midnight airplane or slipping out of town in disguise. In two weeks she drew \$2,000 for doctor bills, airplane rides, salaries, and hotel and Pullman bills for herself and her entourage of seven.

She finally reported that she had deposited her "evidence" with the Continental Bank & Trust Co. of Chicago. All that remained was to get drafts from Jones enabling this bank to draw on his New York bank for the money. Then came a wire:

DRAFTS RECEIVED. ON WAY TO YOU BY EXPRESS THIS AFTERNOON. NEED \$1,000.

With the \$100,000 now on its way to him, Dr. Markel did not for a moment begrudge the comparatively small amount requested.

But no sooner had he wired the money than he received another telegram from Barbette. She had discovered that "the enemy" had his minions even inside the express company. Rather than entrust the precious drafts to their care, she was bringing them home herself, although at the risk of her life. Her start was signaled by a wire from one of her aides:

FOUR MEN GUARDING HER. TELL DOCTOR NOT TO

The Tiny Slip That Sent Her to the Pen



Her Farewell Appearance

Here we see Barbette in the Alameda County Jail, and below is the photograph that finally sent her to prison—for the first time in her eight years of swindling. The photomicrographic enlargement of a check that she had drawn showed that the figure, "27" had been changed to "29," and a handwriting expert proved that Barbette had made the change. Had it not been for this, she would have escaped conviction.

TALK. SHE IS CARRYING TERRIBLE LOAD. TRIED TO BLOCK HER IN EVERY WAY.

There followed two anxious days for Markel, Sobotker, and Magee. Would she come through safely? What might be happening to her at this moment? Then, justifying their worst fears, a telegram:

JONES PLAYED TRUMP CARD. IN BED CHICAGO FROM SOMETHING IN FOOD. NEEDS \$1,000.

By the time Barbette reached home on November 1—still limping from that hip injury and pale from her recent poisoning— (Continued on page 95)

How does a city detective
How does he go about the
What clues does he look for?

In this unusual story, taken from actual life, the detective himself tells exactly how he solved the mystery of

The SUSQUEHANNA



FOR EVERY MAJOR INVESTIGATION assigned to a detective, he must solve a hundred petty and uninteresting complaints. About the time he becomes restless, working on drab and colorless jobs, and begins to think of a change of occupation, along comes a real brain-teaser, and he thinks his is the greatest business of all.

This was my trend of thought on the afternoon of Saturday, January 26, 1929, while seated at my desk in police headquarters at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. Having completed a report on a minor investigation, I was speculating upon the long list of similar cases assigned to me in recent weeks, when my superior officer, Captain of Detectives H. M. Speese, walked briskly toward my desk.

"Pat, I want you to locate a missing business woman. Disappeared last night with a big bank roll. You have been kicking about small jobs," he added. "Now see what you can do with this case."

Briefly, the information was this: Miss Verna Klink, thirty-two years old, manager of the Candyland Kitchen, a confectionery and light lunch establishment at 132

LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.
The above two views of the Susquehanna River at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, show the spot at which the heinous crime was committed. The steps lead to Locust Street, and it was down these steps that the victim, an unsuspecting girl, walked with a man she trusted—only to meet death a few minutes later.

Walnut Street, had dropped out of sight on the previous night. It was believed she had carried \$1,700 in cash. She was the fiancée of the owner of Candyland, Ted Theodopulas, 129 Walnut Street, so apparently it was not a case of absconding. She was five feet, 6 inches tall, weighed 130 pounds, had black bobbed hair and black eyes, and was rather comely.

CALLING AT CANDYLAND, I found Theodopulas, who also operated the DeLuxe Restaurant. From him I learned enough to convince me that this was no ordinary "missing person" case.

It was his custom to meet his fiancée at the confectionery at 11:45 each night and to escort her to 31 North Third Street, where the young woman boarded. Late Friday he arrived at Candyland, but found the place locked for the night.

handle a murder mystery?
business of clearing it up?
How does he use them?

MURDER



VERNA KLINK, THE MURDERED GIRL



LOOKING NORTH FROM THE SCENE OF THE CRIME

by Detective Sergeant
PATRICK J. HYLAN *

Of the Harrisburg Police Department

Obtained for REAL DETECTIVE by

James F. Haas

This was unusual, for Miss Klink, since they had become engaged, never failed to await his arrival. However, an inspection of the place showed nothing suspicious, and he went on home.

But he was quite disturbed next morning by a telephone call from Mrs. Ellen Umholtz, an employee at Candyland, who stated that Miss Klink had failed to appear for work.

Leaving his restaurant, he went to Miss Klink's boarding place and learned from the landlady, Mrs. Mary Lentz, that his fiancée had not occupied her bed Friday night. This added to his fears. In all the time Miss Klink had roomed at the place, Mrs. Lentz had never known her to remain away overnight except when visiting relatives.

A telephone call to the missing woman's mother, Mrs. Alma Eshleman, of Mechanicsburg, not far from Harrisburg, failed to shed any light upon the mystery. He knew that Mrs. Eshleman had given her daughter a check for \$1,700 two days before, mortgaging her property to raise it, in order that Verna could buy Candyland from Theodopulas.

Miss Klink, being rather strong-willed, desired to

* Detective Sergeant Hylan has been a member of the Harrisburg police department since 1911 and has worked on a number of important criminal cases. He has an excellent record as a first-class investigator. "Pat" is one of the most popular men on the force and has a reputation of being absolutely fearless and a square shooter.—E.A.

THE COWARDLY MURDERER OF A DEFENSELESS GIRL



Study this face for a moment. It's a rogues' gallery picture of a criminal degenerate—Harry Benton Bowman, thief, parasite, and ratlike coward, who lived on women and finally murdered a girl for her money.

purchase Candyland and operate it on a better paying basis, employing her own methods of management instead of merely carrying out her fiance's orders. Despite his protests and those of her mother, Miss Klink succeeded in having her way in this.

Questioning employees at Candyland again, Theodopulas found that she had foolishly displayed a thick wad of currency about 7 o'clock on Friday night in the presence of six customers, commenting on the thrill of possessing such a large amount of money at one time.

I CALLED AT HOSPITALS, railroad stations, and other places without result. Checking back on the statements of Theodopulas, I found he had spoken the truth.

On Sunday he appealed to the Pennsylvania State Police to assist in the search, and Corporal Arthur B. Snyder, the officer on duty, detailed Trooper William A. Miller, a crack investigator, to handle the case. It was agreed that he would cooperate with me.

"When an attractive woman suddenly does a fade-out, with more than a grand in her possession, it looks kind of funny, Pat," the trooper remarked.

We searched Candyland from top to bottom, without finding a clue. The \$1,700 was not to be found, indicating that she had the money when last seen. We concluded our best bet would be to look for those persons who knew that she had the \$1,700.

After investigation, we eliminated the waitresses from suspicion. Next, we secured a list of the customers in the place when Miss Klink had flashed her roll.

Here we got a lucky break. All of the six were regular patrons and known to the attendants. Taking them one at a time, we found five were of excellent character. The sixth customer, a hanger-on around the sheriff's office, was a rather doubtful case.

He was Harry Bowman, a perfume salesman, former baseball player, known to have a penchant for gambling and a frequenter of pool rooms. Both the trooper and I were casually acquainted with him. He was married and lived at 16 Evergreen Street. Calling at that address, we found no one home.

Returning to headquarters, we left orders to have Bowman picked up for question-



THE THREE OFFICERS WHO SOLVED THE MYSTERY

Trooper William A. Miller, of the Pennsylvania State Police (left), and Detective Sergeants Oscar Blough (center) and Patrick J. Hyland, of the Harrisburg Police Department, worked tirelessly on the case till they successfully closed it.

ing. It was not until Monday afternoon that he was located. Patrolman William Romich sighted him in the business section of the city at three o'clock. He was trailed to 113 Market Street, where he entered the apartment of a Mrs. Ethel Miller.

He expressed surprise when told that he was wanted at headquarters, and willingly accompanied the patrolman to the office of Captain Speese. At the time, I was at the State Police barracks. Trooper Miller and I were just going out the door, intent upon paying another visit to Bowman's home, when the telephone

orderly informed us that Bowman was at city hall.

As we entered the office of Captain Speese he pointed to Bowman and said, "Well, boys, here is your man."

Bowman jumped up from his chair and greeted us warmly. Then he made a startling statement. Addressing the trooper, he said, "Miller, I didn't kill that girl. I haven't murder in my heart."

FOR A MOMENT we were all stunned. Here was a man from whom we expected to get some information about Verna Klink, known only to have disappeared. But he presumed that she was dead!

On the strength of that chance remark, it was immediately surmised Verna Klink had been murdered. Furthermore, it was a cinch that Harry Bowman knew something about it.

Taking him by the shoulder, Trooper Miller said, "You are under arrest for suspicion of having knowledge of the disappearance of Verna Klink." Miller led his man from the room, and told us to follow them to the State Police barracks.

Captain Speese, Detective Sergeant Oscar Blough, and myself accompanied the trooper and his prisoner.

Bowman seemed quite cool as he seated himself comfortably in a chair at the barracks. He gave his full name as Harry Benton Bowman, age thirty-nine. During the course of his remarks, he nonchalantly stated that he had been keeping company with Mrs. Ethel Miller, in whose apartment he had been found by Patrolman Romich.

"Cheating a little, boys," he said, with a wink. "You know I am all right. My heart is in the right place,"

he continued, and burst forth into a spasm of laughter.

I asked him what the joke was. He explained that he was a human freak, inasmuch as his heart was located on the right side of his chest.

In telling of his movements on the preceding Friday, he said he had been with Mrs. Miller and had played cards practically all that night with her. Questioned about his wife, he said this "two-timing" had been accomplished unknown to his spouse.

At 3:45 Saturday morning, he said, he returned to his house, slept and arose at noon. Later that day, he purchased a suit, overcoat, shoes, and other articles of clothing.

"Where did you get the money?" I asked.

He answered that Mrs. Miller had given him \$400 before he left her place.

"Just where did she get \$400," Trooper Miller wanted to know.

"Oh, she always gave me money. She's given me a thousand dollars since I've known her. She gets her money from an old retired minister at York."

Asked where Mrs. Miller was, Bowman told us that she had been visiting in York. He had accompanied her there on Sunday, he said, and they spent the night in a hotel, registering as man and wife under the name of "Mr. and Mrs. Herman Brown, Altoona, Pennsylvania." Unwittingly, he laid himself open to a charge of adultery.

"I came up from York this morning," he continued, adding that Mrs. Miller intended to return to Harrisburg on a Pennsylvania Railroad train, due at 1:55, Tuesday morning.

Cross-examination brought forth a few flaws in his statements. He spoke of being with Mrs. Miller every night for the past two weeks.

"If you kept such steady company with her, when did she have time to earn \$400?" I demanded.

Growing red, Bowman shot back, "Ask her; she'll tell you!"

Our efforts to learn more were unavailing. Bowman was locked in a cell.

OUR NEXT STEP was to interview Mrs. Miller. As she was not due in Harrisburg for some hours, we decided to search her apartment. Trooper Henry Stone, Detective Sergeant Abrams, Miller, and myself went there, secured a pass key from the janitor of the building and started to make a systematic search.

About fifteen minutes passed without anything of importance being found. Suddenly Abrams whistled and called us to a closet. He held a fur coat in his arms and (Continued on page 78)



THE "WOMAN IN THE CASE"
ETHEL MILLER

When Mrs. Miller was arrested, the police found a loaded .25-caliber automatic pistol in her handbag. What was her connection with the mysterious case? At first, the police suspected she knew more than she claimed to know—but they soon made some astonishing discoveries that upset their theories about her.

(Left) The pistol found in her handbag.



The WASHINGTON

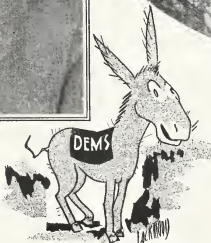
*The Saga of Our
National Politicians*

By Carter Dale



Roosevelt

"He hasn't any log cabin to look back upon; but he has the name Roosevelt, which his distant cousin, the late Theodore, surrounded with political lustre."

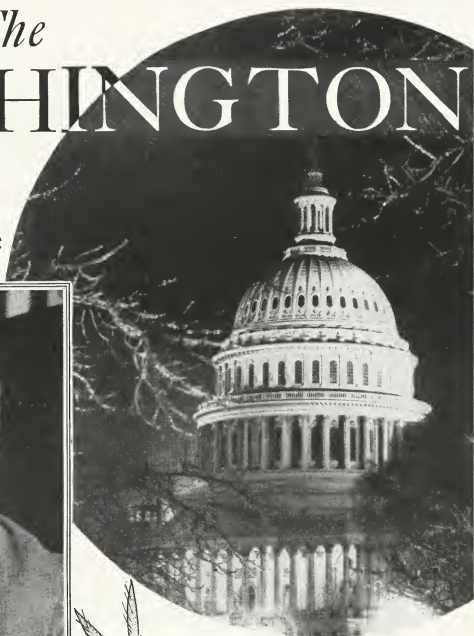


JUST AROUND THE CORNER LIES ELECTION.

Two men, concerning whose ability for the job many Americans are very doubtful, seek the Presidency of the United States.

The question which will be chosen—the humorless, stubborn Herbert Hoover or the none-too-promising New York Dutchman, Franklin Delano Roosevelt—awaits America's answer.

It is not nearly so important as why America should be compelled to select either one.



Each is an American mediocrity.
Each is an opportunist.
The job of bossing America is too big—too big by far—for either.

That is the tragedy of this November. America, sliding and skidding crazily like a recklessly driven motorcar on slippery pavement, needs nothing less than a political Savior.

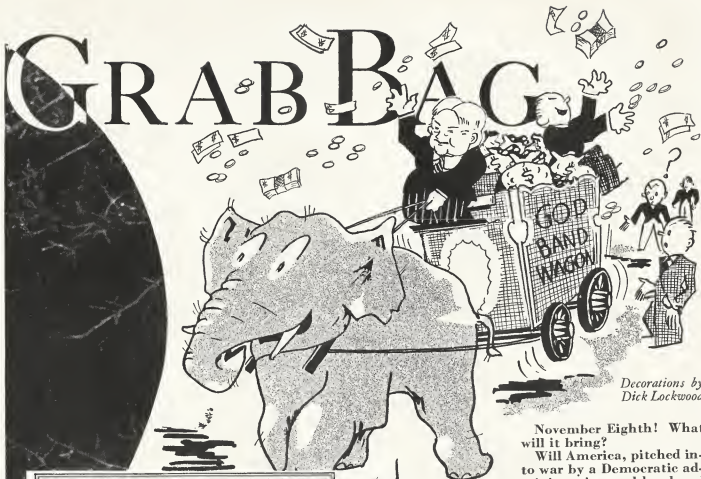
In such a dilemma, in such an acute crisis, it gets a ballot and a pencil—and the choice between Hoover and Roosevelt.

It is one of the most pathetic political misfortunes of history.

It is like a great giant, with colossal strength, being tormented to death by mosquitoes. America is the giant, politicians are the mosquitoes.

Each candidate, Hoover and Roosevelt, has lived half a century without demonstrating any genius that would mark him as the man to meet the four-year national crisis ahead.

Each is completing a term of public office, Roosevelt



Decorations by
Dick Lockwood

November Eighth! What will it bring?

Will America, pitched into war by a Democratic administration and burdened with punishing taxation and the misery of wide-

spread joblessness by a subsequent Republican leadership, find a happy solution to its national woes when these November votes are counted?

Is Roosevelt the answer? Or is Hoover?

Neither, says the following devastating exhortation of American politics.

"The job of bossing America," it declares, "is too big for either."

Have Americans the right to happiness? Or must they continue to burn candles to the Frankenstein of Politics?

Must Americans pay exorbitant tribute to political incompetency, without even being guaranteed the simple privilege of a chance to work?

"Washington Grab Bag" is a provocative, non-partisan appeal to all Americans to THINK!

as Governor of New York, Hoover as President of the United States. We would be telling ourselves only fairy stories to say that either has evidenced during his tenure of office any attempt even at understanding the people he was elected to serve. Each has played the game of *pro bono politics*, forgetting *pro bono publico*.

Neither has a background of the rugged, stalwart type that Americans idealize in their Presidents. Their respective early years, in point of truth, have been but slightly publicized. We know that Hoover was born in a cabin-like house in Iowa, and this is calculated to show him as a middle Westerner, entitled to middle western votes. He went to school in California and now has an official residence there, a point which Republicans hope the Pacific coast voters will not forget on Novem-



Hoover

"When Hoover was first talked of for the Presidency he appeared to be the answer to a nation's prayer. How badly America fooled itself needs no other evidence than Hoover's term as President."



Borah

"The strange Senator Borah, he of the great mind and the amazing about-faces, personified perhaps the real reaction of most Republican voters. . . . But to what avail? Though an outstanding national figure, he was no more than a drop of oil on the track along which the Hoover engine ran." (He is shown above with young Senator LaFollette.)



France

"The Hoover tank rumbled through the Chicago convention without protest. One opposition candidate, former Senator David France, actually was ejected from the convention floor when he dared to raise his voice. . . . The pathetic effort of David France to buck the Hoover political machine was the magnificent effort of an honest man trying to help America."

Roosevelt hasn't any log cabin to look back upon; but he has the name Roosevelt, which his distant cousin, the late Theodore, surrounded with political lustre. He served as an assistant secretary of the navy during the war. He coined—or dug up—the phrase, "Happy Warrior" as a designation for his (then) pal, Alfred E. Smith, in 1928; and he carried the state of New York by a huge vote at the same time that Smith was being beaten in the same state by Hoover.

That about covers the background of the two candidates. That seems to be about all that the Democratic

and Republican publicists wish the public to know about the past performances of their chiefs.

MUCH OF HOOVER'S YOUNGER YEARS were spent in far-away places, making it difficult for Americans to study his career and thereby appraise him. Unpleasant stories have bobbed up from time to time hinting that Hoover, as an engineer in charge of men, was not distinguished for humanitarianism. These stories paint him as a man more concerned with doing a job than considering the well-being of the men working under him.

The one thing definite is that he was born poor and that he blossomed suddenly on the international horizon during the war as Food Administrator, a wealthy man. His wealth came from his connections as an engineer with huge syndicates, which, it is to be presumed, he served well.

When Hoover was first talked of for the Presidency he appeared to be the answer to a politics-ridden nation's prayer. He was no politician. He could serve the interest of America without fear or favor. How badly America fooled itself needs no other evidence than Hoover's term as President.

He has been called a straddler, and he is a straddler.

But so, too, is Roosevelt. The latter, while regarded as a wet, carefully avoided a clear exposition of his prohibition views until after the Democratic platform makers had written their unequivocal plank on the subject, whereupon, having the party behind him, he suddenly burst forth as a bold crusader against the Eighteenth amendment.

The B. E. F. Storms the Capitol



The Republicans wrote a yes-and-no plank on prohibition. It looked sickly compared with the Democrats'. Hoover unquestionably dictated the tenor of that plank; yet, in view of the subsequent stand by the Democrats, he saw it was too feeble; so he wrote one of his own, which he uttered in his acceptance speech.

Another of Roosevelt's straddles has been Tammany Hall. He has lacked the courage to speak out and align himself with this political power, and he has declined to speak against it. He has an eye on the votes Tammany can swing in New York City; and he dares not antagonize it.

One does not need to be overly astute to pick the straddles on public questions that are to be found in their public speeches. There are dozens of little colored fellows in the woodpile. The candidates, seeking the high office of President, lack the courage to make plain, under-

standable expositions of their program. Being too timid even to talk, they can hardly be expected to have courage enough to act.

THESE, THEN, ARE THE MEN, Democrat and Republican, between whom Americans are compelled to pick. Out of all the eligible talent in the land it had to be these two—Roosevelt and Hoover.

Poor you and poor me! How pathetic our position as a nation when our politicians, in a day of world emergency, are able to offer us no better choice than these!

Of course, there are others; Norman Thomas, the Socialist, and not such a bad gamble, either, as candidates go. He will, mark my word, poll a surprisingly high vote in November. It will be not so much a tribute to Thomas as a protest against the two major candidates.

Thomas, as mediocre as Hoover and Roosevelt but

The Grounds of the Capitol Become a Flop House



Mr. Hoover went to some lengths to defend his action in the treatment of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. Administration spokesmen charged that the B.E.F. was dominated by radicals. . . . What the propagandists could not explain away, however, was that two members of the B.E.F. who were killed at Washington had war records and honorable discharges!

much bolder in his statement of issues and remedies, represents a party which never has been able to muster any vote of consequence, yet which has seen the major parties appropriate, from time to time, its program. Hoover's five-day week plan, for instance, must make the Socialists angry, for it is a leaf from their book.

There is so much subtle propaganda, so much mouth- ing of platitudes and so much demagogism these days that Americans are to be sincerely congratulated for not going stark mad politically. So slick, indeed, are the agencies of propaganda that the public is being misled and misinformed to a point where the truth is difficult to ascertain.

Consider Washington, the capital. It is, if not corrupt, at least wickedly wasteful. Could the full truth of Washington's political wickedness be told, it would set off a series of scandals that would pop like a whole bunch of firecrackers. So strong and clever are the politicians, however, that setting matches to Washington scandals is an unhealthy undertaking. One man died mysteriously just for threatening to talk!

There are innumerable examples, some specific and others general, of graft and wild spending at Washington. Most of them are squelched before they can be thoroughly aired. Others die in the arms of investigating committees and on court dockets when prosecuting witnesses suddenly find it is to their advantage to shut up.

There were the charges of Ralph S. Kelley, who had been a Denver field agent. His assertion was that the Hoover administration was sullied by oil, as the Harding administration had been. Former members of the cabinet, Kelley charged, permitted forty billion dollars' worth of oil lands in Utah, Colorado, Montana, and Wyoming—lands which actually belonged to the people—to go to private oil interests.

Secretary Wilbur of the Interior Department called the charges "baseless" and "wild." They were never pushed.

The tariff is one of the thousands of things in Washington that offers politicians chances of big reward at the expense of the people. The Senate lobby committee last year was given evidence which purported to show that a member of the Senate received sums aggregating

prohibition, that "no *honest* man can enforce prohibition and come out with a clean conscience. I was offered a \$150,000 bribe on a permit costing \$1,000,000—but that's one they don't care to investigate at Washington."

There are many, many things they "don't care to investigate at Washington!"

HARRY E. ROWBOTTOM, a Representative in Congress from the First Indiana district, was arrested on charges of taking money in return for the promise of a post office job.

Nearly two years ago, when the American public began pinching pennies and exercising thrift, and when politicians at Washington were calling upon the public for economy, the government itself was tossing cash around as though it grew on bushes. Representative Stone, a Republican of Oklahoma, demanded that Congress put a stop to what he called "payroll racketeering" in both the House and Senate. He introduced a bill to check the spending of huge sums in what amounted to payroll robbery.

Stone said he found that "wives and relatives of members are being carried on the payroll at high salaries when it is a well known fact that they perform practically no duties."

Nothing was done about it, of course. The politicians are in there to get all they can. Certainly their "wives and relatives" are on the payroll "at high salaries." That's politics. But at the same time that the politicians are grabbing all they can get, Congress passes legislation

Who Shot John McGinnis?

Secretary of War Hurley said he did. But no one out in Oklahoma, where Pat lives, remembers who John McGinnis is.

So it has become one of the unsolved mysteries of Washington, D. C., which will be discussed by Drew Pearson, co-author of "Washington Merry-Go-Round" and "More Merry-Go-Round," whose chapter on Patrick J. Hurley, entitled "The Cotillion Leader," caused his dismissal from the *Baltimore Sun*.

The Secretary of War complained that he was not a cotillion leader because he could not dance. He complained that at a certain White House reception described in the book his tie was gray instead of white. He said that instead of being cited for bravery two hours before the Armistice, it was five hours. These and other clashes with government officials are described by Mr. Pearson in a satirical show-up of behind-the-scenes life in the National Capital, which will be published complete in

The December REAL DETECTIVE

On Sale Everywhere
NOVEMBER 15

between one hundred thousand and one hundred and fifty thousand dollars from the head of a domestic sugar company which sought a higher sugar duty.

Senator James J. Davis, former cabinet member, appeared before the lobby committee two days later and said he probably was the member of the Senate (heretofore unnamed) referred to as having accepted money for lobbying in behalf of a higher sugar tariff. He entered a general denial that he ever had been involved in lobbying for a sugar tariff or that he had received any money whatever for such a thing. He apparently satisfied the committee, for nothing more was done about it.

(As this is written this same United States Senator is under criminal indictment in Federal court in New York, charged with profiting in an illegal lottery. His guilt or innocence will have been established by jury by the time this is published.)

Ira L. Reeves, former prohibition administrator in New Jersey, declared in Louisville, during a debate on

to cut the pay of civil service employees, who don't get much money at best. The politicians went so far as to take away the job of any woman employee of the civil service whose husband likewise was in government service. One of the pathetic results of this political "economy" was to drive some husbands and wives to divorce, the wives preferring their economic independence to loss of their civil service jobs and the necessity of living on the pitifully low wage of their civil service husbands.

The post office department, which is always in the deep red ink, is frequently excoriated for waste and extravagance, but doesn't change its ways. It leased (to give one example) a post office at St. Paul, Minnesota, for twenty years at an annual rental of \$120,000—or \$2,400,000 for the twenty years—yet the grand jury found that the value of the property leased was only \$384,677!

"Excessive rentals for post office sites were found in all but one of twenty-six cases examined by a special



Patrick J. Hurley, the Social Secretary of War

Hurley is Oklahoma's gift to the nation, whether the nation likes it or not. He is too soft skinned to be in politics and too quick tempered to be entrusted with control of the United States Army. He is very angry about being called "The Cotillion Leader." (He is shown here with Mrs. Hurley.)

committee appointed for that purpose," said Senator Blaine of Wisconsin. The rentals, he added, ranged from "twenty-three to forty per cent of the value of the property."

The whole political stream is polluted, from one end to the other, by this same orgy of spending, wickedly wasteful spending. The Washington hypocrites cry out to the American people to pay higher taxes; and when, by scrimping and saving and denying ourselves, we pay those increased, burdensome taxes, the politicians toss the money away recklessly, paying debts to their supporters or exorbitant prices for services.

ONE REASON WHY THIS ROBBERY can go on and on interminably is that writers in Washington are tightly muzzleed. The power of politicians to bulldoze and punish writers who might otherwise rip the mask from their political perfidy has many evidences. I have in mind several newspaper men who have been punished because they dared exercise their constitutional right of free speech. The latest is Drew Pearson, one of the authors of the anonymously published "Merry-Go-Round" and its sequel, "More Merry-Go-Round."

Pearson was discharged early in September by the *Baltimore Sun*, by which newspaper he was employed in Washington, where he covered the state and war departments. Pearson, telling of his discharge, said he had been notified by the *Sun* that "More Merry-Go-Round" had destroyed his usefulness to the paper.

Following publication of the first of the "Merry-Go-Round" books, Robert J. Allen, co-author with Pearson of the books, was discharged by the *Christian Science*

Monitor of Boston. He was head of the Washington bureau of that newspaper. He said he was discharged because his paper objected to some things in the book.

These journalistic heads were chopped off by orders from Washington—or, if not orders, certainly requests. Pearson said that his employers knew of his co-authorship of the first book and said nothing about it. They said nothing about his part in writing the second book, according to Pearson, until Secretary of War Patrick Hurley began screaming that the book maligned him.

(Continued on page 70)



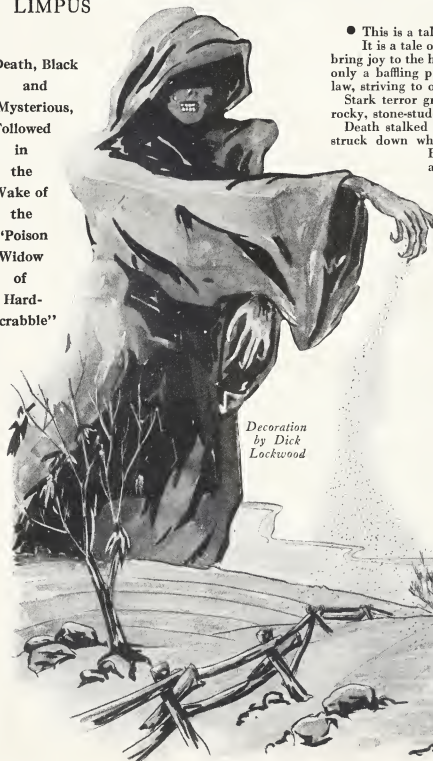
Drew Pearson, Lamponer of Stuffed Shirts

In "More Merry-Go-Round," Pearson spoke satirically of Secretary Hurley—and it cost him his job with the *Baltimore Sun*. An example of the power of politicians to punish writers who dare rip off their benign false faces. (Pearson's own account of this episode will appear exclusively in next month's **REAL DETECTIVE**.)

The BORGIA *of the* BARRENS

by
LOWELL M.
LIMPUS

Death, Black
and
Mysterious,
Followed
in
the
Wake of
the
"Poison
Widow
of
Hard-
scrabble"



*Decoration
by Dick
Lockwood*

● This is a tale of the blight of the barrens.

It is a tale of raw, crude tragedy—a tale that would bring joy to the heart of a psychologist, but which meant only a baffling problem to the bedeviled officers of the law, striving to outguess a super-criminal.

Stark terror gripped an entire countryside, amid the rocky, stone-studded hills of northern Ohio.

Death stalked through the dingy villages and poison struck down whole families amid the bony hamlets.

Blazing homes, flaming in the night, added to the horror.

Desperate, white-faced physicians from nearby towns worked frantically to save the victims of the arsenic spreader. Harried officials strove night and day to check the doom that menaced Medina County.

And there was no clew. . . .

●
RAINDROPS RATTLING ON A TIN ROOF—the Voice of God.

Rattling, pattering raindrops, echoing and re-echoing in the darkened room below, striking terror to the heart of the drawn-faced, fear-beset woman who crouched in the corner.

She was not alone. Others—men and women—sat beside her.

Merely a spring shower to them.

The Voice of God to her!

It was another woman whose soft tones instilled that idea into her reeling brain. One of the well-dressed town women, gathered in the pitiful little room.

They were all enemies, these smooth-spoken visitors from the town. For hours they had harried



Martha Hasel Wise—the "Poison Widow"

"I liked fires. They were red and bright. I liked funerals, with folks all around and feeling sorry for me," was this woman's excuse for poisoning seventeen relatives and starting dozens of dangerous fires. . . . Hers was the pitiful tragedy of a woman starved for love; but it was eclipsed by the black tragedy of her victims.

the gray-haired, broken country woman with their questions and their quick, brutal charges.

And she had cowered in the corner, in dumb, silent agony.

The rain beat relentlessly on the tin roof. It was unceasing, pitiless.

The stern-faced man beside her leaned suddenly forward and gripped the woman's bony arm. His voice vibrated with the relentless rhythm of the pattering raindrops.

"Martha. You did it. You did. *You did!*"

The gaunt, gray woman shrank back. Her eyes gleamed with the desperate courage of a trapped and hopeless rat. But still she did not yield.

"I didn't do it. *I didn't!*"

A farmer's daughter who longed for romance—and found only a life of monotonous drudgery. . . . Mysterious deaths. Frightful fires. . . . And then—raindrops pelting on a tin roof (the accusing "Voice of God") brought the most horrifying confession ever made by a woman.



Her denial was horrible. She didn't scream or cry. Her voice was dead and monotonous.

THE STERN-FACED MAN PRODUCED A BOOK from his desk. A big book. It was a druggist's record. He pointed out two entries to the woman. They were of sales made to her. Sales of arsenic. Quantities of it.

He shook the Register of Death at her.

The gray woman never blanched. She only shook her head.

The rain went on.

Silence reigned in that dismal room for a space.

Then the other woman leaned forward. A clever woman, this well-dressed lady from the town; Mrs. Ethel Roshon, the sheriff's wife.

She fixed the gray woman with accusing eyes. Her voice was merciless.

"Listen, Martha. The rain. Listen to it! It is the Voice of God."

There was another silence. Martha trembled—and turned to face her tormentor. The other woman went on determinedly:

"It says, '*You did—you did!*'"

Her voice took on the vibrant rhythm of the falling drops.

The Voice of God.

Martha Wise winced. The raindrops pattered away.

The others in the room watched her closely. There was no sympathy in their gaze. Only curiosity and a kind of awed horror.

The Voice of God!

"You did—you did—you did!"

Fear began to mark her haunted eyes. She stirred uneasily.

The raindrops rattled on the tin roof.

That soul-wrenching rhythm: "You did—you did—you did!"

Martha Wise, gaunt, gray woman, moaned in agony.

Suddenly she shrieked like a lost soul.

She threw her arms across her face and cowered beneath the tin roof, as if the accusing drops were actual blows. Her words came tumbling out. A kind of mad scream.



Victim of the Arsenic Spreader

Richard Geinke, one of a family of eight that was wiped out by the "Poison Widow" to appease her craving for funerals.

"The devil told me to do it!"

The others leaned forward. The torrent of words continued. Martha Hasel Wise, the woman who had spread death throughout the country side, collapsed—and confessed.

"It was the devil! He came to me as I baked my bread in the kitchen. He came to me when I was hoin' in the fields. I tried to escape from him. I tried to get away from him in my sleep. I walked over the meadow and he followed me there. It was the devil, I tell you. The devil—the devil—the devil—"

Her voice trailed off into nothingness.

So they took her away to the red brick county jail and announced that the Poison Widow of Hardscrabble had confessed.

AFTER THE TRIAL GOT UNDER WAY, the blasé reporters from the big city newspapers came to Medina, Ohio, to record the trial of Martha Wise. They blazoned her in screaming headlines as "the Borgia of America." But what did these tired-eyed men from the teeming cities know of the background of the case, of the circumstances that had produced their "American Borgia"?

They missed the story behind the story.

They could look out over the dismal countryside and see the oozy yellow mud and the slime which covered the barren, brown rocks around the village of Hardscrabble, where Martha Wise had lived all her life. But what did they know of the desperate struggle for life among the dwellers of those hills, as they scratch for a living in this bony earth?

Martha Hasel had lived out her girlhood among such surroundings.

A crude, rough, country girl. Born to toil. Living among the sterile rocks, with only brief, fleeting glimpses of the lush, green meadows and the fallow fields, tended by "the folks outside."

Perhaps, if it had been different—if Martha had had a chance to realize the dream of a romance which lurked in her wistful brown eyes—death would not have stalked her footsteps in later life; footsteps reeking with the deadly fury of the woman scorned.

But it was not different.

Born into this food-scratching community, Martha Hasel lived the first forty years of her life there.

Working, always working.

Scratching for food amid the hills about Hardscrabble. Hardscrabble—well named.

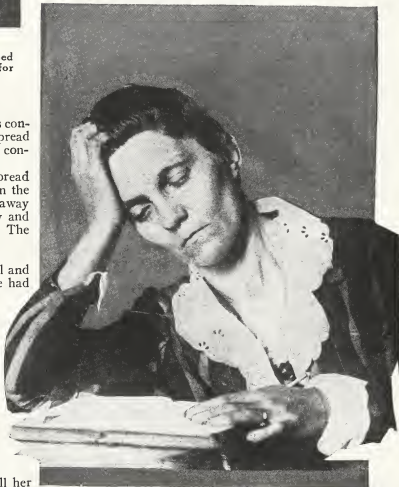
Truly it was hard to scramble out a living amid the rocks.

Martha—always working. Milking her father's cows; driving them to pasture; churning the yellow butter; washing dishes; sweeping; sewing; laundering clothes; raking and plowing and hoeing; helping with the harvest; toiling from an oil-lamp-lighted rising until the cold stars ended each laborious day—what chance had Martha for romance?

And yet she sought it—thought of it—dreamed of it.

But the weary years dragged by. The little girl became a young woman; a toil-bent country woman, with wist-

Harking to the "Voice of God"



Praying on her religious fears, a sheriff's wife extracted a confession from Martha Wise by means of a weird "fourth degree." Martha is shown here with her Bible.

ful eyes and that half-formed romantic vision that never came true.

She was twenty-four years old—and unmarried. Folks called her "an old maid."

They wondered, sometimes audibly, how much longer "her pa must keep a great big, growed-up girl like her." Those things rankled. Words struck like blows. Life was hard—and romance only a vision after all.

There was little pleasure—but when Martha was twenty-four they held a "box social" at the school house.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT A "BOX SOCIAL" IS, you city dwellers, with your theatres and night clubs and cabarets? It was Martha's only recreation, this "box social"—a party for which the country girls prepare boxes of food and watch as they are auctioned off to the men present. And the man who buys the box gets the girl's company for the evening. They eat supper together out of the box.

Martha went to the box social that autumn evening in 1906.

She killed one of her father's chicks and she took some pork and made sandwiches.

But Martha, with the wistful eyes, didn't make the dainty

Poisoned!



Walter Geinke

crispy wafers that you city girls would have prepared. There wasn't any mayonnaise or green lettuce to tempt the appetite.

No, Martha knew her men—the uncouth hired men of the countryside, with their great muddy boots and their huge hairy hands. She knew what they wanted—chunks of thick white bread, with fat-rinded meats.

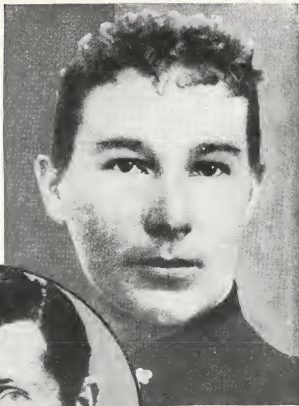
So she filled her box and went to the social.

And Martha caught her man.

Not the lover of her youthful dreams—but a rough farmer of the section. He was Albert Wise, almost twenty years her elder. But Albert Wise bought her box and ate supper with her. Then he "saw her



Walter was the baby of the Geinke family, which Martha Wise wiped out by the simple process of dropping a handful of arsenic in the family water pail.



Victims

Mrs. Lily Geinke and her husband Fred, parents of six children, murdered by the "Poison Widow" because they had the temerity to remonstrate with her about her longing for love.

home" and so began his courtship.

It was a brief courtship, matter-of-fact and unsentimental.

MARTHA MARRIED ALBERT WISE, and her man rented forty acres of the stony soil. They settled down on the rented farm. Martha put her girlish shoulder to the brutal wheel with him. They prepared to wrest a living from the tough earth for themselves and the family that was to come.

"We got to pay off the land," she said. "We got to own it."

Long years later, seated on a cot in her musty prison cell, Martha Wise told her story of those days.

"A baby as soon as 'twas decent. A boy. I named him Albert. He died. All the time I was expectin' him, there the fields was after me. I kept on a-plowin' and a-hoein' and a-reapin' and a-bakin'. . . ." There was a long list of the things that Martha Wise kept on doing before her first baby came.

Four more babies as the years went on. Lester and Everett and Gertrude and Kenneth.

And, a long time later, four wet-eyed children stood outside the iron bars of their mother's prison cell and told about those years "when Pa was alive and Ma and him run the farm."

What a picture they painted!

A picture of a woman, alternately all mother, singing as she baked sugary ginger cookies for their lunch

baskets—and then again the picture of a woman who was trapped and desperate and angry for the life denied her.

A woman with blazing eyes and harsh words for the dirt and the sweat and the reeking barnyard smells of the farm.

"Some nights she'd sit down to the organ and play and sing 'Swance River' 'n 'Sweet By and By,' 'n everything," said Lester, on that day when they took his mother away and labeled her "The Borgia of America." "Other times she just walked around the fields, a-lookin' for somethin'."

Looking for something.

Martha Wise thought she had found that "something," for which she sought, when her husband died.

She was only forty. Just a wisp or so of gray streaked her chestnut hair. Those forty grim acres were bought and paid for. Her sixteen years of trial were at an end. She had borne her last baby.

Not that Martha Wise did not like babies. But babies and the "hard scrabbling" that life demanded hardly went hand in hand.

Martha Hasel Wise, aged forty, sat down on the front porch of her own home to rest. She could get somebody to farm the forty acres on shares. She could relax. How sweet rest was!

She didn't realize how bony and gnarled her hands were, nor how drawn and unattractive her face had become.

Martha looked across the white picket fence from her front porch and saw a new neighbor. A city man. A charming, youngish man.

Something, long dead, stirred within her.

He smiled and bowed and said "good morning."

Life was good, said Martha Hasel Wise and went indoors and made an apple pie.

Little Gertrude took it over to "the man next door." He called to thank her mother for it.

AS A FLOOD WASHES OUT THAT BARREN SOIL, leaving only the brown rocks to stud the fields, so did the belated tide of romance that Martha should have known at twenty sweep over her now, at forty.

She had never loved her stolid husband. He had been only a means of escape from her father's chores and the "old maid" stigma.

But now—

Martha Wise, widow, began to live feverishly. So feverishly that she alarmed the man next door. She wanted him with all her heart. Her pursuit began to be embarrassing. It rather frightened Walter W. Johns, the neighbor, who had thought only to be kind to his forlorn widow neighbor.

He began dodging her.

And, fearing to lose romance, which had begun to bud again in her heart, Martha Wise turned her widowhood and the charm of her forty acres of paid-up land toward another neighbor. One of her own kind. A man more like Albert than the city man next door.

And the other neighbors talked.

Worse than that, they laughed.

Critical talk and brutal laughs.

Troubles began. Martha's crops failed. Her cow went dry. The sterile earth again cast its shadow over her life. There was nothing for her—except the thrill of attending an occasional funeral.

Neighbors brought in milk and butter for Martha and her "young 'uns." But the gifts weren't freely given.

"Why," said they, "should we carry milk to Martha for her to use it to feed them men she always has a-hangin' around the place?"

There was only *one* man, but so they talked.



Detective

After the sheriff and his men had worked for hours on Martha Wise, Mrs. Ethel Roshon, the sheriff's wife, took charge and gave the "Borgia of the Barrens" a psychological "fourth degree." . . . Suddenly, the harassed woman screamed: "It was the Devil. The Devil told me to do it!" And then she confessed.

Her relatives heard it. They spoke to her about it. And sealed their own deaths.

Martha's mind couldn't stand much more. She didn't want her kinsfolk preaching. Not even her own mother.

And her mother, Mrs. Sophie Hasel, then seventy-two, chided her bitterly.

"You're a grown-up woman, with children," said the mother. "What you got to do with love? You're gettin' old and your face is wrinkled. Stick to your work and forget this kind o' folly that the Bible talks about."

Then there were the Geinkes. Martha's Uncle Fred and his wife. And their six sons and daughters. They all lived in Hardscrabble, nearby.

Fred and his wife reproved her. Told her the neighbors were talking.

And the six sons and daughters laughed at her—to her face. Better for them if they hadn't!

Martha's brothers, Fred, Henry, and Paul Hasel, all told her they were ashamed of her.

She was feeling the sharp thorns on this rose of love that came too late.

Martha brooded over her troubles—her life and love—and the stinging things the folks said.

Only the brown rocks of Hardscrabble seemed real in her life.

They were all she could have.

Martha brooded.

IT WAS NEW YEAR'S DAY OF 1925.

Martha Wise dropped in to say "Happy New Year" to her aunt and uncle and cousins at the Fred Geinke home.

She cried a little with her aunt, Lily Geinke, because her mother wasn't with them this New Year's Day. Mrs. Hasel was dead and in her grave. She had died on December 13.

But Martha dried her tears as she talked about "Ma's funeral" and the four kinds of cake and the three kinds of pickles at the funeral feast.

And how everybody felt sorry for Martha, the daughter.

She had liked their sympathy.

"I like funerals," said Martha Wise. And explained that she hadn't missed one for twenty years.

And . . .

"Happy New Year," said Martha Wise, dropping a handful of arsenic into the Geinke water bucket, as she passed out the door, into the frosty fields of Hardscrabble.

Martha Wise liked funerals. She was beginning to provide her own.

That night the entire Geinke family—all eight of them—were taken violently ill.

Martha Wise hurried over to nurse them.

She wept.

And then came the weeks and months when terror swept Hardscrabble.

Fires broke out again and again—usually at night.

People were mysteriously stricken with sudden illness.

Barns were looted. People told of bits of jewelry and household treasures being stolen.

And the black spectre of death stalked through the bonny fields of Hardscrabble.

Fred Geinke died on February 9. He had been sick ever since New Year's Night.

Three days later, his wife, Lily, breathed her last in horrible torture.

Martha Wise managed the household of children. She managed the funerals and the funeral feasts.

She blushed modestly when the minister spoke of the good works of "this, our dear sister."

But the curse was on Hardscrabble. The Geinke children grew worse.

Marie Geinke, twenty-five, her limbs twisted and writhing, was rushed to a hospital in the nearby town. Her brother, Rudolph, seventeen, soon followed her. Fred, twenty-three, Herman, twenty-one, Richard, twenty and little Walter, nine, all were sick unto death.

The three Hasel boys, brothers of Martha Wise, were all taken ill and were not expected to live. Martha, herself, complained of illness.

Joseph Seymour, prosecutor of Medina County, hurried over and began an investigation. He was horrified. Some depraved poisoner was at work in Hardscrabble, he announced. He called in the other authorities. A nightmare began.

The authorities worked night and day—but in vain. The terror of arson and disease and death swept over the countryside.

More people were stricken down. Mrs. Rose Adams, a cousin of Martha Wise, was among them.

The baffled authorities continued their search.

Seventeen people in all, in the vicinity of the village, had been mysteriously poisoned.

Prosecutor Seymour found traces of arsenic in the Geinke coffee pot. He had the package of coffee which was still on the shelf analyzed. It was perfectly pure.

Day after day, he hunted the arch fiend.

Martha Wise had an infected arm. She seemed hysterical from fright lest she, too, fall a victim of the poisoner. She went to Cleveland to have her arm treated.

Seymour noticed that, while she was away, no new cases developed and no more fires occurred. He found a druggist that had sold her large quantities of arsenic.

On March 18 the body of Lily Geinke was exhumed and examined by Coroner E. L. Crum. He told Seymour that he found enough arsenic in her body to kill a dozen people.

(Continued on page 85)

The "Poison Widow's" Children, Left Adrift in the World



Gertrude, Kenneth, Lester, and Everett Wise, as they appeared when their mother was on trial for her life. When she was sentenced to prison they were "farmed out" to relatives.

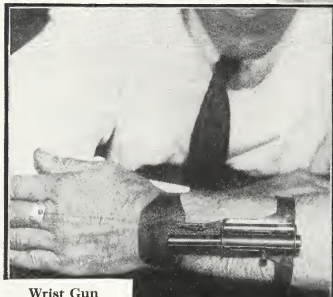
PICTORIAL HIGHLIGHTS FROM

Police and Bandits Fight It Out

The
Camera
Catches
the
Cops
in
Action

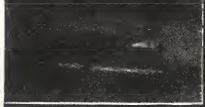


When Brooklyn Police Surprised Three Bandits attempting to open the vault of a pawnshop at Court and Garnet streets, they opened fire, killing two of the robbers and wounding the third. Two policemen and a bystander were wounded by flying bullets.



Wrist Gun

This Strange-looking Contraption is a tear gas gun, small enough to be concealed under the coat sleeve and deadly enough to rout a gang of hoodlums. A piece of flesh-colored catgut sets it off with a pull of the finger.



Hunger Marchers Dispersed With Police Clubs

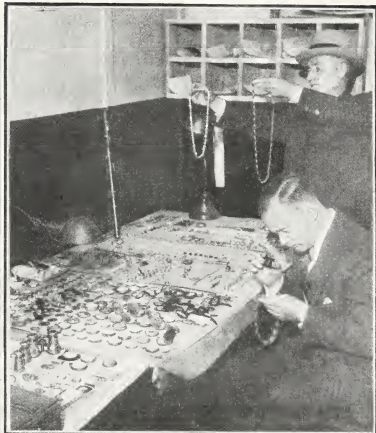
Riot Clubs and Fists broke up a group of "hunger marchers" who attempted to parade and make speeches near the Philadelphia City Hall. The picture shows the police subduing the rioters.

THE MONTH'S POLICE NEWS

Looted Vault



Stolen Jewels Recovered



After Night and Day Observation for a month, police raided an apartment at 47 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York, arrested seven men, and recovered over \$100,000 worth of stolen jewelry. According to police, the jewelry was being melted down and sold to the U. S. Assay office.

Expert Cracksmen Worked Fourteen Hours burning through a "burglar-proof" roof, then smashed and opened safety deposit boxes in the vault of Koch & Co., Chicago. The loot was \$49,900.

One Way to "Beat" a Slot Machine

Four Hundred Slot Machines seized by the Brooklyn police in raids were recently destroyed under the direction of Lieutenant Edward Siegenthaler. The photograph shows his men going into action with heavy sledge hammers.



Galloping Terrapins



This Is Naomi Hunt with two entries in the turtle races that brought the owners of the turtle track into a Los Angeles court on gambling charges.

GIRLS in the

She Wants \$250,000



Eileen Wenzel, "Hot Cha" Girl, says she was injured in the car of Louis J. Ehret, who was escorting her home after a live party in New York, and she asks a quarter-million-dollar damages.



Murder Mystery

Jerane Bershoff, Cleveland Society Girl, was mysteriously murdered near Geneva, Switzerland, while on a lone cycling trip through the Swiss Alps. The Swiss police obtained a confession from H. Walther.

Shapely Sharpshooters

This Bevy of Bathing Beauties borrowed Marine caps and rifles and did a little sun shooting at Virginia Beach, Virginia.



SPOTLIGHT

Suicide Tragedy



Following the Sensational Suicide of her Lover, Lieutenant Point, a young army officer, Mlle. Alice Cocca, famous French dancer, announced she would enter a convent. Lieutenant Point shot himself and leaped into the sea before her eyes.

Child Branded by a Maniac!



With the Mark of an Unknown Fiend on her arm, two-year-old Dorothy Hidalgo ran screaming to her mother, Mrs. Dolores Hidalgo, in Los Angeles, crying: "A man did it!"



Girl in Bathrobe Battles Police

Clad in a Bathrobe, Wilda Bennett, musical comedy dancer, was arrested and charged with disorderly conduct after she had twice appeared at the Allenhurst, New Jersey, police station to complain of a disturbance at her home. On her second appearance, three officers were needed to subdue her and place her in a cell.

Murder!
Thrills!
Excitement! By Satan Out

The choked, gurgling scream of death-agony. . . . A police siren screaming. All exits guarded. The police know they must have the murderer. But who is he? . . . And then — death rustling its wings over all of them. Each suspecting the other. . . . While, stalking through it all like an evil specter, the black-coated figure of a monstrosity, a man without arms, hovering like a dark vulture over the body of a woman—a woman choked to death!

By
DAVID R.
SOLOMON



HOT. LIKE THE HINGES OF HELL. Like a giant waffle iron closing in upon the poor waffle, one's body. The air thick, disagreeable as pea soup in the nostrils. The handles of doors—all metal objects—hatefully torrid to the hand:

Unnatural, inexplicable, unearthly heat. In the late autumn, almost winter, when under normal conditions fires and furnaces should have been busy. Instead, the thick pall of heat had oozed its blanket solidly upon the sprawling southern city.

At central police headquarters the telephone sergeant held the receiver against his perspiring bald head and mopped without success with a wringing handkerchief.

"Ma'am—?" he demanded querulously. "What's that address again?" and he turned to complain to the world at large: "I swear there's some'n doggone funny about this dame's voice . . .

"Twenty-one twenty-five Jefferson Davis Avenue, huh?" as he wrote it. "House across street . . . row going on . . . sounds like somebody's getting hurt . . . send cops.

All right lady, all right; the cops are coming."

The black sedan with police insignia slid to a halt. In uniform, a man came from under the wheel and walked around to the curb side of the car, looking up at the house, black save for a lighted third-story window. "Hump!" he commented, almost in complaint. "Everything's plenty quiet, now."

"Yes sir, it is tha—" the policeman in the car began, stopped short. A figure was advancing to the police car from the shadows down the sidewalk; a man's figure, at first glance; at second, horribly different.

He had no arms. Hot as it was, he still wore his long black coat, each sleeve pinned across his chest. There was an unhealthy suggestion in his approach that he was *squirming* across to them, rather than approaching on sound, normal feet. And his voice, when he spoke, was unpleasantly remindful of oil, kept too long and rancid.

"Any trouble, officer?" blandished that objectionable voice. The officer at the side of the car shook his head, glancing behind as the sound of steps indicated another passerby. "None!" he answered shortly. His words were immediately contradicted. From high up in 2125 Jefferson Davis Avenue there came the sudden crash of breaking glass and the rumble of furniture overturned.

of MIDNIGHT

An Unusual Detective Novel

*Suspense!
Mystery!
"Gooseflesh"
Chills!*



"Blair was running through the tickets like a deck of cards. . . . 'Prince of Darkness,' he said at last, slowly, 'by Satan out of Midnight.' . . . He eyed her keenly. 'Were you alone, Miss Leake?' he asked softly.

"Her face flamed. 'I had retired—yes, I was alone.'

"Do you," he asked innocently, 'always sleep with two pillows on the bed, Miss Leake? And muss up both of them?'"

There was a split second of respite, then a welling, convulsed, long-drawn scream of deepest torture—of suffering so anguished that the sound, rather than human, was pure animal, bubbling off in choked, gurgling death-agony. There came one final crash, then silence infinitely worse.

The man in uniform on the ground snatched open the door of the car. "Patterson!" he snapped sharply. "Around to the back—quick! I'll cover the front till I can get the beat man here!" The scream of his whistle cut the heat of the night. Two blocks away, under the light, a figure in uniform froze, wheeled, and began racing toward them.

THE PASSERBY, A TALL, GRIZZLE-HEADED, POWERFUL FELLOW, at whom the officer had turned to look, stopped short. Windows in the apartment buildings across the street spouted heads; from the doorway of one of them a young, tall, overly-thin fellow, with a flaring crop of yellow hair, clattered across the street, almost as if he had been waiting.

From nowhere a crowd began; it was well into being by the time the beat policeman arrived. "Who is it—Reilly?" asked the officer already on the ground. "Cover the front of this house. Nobody out or in. Except . . ." He paused. From the other direction a professional-looking man, with an instrument case, panted to the front of the crowd. "I—I'm Dr. Bradford!" he gasped. "I had a call to get here—my car broke down. What's happened?"

"We're finding that out now, Doctor," replied the officer in charge. "Reilly, nobody in or out. Except—"

Illustration by H. Forsgren

his finger designated sharply, "you and you, and you," the cadaverous, armless man; the grizzled-headed, powerfully-built second arrival; the yellow-haired, thin young man in shirtsleeves. "And you, too, Doc. We may need you."

The front door was not locked. The stairs, immediately in front as they entered, rang with their feet. A door on the second-floor landing opened, and they checked abruptly. A girl stood in the doorway, light dressing gown thrown over her night-clothing. Through the doorway they could see the bed from which she had arisen, disarranged. They looked at her; she was worth it. Long masses of red-brown hair in loose, demure coils about her proud little head, wide brown eyes now narrowed in concern, features as clear as if engraved, and a figure that not even the loose folds of the dressing gown could make anything but alluring. She stood in the doorway as if fastened there.

"Who is it?" she demanded in agitation. "What is it? What are you doing here?"

The oily tones of the man without arms made answer with undue haste. "That," he told her, "is Detective Sergeant Blair of the homicide squad. You might ask him," he smiled sarcastically, "what he is doing in a policeman's uniform instead of plain clothes."

Detective Sergeant Blair's eyes flicked the man up and down. He made no direct comment, but the muscles of his jaw tightened ever so slightly. "There's trouble upstairs, Miss," he commented shortly. "Didn't you hear it?"

"No—that is, it wasn't upstairs. It was down there—" she gestured agitatedly to the ground floor. "Search down there—all of you—" She stopped abruptly, her face paling. From the floor above, unmistakable, undeniable, came a jarring bang.

Blair waited no longer. He took the steps three at a time, the others at his heels.

There were but two large rooms and a bathroom on the top floor. A flash of an electric torch was enough to show that one of the rooms and the bathroom were empty. Taking a handkerchief from his pocket, Blair tried the knob of the other door. It was locked.

"Stand back," he ordered, and set himself. The door shivered under the weight of his shoulder. He lunged again. The door crashed in. They hung, frozen, in the doorway.

Chairs were overturned. Everything on the heavy, old-fashioned table was scattered and disarranged, and, flat upon the floor, there was an enormous, carved, ponderous antique desk. One window was up. One was down, and as they stood in the doorway, the acrid smell of burning cloth floated out around them.

THE MEDICAL MAN WAS THE FIRST to regain composure. He brushed the armless, cadaverous one aside and flashed around the overturned desk.

"There's a woman on the floor!" he cried.

He was right. Negligée clad, head crumpled to one side, blue eyes glaring straight up at the ceiling, bleached hair in disarray, she lay there, relaxed and limp, one arm under the overturned desk.

The limp white of her neck was marred with purple welts that extended from side to side about her throat.

The physician's examination was brief. "She's dead!" he told them. "She's dead. Somebody has choked this woman to death!"

He rose to his feet, as if struck by something and went around the other side of the heavy, overturned desk. It swayed and wobbled, but settled back. "It's too heavy for me," he announced. "Some of you come around here and help me lift it."

"Stop that!" ordered the sharp voice of Detective Sergeant Blair. "Leave everything just as you found it. Don't touch anything!"

"All right, Sergeant," reluctantly acquiesced the physician. The desk wriggled as he pulled his arm from beneath it. "I was able to get hold of this, though," he continued, as he came back around to them. "Look what was under there, under her hand." He held something aloft. It looked at first like a trailing black fur, black as midnight, without a trace of color anywhere in it. "Dead, too," he announced. "Choked to death at the same time as the woman. Feel it; it's still warm." He held the body out to Sergeant Blair. That one shifted his gaze from the face of the yellow haired young fellow in shirt sleeves.

He had no chance to comment. A new voice spoke from the doorway, agitated, almost wondering: "It—why, it's Prince!"

Sergeant Blair snapped around. The girl from the floor below stood in the shattered doorway. "What's that?" he demanded.

"Prince—my Persian cat. What is he doing up here? He never came up here—he hated—" She checked herself abruptly.

Smoothly into the silence the voice of the armless man interposed:

"Your orders, Sergeant Blair, were not to touch anything. But that cigarette is burning the scarf on the table. Shall I—?" and his raised toe went out.

"No!" snapped Blair. "I'll do it." And as gently as he might, he extinguished the eating embers of flame. He left the stub of cigarette where he had found it. "You folks stay where you are," he ordered. "I want to ask some questions. Now—"

"Isn't that someone calling you from outside?" interrupted the smooth voice of the armless one.

Sergeant Blair gave him a long, thoughtful inspection as he walked over to the window. "Yes!" he called.

"Sergeant!" came the policeman's voice from below. "I've been trying to attract your attention. Couldn't you hear me? Right after you went into the house a man climbed out of that window, onto the roof!"

Blair stiffened. "Out of this window?" he called unbelievably.

"No. Out of the other one—the closed one. His feet shoved it down as he was trying to climb up!"

Sergeant Blair considered briefly. "Has relief come?" he called. "Well, when it does, search the house, coming up. Report to me here." He turned around. "What's the matter with you?" he shot at the girl. She was swaying to and fro, her face deathly pale. "And you?" he aimed at the yellow-haired young fellow from across the street. "What's your name?"

"Deems—Deems Neville," his voice was high-pitched, like a woman's.

"Very well, Deems Neville. Tell me why you were so disturbed when you saw this body. Did you know her?"

THE GIRL'S EYES WERE BORING AT THE FACE of the yellow-haired young fellow. "Ye-e-es," he admitted reluctantly. "She—she lived right across the street from me, you know."

"So you live right across the street, do you? What is her name?"

"Jessie—that is, Mrs. Orville Leake. She was," he nodded toward the pale young woman in the dressing gown, "her stepmother."

"Her stepmother, eh? Tell me, Neville, how well did you know the dead woman?"

"I—knew her. That was all."

"How long since you'd seen her?"

"Quite some time."

"Sure of that?"

"Yes. Sure."

Sergeant Blair leaned over until his face was barely a foot from the yellow-haired man's. "Then tell me, Deems Neville, if you knew Mrs. Leake just casually, and if it has been quite some time since you have seen her, what is your card doing on that table?" He gestured to an oblong bit of cardboard lying beside the extinguished cigarette.

"Yes, that's my card," Neville shook his head stubbornly. "I just sent her a little present, that's all."

"When?"

"Yesterday."

"And you and Mrs. Leake were merely 'casual' friends—" Sergeant Blair paused. The policeman Reilly entered.

"Nobody below, Sergeant," he reported. "I've searched from the basement to this room. A cat couldn't have hidden from me."

Sergeant Blair nodded toward the window. "Reckon you could get onto the roof, Reilly?" he asked. "Okay. Sec if you can find the man who climbed up. And, Reilly—"

"Yes, sir?"

"Don't shoot—unless it's advisable."

There was a choking sound from the girl. Sergeant Blair turned to her. "What—wait a moment."

He walked over to the telephone, on a stand in the corner, listened a moment, his face impassive. "3-1111," he ordered; then:

"Headquarters? Detective Sergeant Blair reporting a murder at 2125 Jefferson Davis Avenue. I have charge. Rnsh me the fingerprint and camera men as soon as possible."

He turned to the girl. "What's your name?" he asked.

"Muriel Ro—Muriel Leake."

"What did you start to answer? What was that second name you started to give?"

The girl hesitated; then: "Ruth. I started to say my name is Muriel Ruth Leake."

"Miss Leake, you heard what Mr. Neville here said about knowing your stepmother. Is that true? Did he know her?"

The girl's face grew bitter. "It's true," she said in a voice suddenly gone hard. "They knew each other all right. Entirely too well."

"What do you mean by that, Miss Leake?"

"The girl's lips shut tight. She held silence."

"Miss Leake, I don't want to have to get nasty with you. But you're going to have to answer what I ask you!"

"The girl still held her silence."

"Miss Leake, what were the relations between Deems Neville and your stepmother?"

"Why make me say it? Why keep on after me? My father was much older than she was—anyone around here can tell you all about it—they did enough talking, all of them. I think that's what really killed him—finding out about—her and him—"

"I—see . . . How long has your father been dead?"

"A little over three weeks."

"Now, Miss Leake, let me ask you something else.

The cat that Dr. Bradford found in your stepmother's hand was yours. Is that right?"

"Yes."

"Fine cat? Valuable?"

"Very. He was given to me. I couldn't have afforded to buy him myself. Prince had some of the finest Persian blood in the world in him."

"You said, if I remember right, Miss Leake, when you saw the cat's dead body: 'What is he doing up here? He never came up here! He hated—' and you stopped short. What were you about to say?"

The girl hesitated. "N-nothing," she said at last, slowly.

"Sure of that? All right, what did you mean by what you did say?"

"I meant—" the girl answered after a while, speaking with unusual slowness, "that Prince loved me and hardly ever left me. He would follow me around like a dog. He was very unhappy if I came home and he could not be with me."

"Miss Leake, I want to ask you a direct question. Did your cat Prince dislike your stepmother?"

A new voice interrupted: "Hooray, Sergeant! Hooray and hurrah! Dead woman. Dead cat. Hated each other. Found dead, side by side! In real life, after all the stories about it—"

Sergeant Blair turned on the armless speaker, his self-control slipping. "Croydon," he ordered grimly, "you keep that mouth of yours shut until I ask you a question! And if you've got the slightest doubt whether I mean business," his cold eyes bored into those of the other, "just try me!"

He turned back to the girl. "All right, then, what was your own feeling toward your stepmother? How'd you 'nd she get along?"

THE GIRL'S EYES WERE DOWN. She hesitated a long time. Finally she shrugged her shoulders in mute surrender, realizing, apparently, that he could get the information elsewhere if

she did not tell him. "Well," she admitted, "she was my stepmother. You know what that 'most always means.'"

Sergeant Blair nodded. "I see. You mean she didn't like you—or you didn't like her? Which? Both?"

The girl spoke reluctantly. "I am quite sure," she said slowly, "that my—father's second wife—did not—like me. And on my part," she paused, then went on with feeling, "there were a great many things I did not like!"

"Yes? Such as—?" he paused suggestively.

"Such as her friendship with Deems Neville. People were saying the worst about it. If it wasn't true—if it wasn't true—why did she keep on and on, after she knew what they were saying about her?"

"How did you know, Miss Leake, that your stepmother knew what they were saying?"

"Because I told her myself!"

"You did? How did she take it?"

"She wasn't pleased. I didn't want my father to have to find out. I pleaded with her to break off before he learned of it."

"How long ago was that, Miss Leake?"

"Weeks ago. It," bitterly, "didn't do any good."

"That was before your father's death, of course. How long did you say your father had been dead?"



DAVID R. SOLOMON

Former lieutenant of heavy field artillery, lawyer, football coach, referee, and teacher of electricity and applied physics, David R. Solomon is now devoting himself to magazine fiction. "By Satan Out of Midnight" is his latest mystery story.

"A little over three weeks."

"Hm-m-m . . ." then, suddenly: "Leave any property?"

The girl jumped. "Certainly. That is, I suppose so."

"You suppose so. Why don't you know?"

"Because," she told him flatly, "he didn't leave it to me."

"What's that? Who got it, then?"

The girl's eyes wandered about the room sullenly, then lighted. She motioned toward the table. "If I'm not badly mistaken," she told him, "there's the will. On the table. At least," she added bitterly, "that's the document they read to me, telling me it was my father's last will and testament."

Sergeant Blair stepped over to the table and unfolded a blue-jacketed, legal document. It was not long, and his eyes ran down the lines rapidly. He stiffened. "This will," he told her, "was executed just about a month ago!"

"Yes," her tone had lost none of its bitterness. "His former will—the only one I knew anything about until they showed me this one—gave half to me, half to my stepmother."

"Is that," he shoved the will toward her, "your father's signature?"

Blair looked at her keenly. "Where is that tin box now, Miss Leake?"

She answered lightly, almost happily. "Down in my bedroom," she told him. "On the table. Would you like to see it?"

She was interrupted. From the heated night air outside came, in rising volume, the sound of an approaching police siren. It stopped with a final *whirr* in front of the door, and heavy feet began to ascend the stairs. Blair met the arrivals at the door.

"Oh, the fingerprint and camera men. Go right to work, boys; just move us aside whenever you need to. And oh, yes, driver: can I trouble you to go into the bedroom on the floor below and bring from the table—you said the table, didn't you, Miss Leake?—a tin cash box that you'll find there? Thank you." He turned to the others.

"If you," he told them, "will just come back into this corner by the telephone until they can get the photographs of the body as it is . . . That's good."

THEY WATCHED WITH INTEREST the focusing of the cameras, the burst of the flashlights, the exposures from every angle. When the camera men had taken more pictures than it seemed any possible contingency could find need for, two hefty officers took hold of the



A tense scene from
"Desert Death"

A Movie Star Screams

The quiet of Arizona's painted desert is shattered.

Murder has been done on location. The star is dead!

The hates and intrigues, the jealousies and differences, of an entire moving picture company impeded the investigation, entangle the detectives, cloud the solution, until—

The murderer strikes again!

Thrilling action! Glamorous background! A stupendous climax!

Don't miss

"DESERT DEATH"

by ERIC HOWARD

in the December REAL DETECTIVE

At All News Stands

November 15

She smiled without any trace of amusement. "You know that was the first thing I thought of," she admonished him. "Yes, that is his signature. My father signed it, all right."

There was silence for a few minutes as Sergeant Blair examined the document with care, line after line. He looked up after a moment. "This clause," he began, then read:

"I give, devise and bequeath everything that is mine, of whatsoever kind or description, excepting only the items specified in Item Five hereinafter, unto my beloved wife Jessie Leake—"

that is the clause you spoke of, giving everything to your stepmother, is it not?"

Muriel nodded.

"And this one, Miss Leake:

"'Item Five. I do give, devise and bequeath unto my daughter Muriel, in lieu of her distributive share of my estate, all of the property, of whatever kind or nature, contained in the tin cash box which I have hitherto handed over to her to keep for me. The giving to her of this as her sole share in my estate is for reasons which she will thoroughly understand without my having to give them.'"

heavy, old-fashioned desk that lay across the dead woman's arm and lifted it at Sergeant Blair's nod. For a brief instant Sergeant Blair's body was interposed as he bent over, looking closely. Then he straightened up.

"Where's the police surgeon?" he asked sharply. "Why isn't he here?"

One of the camera men made brief answer. "Couple of the boys got carved up. He's sticking with them. Be along, soon's he can."

Sergeant Blair considered briefly, then turned to the driver, waiting with the tin cash box in his hand. "Why, it was there all right, was it?" he asked in some surprise. Then, to Muriel, "Where's the key?"

"Downstairs, I suppose," she told him unconcernedly. "What's the difference? It's not locked."

He started to lift the lid of the box, halted to turn to her. "What was in this box when your father turned it over to you, Miss Leake?"

"Same things that're in it right now, Sergeant Blair. That top sheet is an inventory I made. They said they would have to have it when the estate was being fixed up."

He took the paper and (Continued on page 90)

MANHATTAN NEWS FLASH!

THE KNIFE MURDERS Of course, of MANHATTAN there is always the pistol; but right now the bloody brotherhood is undergoing a revival of the knife as a tool of death. There seem to be styles in murder. Once upon a time the boys bashed their victims over the head with a rock. Then they discovered the lethal merits of a club. As time went on and murder became more refined, evil persons found that a cord drawn tightly about the neck was an efficacious means of doing man to death. Then there was poison and that sly stunt of showing a fellow off the cliff—a method highly approved by early American novelists.

The American Indian had his poisoned arrows, which slid silently through the air to his victim's heart, and the tomahawk, which could cleave a skull at twenty paces.

The invention of firearms perked up the murder industry. It made it possible for a killer to accomplish his purpose with no more effort than the pressing of a trigger. And when the machine gun was made available, then murder really got on a production basis.

All this time, however, the Latins clung to the blade. Guns made too much noise. There was always the danger of waking up a policeman. A blade, on the other hand, slides noiselessly into flesh, causes comparatively little pain and, properly pointed, is just as deadly as a pistol. Sometimes it is a gory job, but an expert, driving a knife to the hilt at a vital spot and leaving it there, can do murder with little blood to soil the carpet.

Just what started the present



Mrs. Benjamin P. Collings

The public has forgotten the Collings murder mystery, but the law hasn't—and neither has Collings' attractive young widow. She is still hunting for her husband's murderer.

vogue of knife murders is not quite clear. It may be that the boys ran out of bullets, or had their rods in hock; or perhaps the noise of gun fire gave them the jitters. At any rate, they have revived the blade.

Yet it is not exactly a revival. It smacks more of a *development* of that mode of murder, for it is the icepick rather than the wide, machete-like blade that is being used. Police,

at least, think so, though they have yet to find a weapon used in these early autumn murders. It may be a long, slender stiletto that the murder gentry is using.

There have been half a dozen such killings in the New York area in as many weeks. One day the police arrested thirteen men and proudly proclaimed that they had broken up the icepick murder ring. But while they were holding the unholy thirteen, a citizen called up to tell them that the bodies of two men, icepicked to death, had just been dumped in his front yard. And did the policemen's faces get red!

All victims of this method of murder have been of Latin birth, which may indicate some vendetta is at work cutting down fellows it does not like. In some of the murders police found that revenge might easily have been the motive. On the other hand, there was the inevitable theory that the liquor business may have been at the bottom of the killings. In recent years much has been blamed on prohibition, because of the vigorous competition in the underworld for bootleg profits.

But there has been no explanation of why each victim was killed by stabbing. And no gentle stabbing, either. Each job was thorough to the point of being over-emphatic. The coroner counted fifty-one stab wounds about the heart of one victim, whereas two or three good jabs would have served the same purpose. The multitude of blade thrusts suggested that whoever was on the handle of the weapon was getting great delight out of his work.

Don't miss **"THE SCREAMING SCANDALS OF HOLLYWOOD"**
A Complete Show-up of the Movie Colony

In Next Month's **REAL DETECTIVE**



Gerardo Scarpato

He knew he was slated for a gangster's death, and he feared his slayers would destroy all marks of identification, so he had his name needled on his arm. . . . The police found his body—and identified it by the tattooed name.

In one or two cases it appeared that the stabbing was done after the victim had been killed by strangulation, and therefore was unnecessary addenda. The evidence in the strangulation murders indicated that the assassin came from behind, dropped a rope swiftly over the head of the marked man, and drew it tightly until the contorted features and the hanging tongue showed that the man was

dead. Afterward, the assassin apparently got to work with his icepick.

There has been another peculiarity of these icepick murders. The body of each victim has been placed in a burlap sack. In most cases the body has been expertly trussed into a ball, with knees doubled under the chin, and then chucked into the burlap bag. The bodies thus wrapped are dropped from automobiles at lonely places during the night.

The victims mostly were little known figures, but one of them, Gerardo Scarpato, had moved across the scene of Manhattan crime for several years.

Scarpato got just what he feared. For a year, in fact ever since the slaying in April, 1931, of Giuseppe ("Joe the Boss") Masseria, Scarpato had feared for his life. It was only three days after the murder of "Joe the Boss" that Scarpato sailed for Italy. He remained there four months, while the Masseria murder excitement was subsiding. Police never got anything on Scarpato in connection with the slaying of "Joe the Boss," but there were underworld mutterings that Scarpato had wanted Masseria out of the way.

When Scarpato returned from Italy he displayed fear that he was on the spot. His fear must have been great, for he even pictured in his mind how his foes might dispose of his body. He believed that after killing him they would remove all marks of identification so that it might never be known that the body was that of Gerardo Scarpato. That meant he might be buried in Potter's Field.

"Third Degree"



These three officers—Detective Leslie W. Pearsall, Deputy Chief Frank J. Tappen, and Detective Harry W. Zander (left to right)—were acquitted of murdering Hyman Stark (insert) by "third degree" torture, notwithstanding the evidence against them.

Scarpato guarded against that eventuality. One of his first acts on returning from Italy was to hunt out a tattoo man. He had his name written indelibly with needles on one arm.

It was a wise precaution. Police found his body the other day in an abandoned sedan. They identified it by the tattooed name.

The sedan had stood for two days parked at a Brooklyn curb. Residents of the neighborhood, suspicious, finally notified police. They found the body trussed and packed into a



This Is What Happens

War between rival unions has started a when the lads

burlap bag. Scarpato had been strangled. The marks of the icepick were about his heart.

"Little Augie" Pisano, a slick little rogue of Brooklyn, was questioned. He was decked out in diamonds. Two great stones glittered in his tie, and the watch chain across his vest was a strand of sparkles. A ring on his right hand blazed with white light.

Little Augie said he was very sorry to hear that his good friend Scarpato had come to such an end. They had been friends since boyhood, he said. He could not understand why anyone would do away with such a swell

gent. He admitted that he had been a very good friend, too, of "Joe the Boss," but he could see no connection between the two deaths.

While he was being questioned, photographers were pestering him for a picture. He kept a handkerchief carefully to his face.

One of the photographers remarked:

"A picture won't do you any harm, Augie."

Augie replied:

"It won't do me any good, either."

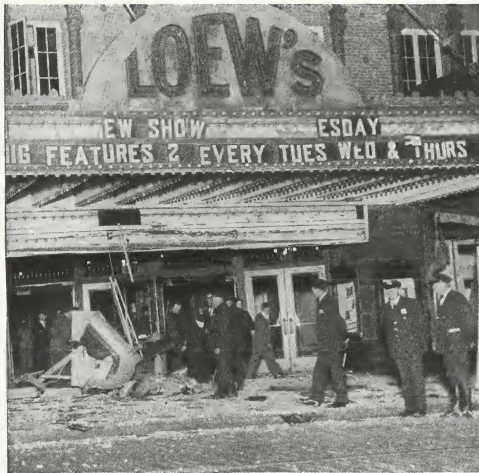
to convict the police was the fact that Stark was arrested for an especially brutal robbery attack in which an old lady was beaten. Many people felt that even though the police may have banged Stark around, cuffed him and beaten him—and even killed him—there was plenty of reason for doing it.

From a strictly legal standpoint, however, it was incontestable that Stark was healthy when arrested and that he was dead when police got through with him. It would seem,



Moose

Senator James J. Davis of Pennsylvania, on trial in New York, charged with conspiring to conduct a lottery for the Loyal Order of Moose, from which he is said to have personally profited in the amount of \$172,000.



When New York Bombers Start Throwing Dynamite

reign of terror in New York movie theatres. Loew's Brooklyn Theatre was wrecked tossed a pineapple in the front door.

Loew's Brooklyn Theatre was wrecked

THIRD DEGREE GETS The "third AN O.K. BY JURY degree" slaying of young Hyman Stark, while a prisoner in the hands of Mineola police, is likely never to be solved. A jury has decided that the police didn't kill Stark, and as it was quite evident that no one else could have killed him, it looks like another case in which a man is dead but no one is punished.

A surprising factor in this case was the sentiment that was displayed for the police. A group of citizens even went so far as to organize for their defense. One thing that militated against the efforts of the prosecution

therefore, that somebody at police headquarters must be responsible for his death. The jury, however, decided the evidence was insufficient to convict the officers on trial, so it acquitted them. The defendants were Deputy Police Chief Frank J. Tappen and Detectives Harry Zander and Leslie W. Pearsall.

Tappen is an active Oyster Bay politician. He weighs 240 pounds. This was a point emphasized by the state, which charged that Tappen stood with one foot on Stark's stomach and the other on Stark's neck and "rocked back and forth."

The testimony was significant, the state contended, because Stark's death was caused by a broken larynx.

The three policemen denied having "laid a hand" on Stark.

One witness—like Stark a prisoner—testified that he saw "a big guy" standing over Stark's prostrate body, a rubber hose in hand. There were welts and bruises on Stark's body. The prosecution charged that Stark's death resulted from "savage brutality" of the police.

But the jury thought otherwise. Stripped of all elements of emotion, it amounts to this:

Stark was arrested for assault and robbery. He was taken to police headquarters. Several hours later he was taken to a hospital, where he died. He was all right when he entered headquarters. He was dying when he came out. All the time he was in the hands of police. His body was bruised and his larynx broken. Yet the law (Continued on page 67)

What FLORIDA



"MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN."

I heard that phrase when I attended high school in Chicago, but I never realized what it could mean until I was sent to a Florida prison camp.

At the age of twenty-three, I have experienced more injustice and gone through more suffering than most men endure in a lifetime. My legs bear scars that I will carry to my grave—reminders of the shackles I wore. My chest is sprinkled with malaria "spots"—evidence of days and nights when I writhed with a consuming fever in the dismal swamps. My eyesight is impaired—the result of working on blinding white sands deprived of smoked glasses which would have cost the state only a few cents.

I am one of the thousands of victims of a penal system which seemingly could not exist outside the barbarous Middle Ages.

Imagine three-score unfortunate men herded together, laden with chains, driven like beasts. Imagine them suffocating in vile sweat boxes, bleeding under the blows of staves and gun stocks, wearing clothes repeatedly soaked in stagnant water, being cursed and refused medical attention when they are sick, laboring in the green hell of the semi-tropics, subsisting on a meager diet of beans, rice, and corn bread.

I have suffered all these tribulations and I am telling my story now with the hope that it will help bring about some much-needed reform.

With the exception of three months at Florida's central penitentiary at Raiford, I was attached to Prison



Meyer Unterberger

He was sentenced to a Florida prison camp; and today, at the age of twenty-three, he shows the marks of his hideous punishment. In these pages he tells his frightful story—a story of unspeakable brutality, of barbaric torture, of agony and suffering and monstrous injustice.

Camp No. 33 from January, 1929, to April, 1931. I had been sentenced to four years, and later I will relate how a serious mistake on the part of Guard Captain G. D. Dollar forced him to obtain a "life parole" for me.

When I was twenty I went to Miami to do odd jobs in the Frolics Cafe, owned by a Chicagoan. Like most boys, I had romantic ideas about seeing the world that were not in accordance with my small income. Giving way to my desire for money, I went to a luxurious hotel

did to ME . .

Chained, flogged, cast in the "sweat box," driven like a slave, denied medical attention and sufficient food, Meyer Unterberger, victim of Florida "justice," tells a harrowing story of the world's worst penal system—the Florida prison camps. . . . He suffered twenty-seven months of agony—twenty-seven months that left scars on his body and brain. . . . Such conditions, one might think, could not exist outside the Middle Ages. But this youthful ex-prisoner gives adequate proof that they prevail today.



by MEYER UNTERBERGER

in which a high school friend, Roy Van Door of Chicago, was staying. I posed as Van Door, thereby gaining entrance to his room, and stole six hundred dollars. The authorities classified my crime as an embezzlement.

I fled north. Although Van Door was unwilling to prosecute, the Miami police traced me through a telegram to Boston, had me arrested, and extradited me to Florida.

The money had disappeared in the few months that I was a fugitive. My poor, widowed mother was unable to send funds to hire a lawyer. State officials suggested to me that I plead guilty to save the cost of a trial. I was led to believe that because I was a first offender I would not get more than a year in jail.

I was dumfounded when I stood before Judge Tom Norfleet and heard him say: "I sentence this defendant to four years in the penitentiary."

It was impossible for me to fight the case, so I was

transported some two hundred and fifty miles north to Raiford. The new central prison was under construction at the time. I was assigned to the tin shop, where another convict and I made twelve hundred screen doors and windows in three months. I wish the theory of



The Stocks

These wooden blocks are fastened to the legs of prisoners when they are locked in the "sweat box." Sometimes, too, a chain is fastened about the prisoner's neck. He is thus unable to move head or foot without excruciating torture.

Warden Lawes of Sing Sing regarding remuneration for prisoners had been in effect at Raiford. The money represented by that labor in the tin shop alone would have been very useful in getting me a "new start."

THE "PEN" POPULATION, about 300 women and 1,700 men, was constantly disturbed by petty jealousies. It was considered a privilege to play in the prison orchestra. I was a fair violinist and applied to get into the organiza-

tion. A southern boy was afraid he would lose his place if I were successful, so he went to someone on the superintendent's staff and falsely reported that I had secretly made keys to fit every door and gate of the new building.

Without an investigation of any kind, I was shipped away to Prison Camp No. 33, then located near Perry, Florida.

The injustice of my treatment was not unique. There was, for example, the case of Mills K. Armstrong, now living in New York, who was sentenced to five years for bigamy.

About 150 of the men inmates of Raiford managed in one way or another to get on the right side of the guards. Some acted as stool pigeons; others were reported to have used money in the proper places.

These favorites were given the unusual liberty of walking with the girl prisoners on Sunday afternoons. Supposedly, the strolls were under the surveillance of the guards—but the keepers were lenient, and the prison farms, on which the walks were taken, were vast in extent.

Two of the women became pregnant while they were incarcerated.

Armstrong learned of this. Soon after, the United States Department of Justice at Washington received an unsigned typewritten letter describing conditions at Raiford. The protest was forwarded to Florida officials. Having repaired typewriters in the penitentiary and being the only unprivileged convict to have access to the machines, Armstrong was suspected of having sent the communication and was hustled off to Camp No. 33, with no questions asked. So far as I could learn, the relation of the favored men and women inmates was never investigated.

There was another factor that figured in my removal to a road camp, and that was the prejudice held by many Southern authorities against Northerners—in particular, Catholic

Northern-

Life Parole!

STATE OF FLORIDA
OFFICE OF COMMISSIONER OF AGRICULTURE
PRISON DIVISION
Tallahassee, Florida, **MAR 31 1931**, 193.....
No. **2031#**

The bearer, **Myer**, **Unterberger**, convicted at the
for the year **1929**, and sentenced to imprisonment in State Prison for **4** years, is hereby discharged by **PAROLE** Court of **Dade** County

POST OFFICE, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS
INQUIRY SECTION—MAILING DIVISION
TRACING BRANCH
DEC 24 1930
C. P. O. #146

SIR: Enclosed Parcel No. **151887** mailed on **11-17-30**
addressed to **Myer Unterberger, Camp Jackson, Illinois**
your No. **210** regarding a suit you recently filed tracing
was delivered to address on **11-14-30** for **\$10.00** Dollars
Was returned by M. O. **in Chicago, Illinois**
Remarks: **Stating that he held nothing the dis-**
charge of that this soner
POSTMASTER

Behind these two slips of paper lies a tragic story. Below is the postal inquiry card that led to Unterberger's release. Above is his discharge. Although he was sentenced for four years, he is under parole for life!



The "Sweat Box"

In this horrible torture chamber prisoners are locked, chained and shackled, often for days and nights. Their only food is bread and water. Their suffering is beyond description. The author gives a vivid description of his several confinements in one of these boxes.

ers. The fact that I was from Chicago and a Catholic was just two strikes against me.

Fourteen other convicts were taken to the camp at the same time I was. Before leaving Raiford we were forced into the leg irons which we had to wear day and night thenceforth.

The shackles were about three inches wide. One was riveted on each leg above the ankle. Between them was a chain fourteen inches long. The irons acted like the hobble used on horses; unable to take long steps, our chances to escape were slim indeed.

It was a seven-hour truck ride to No. 33. I will never forget my first sight of the place. Situated in a little clearing in the swamp and forest, it consisted chiefly of a rude stockade seventy-five feet long by twenty-five wide, cooking quarters, and a building for the guards. Talk about Devil's Island—it couldn't be more desolate than one of Florida's prison camps!

Sixty convicts slept in hard bunks along the walls of the stockade, which was covered by flimsy tin sheeting.

At night, after the sun had beat on the roof all day long, the interior was stifling. Each of us had his own eating utensils, but otherwise there was no privacy. This was one of the worst things about the camp. In my estimation, fifty per cent of the prisoners suffered from social diseases. The most elementary procedure demanded by civilization would be segregation for the diseased men.

As for food, we were given grits and coffee, without cream or milk, in the morning. If you have ever seen chicken feed, you have an idea of what grits are like. The only thing to be said for the coffee is that sometimes it was warm.

At noon we received beans and dry, unpalatable corn bread. Occasionally there was a chunk of flabby white pork fat with the beans. On many days the meal had to be hauled several miles from the camp to where we were working. Insects of every variety got in the food during the trip.

The diet was never varied, except when a prisoner was thrown in (Continued on page 75)

The Marks of Prison Slavery



"The shackles were about three inches wide. One was riveted on each leg above the ankle. . . . There were solid sores where the shackles had torn and mangled the flesh month after month. I have deep scars from the irons today and will have them as long as I live."

Behind the SCENES

WITH the

By One Who Worked With Them

EDGAR IRVIN FULLER

Inspirational!



Mr. Edgar I. Fuller,
New Hawthorn Hotel,
Portland, Oregon.

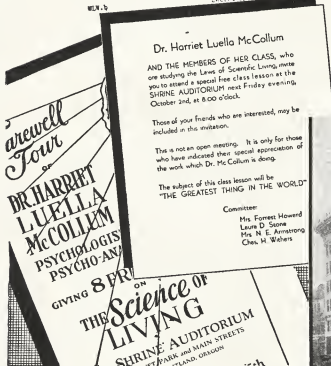
Dear Sirs:

Dr. Harriett Luella McCollum, who appeared before
our club on Tuesday, September 15th, 1931, created
a most favorable impression in the delivery of her
talk - "The Science of Living".

It was both inspirational and instructive and I
assure you, was thoroughly appreciated by our entire
membership, many of the members expressing to us
their pleasure at having had the opportunity to hear
the Doctor's address.

Very truly yours,

Edgar I. Fuller
Secretary



After the fake lecture racketeer has collected his money and gone, the vultures gather. Con men of the lowest type, super-smooth crooks, follow close behind, taking up the job of gypping the public where the fake swamis, the yogis, and the cure-all quacks leave off. In his previous articles Mr. Fuller has given the whole startling inside story of the lecture racketeers. As a final touch, he shows the far-reaching consequences—the debris left behind. Broken souls in sanitariums, the physically and mentally ill, whipped to hysteria by the lectures of the psycho-analytical racketeers—all falling easy prey for "eye cures," "cancer cures," fake radium waters, electric belts, and the like. The "take" of the racketeering lecturers runs into millions. The vultures who follow may not steal as much in a year, but they gyp each individual—sick men and women, cripples, the deformed—out of more, taking the dollars, which, if properly applied, might do something to ease their aching bodies and pain-racked minds.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE, especially California, appears to be the chief breeding-place and tryout spot of the psycho-sucker and health quacks. In a way that's curious, for it's warm, sunny, and healthy there; but maybe these very attributes draw an unusual quota of the sick and ailing from the less temperate zones.

Denver has the distinction—or perhaps the misfortune—of being the cross-roads of this gimmick-spearing game. It has sheltered, at one time or another, all the smart king-pins—and some that aren't so smart. The city itself, notoriously a con-man's paradise, has been picked as clean of gimmick money as a fried smelt.

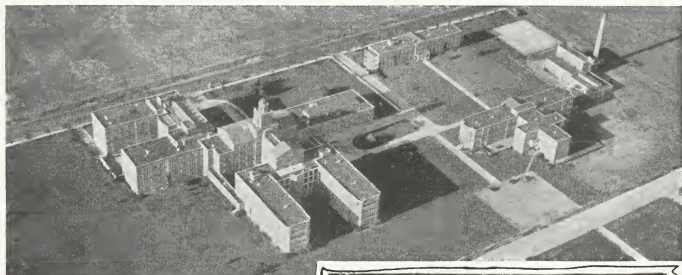
Dr. C. A. Rymer, resident physician of the celebrated Colorado Psychopathic Hospital, has, for the past three years, made a personal study of the health fakes and



Denham Theatre in Denver, where the "big boys" spout their gibberish. One woman lecturer held four separate campaigns here, and "took" her audiences for approximately \$100,000.

"I arranged Dr. McCollum's talk to the Rotary Club as a publicity stunt. I happened to read a little book by Chic Sale, called 'The Specialist,' and I'm afraid a good deal of it leaked into the speech."

MEDICAL QUACKS



"The End of the Trail"

Colorado's famous psychopathic hospital, where Dr. C. A. Rymer has made personal observation of patients who have arrived as the result of taking the lecture racketeers too seriously. "It is impossible to estimate the damage this sort of thing does," the doctor is quoted as saying.

their activities in his state. He told me:

"It is impossible to estimate the damage this sort of thing does.

"The recent strides in psychology have bred a new type of quack who preys upon the popular ignorance of the subject. A free lecture is given on the evils of the various complexes. Once the listener is convinced, he is glad to subscribe to the personal treatment, which, it is claimed, will banish his complexes, usually at \$25 apiece.

"Another type of quack who recently came under my observation was a woman who made the absurd claim that all persons can be divided into sixteen fundamental chemical groups. Recognition of the particular chemical element which denominates one's personality was the only chance of happiness. There was the calcium group, for instance—persons who through some mysterious process turn everything they eat into calcium. These persons, the lecturer stated, were of the cave-man type. Then there was the oxygen type—great lovers, whose personalities have the magnetism that oxygen exhibits in its affinity for other elements. . . ."

Denver is a mecca for purveyors of fake cure-alls, Dr. Rymer agreed.

"They come to town after an intensive ballyhoo, rent a suite of rooms in a good hotel under an imposing title, and then procure a reputable church or clubroom from

This is the third and last of a series of articles, written expressly for REAL DETECTIVE, exposing fake lecturers and other quacks. Back copies of the magazine in which the first two articles appeared will be mailed to any address in the U. S. A. for 25c. each.—Ed.

Free Lecture

CONCERNING

"The Human Radio"



Man is a machine—an electrical one, and gives off vibrations just the same as any radio. It has been observed that the human eye is a very sensitive receiving set and reveals various conditions concerning the human body. The human eye also reveals that there are four different types of human beings, just as there are different types of automobile engines, and each type must be fed differently. This is the first discovery of its kind registered by the U. S. Patent Office. Doctors, dentists, nurses, and teachers who have studied this work consider it the greatest discovery of the age.

Even health foods are harmful to certain types. It has been noticed that type No. 1 should not use lemons or grapefruit; type No. 4 should not use bread and cereals. Type No. 3 should not drink anything cold or take cold baths. Even vitamins are worthless if the food containing them is not properly digested. The Science of Biology reveals which foods are best for you personally.

This discovery explains for the first time why we are born with blue eyes and why they become green, gray, hazel, brown, etc., as we grow older. It also explains why some people suffer from certain foods and others even suffer from the colors that surround them.

Learn how you can tune in on the vibrations of your own body, and how you can determine what foods are best for you. Hear J. D. Levine, editor of the Health Messenger, lecture on "Our Radio Vibration—How to Detect Them," at the Adolphus Hotel (Main Garden) Tuesday evening, May 6th, at 8 o'clock.

DEMONSTRATION AFTER LECTURE.

Under the Auspices of Dallas Biological Club.

Ballyhoo

This is the type of ballyhoo used by some of the quacks.

which to throw out their bait. The very name of that church or club on their posters gives them a false prestige. The public naturally concludes the lecture or clinic is being sponsored by the organization in the hall of which it is held. Persons who go to hear the lectures naturally expect them to be consistent with the dignity of the environment, and they accept the lecture without question. In that way, of course, they are led to believe the most superficial medical and philosophical rot.

"I find the ingenious systems used by the fakery are almost all based upon some infinitesimal scientific fact, elaborated and distorted beyond recognition."

And that, in a word, is what makes the slickers so dangerous.

AT BEST, THE GIMMICK IS A PECULIAR INDIVIDUAL; but then, so are you and I. At worst, he not only likes to be plucked, but demands it. And, as I remarked earlier, the moron is not alone when it comes to swallowing hook, line, and sinker. Many level-headed men and women slide into the gimmick-class, not alone individually, but in club groups.

The following letter was written to me by the secretary of the Portland, Oregon, Rotary Club, on September 5 of last year:

Dr. Harriet Luella McCollum, who appeared before our club on Tuesday, September 15, 1931, created a most favorable impression in the delivery of her talk, "The Science of Living."

It was both inspirational and instructive and, I assure you, was thoroughly appreciated by our entire membership, many of the members expressing to me their pleasure at having had the opportunity to hear the doctor's address.

The story behind the letter is this: I arranged Dr. McCollum's talk to the Rotary Club as a publicity stunt for a series of lectures she had scheduled later on. Just prior to the Rotary appearance, I happened to read a little book by Chic Sale, called "The Specialist." I have a reasonably strong sense of humor, and this little effort made a decided impression on me; so much so that I'm afraid a good deal of it leaked into the speech I began writing for Dr. Harriet. In fact, if some of you got that strange sense of familiarity, in hearing that talk on "The Science of Living," it may well be because I shamelessly plagiarized Chic's amusing book, clothed it in a new dress, changed the verbiage, added a touch of color—and let it go at that.

The reason I ate so many roasted peanuts, and squirmed in my chair, during the doctor's talk, was because I was rubbing my sore toe against the leg of the speaker's table, in order to keep from laughing out loud.

There's no reason why the good Rotarians shouldn't have enjoyed the doctor's talk. And, at that, the publicity angle worked out well for her. On September 18 she began a series of popular "free lectures" at the Shrine Auditorium, in Portland, and later—but shucks! You ought to be able to guess the rest, by now. . . .

A little over a year ago I received a hurry-up call from a woman lecturer for a manuscript on "numerology." Now, I had never read up on the subject, or given it much thought, and I knew no more about it than a trained seal. Moreover, I had a date to go fishing with a newspaper friend of mine, up Puget Sound way. The lecturer, however, was insistent. The fee was fat, and I, as usual, wasn't rolling in wealth.

I sat me down. In eleven hours I wrote the copy for a book called "The Science of Numbers," accepted the fee, proof-read the copy for the Bell Printing Company, of Tacoma—and went after deep sea fish.

Here's the pay-off: that gibberish has come to be a standard text-book for the psycho-sucker gang!

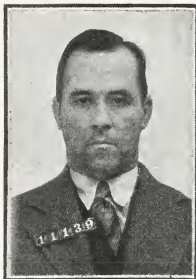
Most of these lecturers have a special talk "For Women

Wilmer A. Rowen

As a special agent for the State Board of Examiners, this Texas Ranger makes things hot for the fake lecturers in Texas.

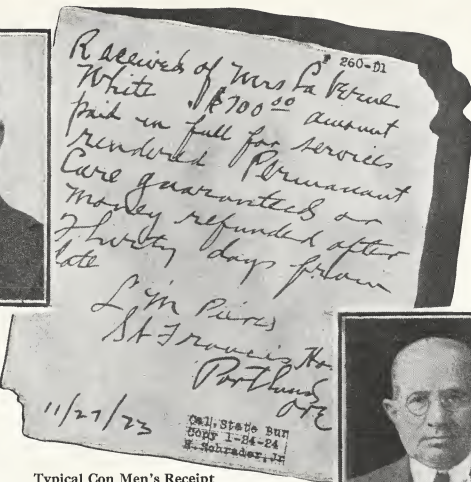


Night scene of Dallas, Texas, where the cure-all chatterboxes struck a snag. Ranger Rowen, with a steel-cold eye and a cold-steel colt at his hip, calls on the lecturers and makes the matter a personal one. Unless the lecturer can prove his statements—which he usually can not—the next train out of Texas is the best one for him to take.



Elliot Wilkinson

This individual, with his partner, was arrested in New Ulm, Minnesota, after they had extracted \$1,500 from a half blind woman and her brother for a fake "eye cure." The two were booked on charges of grand larceny, posted \$8,000 cash bail—and promptly disappeared.



Typical Con Men's Receipt

only." In some instances highly-colored charts are used and the lecturer dwells at length upon sex organs. The subject is delicate enough when discussed by a true scientist in a physiological class-room. When handled by an ignorant faker before an audience of sensitive wives and daughters it becomes downright gruesome.

IN APRIL, THIS YEAR, one of these quack "Doctors," Henri Clayton by name, began a series of lectures in Beaumont, Texas. . . . Paugh! Listen to what Dr. Fred Colby, city health officer, wrote Dr. J. C. Anderson, state health officer, about this savory individual:

... We decided his appearance here was a menace to the health of the community, and therefore ordered him to leave Beaumont, which he did. . . .

Some of the specific statements which he made, and which we considered were sufficient for us to close his show, were:

1. Gonorrhea will arise in a person who has had no contact with another infected with the disease, but who merely neglects to use the proper hygiene.

2. All cases of gonorrhea in the female can be prevented or cured by a tablespoon of salt in a pint of warm water.

3. There are five "spots" on the body of a woman, any one of which if properly touched will place that woman in your power sexually. (He sells this list of "spots" at the end of his lecture for men.)

4. Through the secrets of the "Turks," who have large harems, he can tell you how to prolong coitus indefinitely.

5. That he had amputated or assisted in the amputation of more legs than any other man in the army of the recent war, and that nine-tenths of these were the direct results of gonorrhea.

Dr. William A. Smith and myself had Clayton appear before us, together with the manager of the theatre, and found he had no training in medicine. . . . He claimed . . . to have gone to school with two local physicians, and that nineteen operations had been done the week before at Port Arthur at

Simon Mohr, posing as head surgeon of "St. Frances Hospital, of New York," took \$1,150 from a woman with a fake radium eye-water. He was sentenced to Sing Sing.



"Dr. Renner"

his suggestion. . . . He admitted to us, however, that these statements were lies. . . .

In that he has a number of more engagements booked in Texas, and also due to the fact that he is taken seriously, by his audience, I thought we would report him to your office, that you might, if you see fit, warn other cities in which he appears. . . .

What unconscious irony fills the closing paragraph of Dr. Colby's letter! "Taken seriously by the audience," that's the trouble. They all are. And the almost diffident suggestion that Dr. Anderson might, if he saw fit, "warn other cities." That's the nub of sad frustration sounded by the whole medical profession, not to mention right-minded society, in the struggle against the faker-horde. Free speech by any citizen, on any subject, is his prerogative, in this liberal land. That, alone, is no crime. The canny psycho-sucker quacks have learned to walk the tight-rope skillfully at the extreme edge of their rights. And, by the same token, the cannier the quack—the more dangerous.

I could pile instance on instance, give name after name, heap evidence on evidence, and still not come to the end of my knowledge about these brain-buzzard birds. But there's not much use to it. The instruments may differ, but the tune they whistle is (Continued on page 85)

A
Dramatic
Story
of the
New York
Police
and its
Public
Enemies

ROUGH

By
RICHARD A.
MARTINSEN



Sergeant Pat Mason, of the New York Police, sets a trap for Donn Costello, high commissioner of the Secret Six . . . And Costello sets a trap—for rats. . . . But when it's time to spring the trap. . . .

THE FACE OF THE MAN SEATED OPPOSITE DONN COSTELLO, in the little upstairs room at Frank and Toni's place, was round and slightly puffy. His body was bulbous. His skin was smooth as a woman's, and pasty.

With the tips of his short, pudgy fingers pressed together, he looked like a pig, in human form, at prayer.

His voice enhanced the impression. It was high-pitched. It slid from between thick lips which remained almost motionless, like a flat, sustained squeal.

He said, "Let's get down to business, Costello."

Costello was occupied in balancing a spoon on its side, upon the table. He did not look up. He asked, casually, "What do you want?"

"The mid-town district," the man said, "vacated by Spider Kane."

Costello asked, "What's that got to do with Hoboken?"

"D'you think we start and end there?" the man asked.

"We got Jersey City, Weehawken, Guttenberg—the whole shore sewed tight as a drum. Sure. Staten Island. Even Newark. Hoboken's just where we make our beer."

This is the fourth and last of a series of New York gangster stories written expressly for REAL DETECTIVE. Back copies of the magazine, in which the first three stories appeared, will be mailed to any address in the U. S. A. for 25¢ each.—Ed.

He paused. Costello said nothing.

The man went on, "We're big, Costello. Damn big. We want to ship across the river. Why not? Your boys are using a lotta our stuff already. They have been, for months. Beer especially."

Costello said, "And cigarettes."

"Huh?"

"Cigarettes," Costello repeated. "Your marihuana weed. I understand you have a fifty acre patch in Newark. The cigarettes can be bought, now, anywhere in Harlem, at a nickel each. I suppose you reason that if you can get into downtown New York you can double your sales and treble your profits."

"Why not?" the man asked. "All we gotta do is make the smokes a little prettier. They've gotta swell kick."

Costello said, "So has cocaine, heroin, and, I suppose, hashish. Marihuana is vile."

"Say!" the man exclaimed. "You sound sour. What's the matter? If people want the stuff, they'll get it. Why shouldn't we make somethin' outa it?"

Slowly, steadily, Costello withdrew his fingers from the spoon. It balanced.

He said, emotionlessly, "There's no reason, Al. None at all. It's just an old Mexican custom you're starting

on RATS

Behind
the Locked
Doors
of
Manhattan's
Underworld



"The door burst open. Three men plunged into the room. They were roughly dressed. They had black handkerchiefs tied around their faces and guns in their hands. . . . One jabbed his gun into Mason's side. The others leveled their weapons at Spiro and his companions. The leader of the newcomers cried in a harsh, sharp voice: 'Get 'em up, you punks!'"

Illustrated by
H. Forsgren

as a new vice here. After all, I suppose it's only a sideline."

"Sure," said the visitor. "Certainly. A piker racket. Chicken-feed. But our booze end ain't piker stuff . . . We want Kane's district. I ain't trying to muscle in, Costello. I'm willing to pay my way, co-operate, play ball with your boys. Sure thing. I'm on the level. That's why I've come to you . . . How about it?"

Costello took a pack of cigarettes from the table and extended it. The fat man shook his head, fished in a vest pocket, and from a tin-foil wrapper extracted a thick, black cigar.

Both puffed in silence for a moment. Their faces were turned away from each other, but the fat man regarded Costello, covertly, from the corner of his eyes.

Costello said, "I'll take the matter up with my committee. It meets once a month, usually on the thirteenth. Today is the thirteenth. It meets here tonight. You knew that, didn't you?"

"Hell, no," the fat man said; but his eyes shifted.

"We don't," Costello said, "talk business until after

dinner. You'll have to wait downstairs until Toni calls you. You may have to wait some time."

"Okay," agreed the visitor. "I told you I'd play ball, Costello."

There was a knock on the door. It opened and four men filed into the room.

THEY WERE THE FOUR REMAINING MEMBERS of a group called the Committee of Arbitration by Costello, Public Enemies by the district attorney, and referred to by the newspapers, humorously, as the Secret Six. Their names were Mr. McCoy, Mr. Cassidy, Mr. Kosciosko, and Mr. Rosenbloom. Each was a power in his field.

"Permit me," Costello said, "to introduce a man whose reputation, at least, is already known to you . . . This is Mr. Al Spiro, from across the river, gentlemen."

"Ah! It is a pleasure!" exclaimed Mr. Rosenbloom. Mr. McCoy and Mr. Kosciosko murmured perfunctory greetings.

Mr. Cassidy said nothing. But as Spiro's little eyes roved toward him he nodded, and the fat man returned the nod.

The four newcomers sat down around the table.

Costello said, "Al has a proposition. He is willing to wait until after dinner, but perhaps we should not inconvenience him."

"Sure not. We should always be polite to gentlemen from across the river," smiled Mr. Rosenbloom. "Vot is it, Donn?"

Costello said, "Mr. Spiro wants to expand into Manhattan. He wants to be assigned the district abandoned by Spider Kane. He says he is willing to play ball with us."

"Why not?" inquired Mr. Cassidy.

"H'm. It sounds interesting," Mr. Rosenbloom agreed. "Every month the committee gets smaller and smaller. First Donelli left us, now poor Spider Kane. Dear, dear! Maybe we need a good recruit—like Mr. Spiro, here, eh? Vot do you think, Donn?"

"I do not favor the idea," Costello said evenly.

Mr. Cassidy rumbled, "Say! New York is a big place for four of us to run. What are you after, a monopoly?"

"Certainly," Costello said. "It is the age of mergers and monopolies. We have begun to apply business principles to our activities. Why not that? As long as the organizations of the members the committee loses are absorbed by the remainder, so much the better for you. It simplifies management, reduces expenses, and increases profits. Too many crooks spoil the broth. The fewer there are, the less chance for squabbles, and the easier it is to agree on matters of general policy. Why let outsiders in?"

"H'm," murmured Mr. Rosenbloom. "My goodness, that's the longest speech I've ever heard from you, Donn. It sounds like good sense, too."

Mr. Spiro said, in his flat, high-pitched voice, "It's good sense to consider competition. You boys are big. You're the real works in Manhattan. I ain't denying it. But we're big, too. You may figure we're hicks, because we started across the river; but we're as big as you are, now . . . We're coming over here. I ain't looking for trouble. I'm willing to be reasonable. But we're coming over here."

"Vell!" exclaimed Mr. Rosenbloom. "Vell, now—"

Cassidy said to Costello, "You mentioned general policies. Are you decidin' those for us, too? Some day, soon, I guess we'd better re-define your job. We hired you to stop arguments. It seems to me that nowadays you're starting 'em."

Costello said, "You employed me to judge disputes between yourselves and would-be competitors. Mr. Spiro's case comes under that head. Mr. Rosenbloom asked what I thought. I told him."

"Sure, sure!" Mr. Rosenbloom nodded hastily.

Mr. McCoy observed, "But Spiro says if we don't let him in he'll buck us. How about that?"

"That," Costello said, "is my problem. By the terms of our agreement I am called upon to enforce my own decisions, if they are contested. I shall do so, with respect to Mr. Spiro, as heretofore."

MR. ROSENBLOOM'S BROW CRINKLED. He toyed with the broad black ribbon of his glasses. He shrugged. "Since that is the way Donn feels, gentlemen, I agree with him."

"It's nothing in my life," remarked Mr. McCoy. "Let 'er rip."

Costello said, "I had planned to allot Kane's district to Mr. Kosciuszko, along with the Silver Bow night club and the other establishments, if Mr. Kosciuszko wishes to purchase them."

"Okay!" grinned Mr. Kosciuszko. "Whatever you say, Donn, goes with me."

A flush had changed Mr. Spiro's skin to an unhealthy red. He now looked over-ripe. He started to speak.

Across the table Mr. Cassidy shook his head, almost imperceptibly. Mr. Spiro gulped once or twice, like a fish out of water, and shut his mouth.

Costello said, "Well, Al, is there anything else?"

"No," Mr. Spiro muttered. "That's all. I'm sorry. Goodnight, boys."

He arose. Without a glance to right or left, he walked from the room.

Costello said to Mr. Kosciuszko, "Press that button for Toni, will you please? He's starting us off with lobster cocktails tonight, I think."

Cassidy exclaimed, "Damn near forgot! I have to telephone. . . ." He vanished swiftly.

The back of Mr. Spiro loomed at the bottom of the stairway leading to the main floor. Mr. Cassidy called, "Hey! Just a minute, Al. Lemme buy you a drink before you go."

He led Mr. Spiro into a miniature, white-tiled bar-room behind the stairs. No one was there.

Mr. Cassidy thumped the bar with his fist. He called, "Toni! . . . Toni!" In a lower voice he said to Mr. Spiro, "I'm sorry, about upstairs, Al."

"Yeh," Mr. Spiro answered. "So am I."

Mr. Cassidy dropped the eyelid over his right eye and grinned at Mr. Spiro. He murmured, in a still lower tone, "If you decide to cross the river it's all right with me. . . . Get me, Al?"

"Sure," Mr. Spiro replied. "I getcha."

"Live and let live. That's my motto," said Mr. Cassidy.

Mr. Spiro brightened. "I'm with you," he agreed.

"I'm not trying to run Costello," Mr. Cassidy said. "Not after what's happened to Kane and Donelli, I ain't. But likewise he's not running me. If he elects to buck you, that's his business."

"Sure," assented Mr. Spiro. "It may be his funeral, eh?"

Toni entered, from the kitchen. At Mr. Cassidy's direction he poured two drinks of whisky.

He said, smiling, "I leave you the bottle. Meester Costello has rung for me. I mus' send the lobster cocktails upstairs. . . ."

"That's all right," Mr. Cassidy told him. "One drink is all we want."

He shook hands formally with Mr. Spiro. Mr. Spiro departed. Mr. Cassidy followed Toni and a waiter upstairs.

The dinner served the Secret Six was delectable, as usual. It was composed of twelve courses and took two hours to eat. No further business was discussed afterward.

When the committee had gone, Costello returned to his chair and lit another cigarette. His eyes, fixed on the wall beyond him, were as old and impersonal as death. His face was inscrutable.

The door opened. Toni entered. He gathered up the coffee cups, paused, and looked at Costello.

Toni said, hesitantly, "Downstairs, before dinner, Meester Costello, I hear some funny things. I think maybe I better tell you."

He repeated what Mr. Cassidy had said to Mr. Spiro at the bar.

Costello did not appear to be listening, but he said, "Thank you."

Toni beamed, "Oh, that's all right, Meester Costello! I am glad if I can help you, any time!"

He balanced the dishes skillfully, went out and closed the door.

A faint smile hovered on Costello's face.

THE ASSISTANT COMMISSIONER, IN CHARGE OF THE DETECTIVE BUREAU, strode back and forth.

Seated in his office, on the Centre Street side of the grim headquarters building, were three chief inspectors, two deputy inspectors, and five captains. They looked uncomfortable.

The assistant commissioner rumbled, "The newspapers are panning our ears off every day. Can't say I blame 'em. Three gun duels and a machine-gun battle on Broadway in two weeks—right in the theatre district, b'God! It's a heluva note!"

A captain ran a finger along the edge of his collar to loosen it. He said protestingly, "Yeah, Chief, but—"

"But nothing!" roared the bureau chief. "There aren't any buts! There aren't any excuses, so far as the public is concerned! The department is always the goat! This time we've got it coming. All we did was pick up the stiff—"

"Maybe," snapped a chief inspector, "if the commissioner would use his pet Crime Prevention Bureau for something besides unspiring ball games for the kids things would be different!"

The bureau chief growled, "Oh, sure! Maybe anything—to pass the buck! You're a heluva fine bunch of detectives! I dunno what I called you in for, in the first place. It's just a waste of time. Get out!"

The ten subordinates filed out, grumbling. The bureau chief barked through the open door, to an orderly, "Tell Fat Mason I want to see him."

A young man appeared. His hair was tawny and tousled. His features were big and good-natured. There were two freckles on the left side of his nose. He wore his clothes as carelessly as a college junior, or a happy-go-lucky newspaper man.

He entered the big office unhurriedly. He said, "Hello, Chief. What have I done this time?"

The assistant commissioner swung his desk-chair around brusquely. He was still scowling, but a twinkle had come into his eyes. He grunted, "Nothing. That's just the trouble! Sit down, Pat."

Mason said, "You'll get me in bad with my captain, calling me this way."

"Yeh?" rapped the chief. "Say, who's in charge of this bureau?"

Mason grinned, "Ask him that. I'm not. I'm only a sergeant."

"You'll be in harness, pounding a beat," the chief rumbled, "if we don't get going pretty soon. So will the rest of us. You know what I mean?"

"Sure," grinned Mason. "I know what you mean. . . . I'm not deaf, by the way."

"You're a damn fresh kid!" the chief growled; but his expression softened and he lowered his voice. "Pat, we're in hot water. Your friend Costello is responsible."

Mason shook his head. "I don't think so, Chief."

The chief exclaimed, "Hell! It's gang war, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mason said. "A New Jersey crowd is trying to muscle in on the Broadway booze racket. It's finding opposition."

"Exactly!" the chief rapped. "And Costello is lord high-commissioner and chief executioner of Manhattan, isn't he?"

"Yes," Mason conceded, "but I don't think he's in on this."

"Why?"

"Because," Mason said, "he works alone."

"Bunk!" the chief growled. "He may have fed you that lone-wolf guff, but it's a lotta hokey. It don't go, nowadays. . . . It's Costello, all right, and you're to blame. If you'd held onto him when you had him, for that mix-up at the Silver Bow—"

"But gosh, Chief!" Mason protested. "That wasn't on the level. He was framed."

"What of it?" demanded the A. C. "He'd raised enough real hell, before that, to justify the chair. And, anyway, they found a loaded gun on him. What about the Sullivan law? D'you ever hear of that?"

"Yeh," Mason said. "It sounds familiar, Chief. The only trouble is, he's got a nice, live permit to carry a gun."

"I don't believe it!" the chief cried.

"Okay," Mason grinned. "Check up. It's issued to him as a bank messenger. The late-lamented Spike Donelli got it for him through a bank Spike was interested in."

The chief snatched up his telephone and roared, "Blake! . . . Find out if a gun permit has been issued to Donn Costello. If so, tell 'em to cancel it!" He slapped the receiver on its hook and turned back to Mason. "That settles that. You're a wise kid, Pat; so wise I'm going to let you clear up this mess for the department, bring in the guilty parties, and win yourself another laurel wreath."

"I hope," Pat murmured, "it is laurel, and hasn't got thorns in it."

The chief's lips twitched; but he said sternly, "Despite your valuable opinion, Costello (Continued on page 86)

MANHATTAN NEWS FLASH

(Continued from page 55)

agencies of the state of New York were unable to say who was responsible for his death.

Very strange!

THE ANNIVERSARY OF TWO FAMOUS CRIMES

The baffling murder of Benjamin P. Collings occurred a year ago aboard his cabin cruiser, the *Penguin*, in Long Island sound. It is ten years since the nation was stirred by another crime—the Hall-Mills case.

Each of the murders remains unsolved. The Hall-Mills affair—you remember, the clergyman Hall and Mrs. Mills, the choir singer, whose bodies were found together under an apple tree—is definitely closed. The minister's widow, now elderly, lives quietly in the same home she occupied as his wife. She is active in charitable work. The tragic past, including her own trial on a charge of murder, is seldom mentioned.

The Hall-Mills murder was a mystery that "had everything," as the newspaper

boys say. There was the element of illicit love, the tryst in the lane at night between the handsome minister and the pretty young wife of the church sexton. There was the touch of artistry to the murders themselves, if murder can ever be artistic. The clergyman's hands were folded almost reverentially upon his breast, like a corpse laid out for burial. There was a rose, as though placed beside him by one who deeply loved him. And then there was the body of Mrs. Mills, slashed at the neck as if the killer was not satisfied merely to have killed her with a bullet. The manner of the murders gave an impression that whoever killed the Reverend Hall had said: "This hurts me worse than it does you," and that he then had turned fiercely, insanely upon the woman, screaming: "This is all your fault!"

The Collings case presented as fascinating a mystery as the Hall-Mills murder, but was sullied by the ugly aftermath of sex perversion.

Nothing has been heard of the Collings

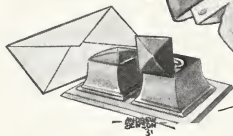
murder investigation for several months. The public has forgotten. The law, however, has not. Detectives are continuing their hunt for Collings' killer. The attractive young widow herself is aiding the search. Hardly a week passes that she does not seek to identify some suspect either in person or by the examination of police photographs.

POLICE HAMPERED BY "FRAIDY CATS"

Bomb terrorism, such as Chicago has experienced for years but which has never been practiced on an alarming scale in the East, burst suddenly upon New York a few weeks ago. The bombs were aimed at theatres in the Loew chain, of which there are many in the city. The terrorism was the result of a war between rival unions of moving picture operators.

The theatres, which bore the brunt of the bombings, were absolutely innocent bystanders in the dispute. They had met all

What your Penmanship tells



by **Frederick St. John**

A NEWS STORY on the Paul Bern-Jean Harlow tragedy* quotes one of those interviewed to the effect that Paul Bern was a friend to everybody. These news stories have gone on and told of how he helped one after another who was not worthy—and Paul Bern's handwriting indicates why he did this.

Dearest Jean
Unfortunately this is the
only way to make good the
frightful wrong I have done you
and to wipe out my abject
humiliation, I love you...
Paul
You understand that last
night was only a comedy.

The Suicide Note of Paul Bern

He was always an optimist, always believing the promises of those who cried on his shoulder and pledged themselves to new lives. Maybe they meant all their promises; perhaps they did not. The thing that counts is that Paul Bern was such an optimist that he hoped they would make good. So he gave them a chance.

* The real inside story of this latest Hollywood scandal will appear in next month's **REAL DETECTIVE**.—Ed.

He was sincere in his own thinking. For this reason he did not understand how they would make promises of good behavior and fail to keep them—and so he accepted each man's story at face value.

He was exact and careful in his thinking; he wanted things done as they should be done.

His handwriting says he was a builder of air castles—a nature that could be hurt when his dreams were shattered. Yet his sense of humor was sufficiently strong to permit him to ride the storm of disappointments as they poured in on him.

Those who question his motives overlook the precise sincerity of the man; the accuracy of his thinking. He wanted the right thing to be done—in the right way.

He was undoubtedly lonely, regardless of those he helped. There was an isolation about the man which is clearly shown in this final note.

He was talented. He might have made a success in any one of several fields.

One other trait stands out from among the many. There is finality—the spirit of being ready to quit that must, finally, have led to his death. There was neither hatred nor disappointment, but indifference. This handwriting says that Paul Bern had reached the limit of his capacity to feel different emotions—and so he was ready for a new experience.

Your handwriting shows your innermost thoughts, your mental habits, your talents, and your ambitions. It does this just as completely as it pictures the mental habits and talents of Paul Bern.

A Free Analysis of Your Handwriting

Through arrangement with Frederick St. John, internationally known grapho-analyst, **REAL DETECTIVE** offers its readers an analysis of their handwriting. All you need do is write a short letter—or just write "What does my handwriting tell?"—and send with a stamped envelope addressed to yourself and 10c in silver, to pay for clerical expense, to Frederick St. John, Handwriting Expert, **REAL DETECTIVE**, 1050 North LaSalle Street, Chicago.

Be sure your envelope for reply bears 3c in U. S. Postage. Otherwise, send coin for postage.

**"MASTER
OF
MURDER"**

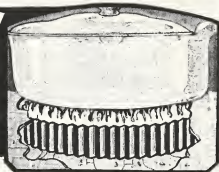
The strange, grisly story of Frank Egan, San Francisco's mercenary murderer—the cold-blooded criminal who disappeared, re-appeared, and staged one of the most dramatic shows ever put on for the pursuing police—will be published complete in the December

**REAL
DETECTIVE**
On Sale Everywhere
NOVEMBER 15



IMP RINGS!

Magic Gas Stove Appliance .. Saves 35% to 50% on GAS BILLS



Mysterious gas burner rings break speed records for cooking and heating. Cooks meals in half the time at half the cost. Agents sell on absolute money back guarantee. This strange invention sweeping across the land like the proverbial storm.

Backed by Written Guarantee

Originals of these gas bills on file at our office.

The IMP Waves His Magic Wand and Down Go BIG GAS BILLS

\$1000 REWARD

given to anyone who can prove that the gas bills we show in our literature and the testimonials we quote are not authentic. We have plenty of proof that IMP RINGS cut gas bills up to 50%. Mail coupon and get the facts.



Also protects gas flames from overflow and outside drafts. Keeps cooking utensils clean. We have scores of letters and actual gas bills showing money savings after IMP RINGS were installed. Can't you see how easy it is to sell something that actually puts money in the pockets of purchasers? No competition. No sales resistance. Reported earnings up to \$5 to \$7 an hour.

READ THIS PROOF FROM USERS

Gas bills before and after installing IMP Rings.

	Before	After
I. Goodman . . .	\$1.79	\$1.29
A. Galasky . . .	4.59	3.57
D. Larzelere . .	1.79	1.03
C. G. Nelson . .	4.08	2.04

D. T. Maxen writes: "After using one IMP RING 30 days I noticed a reduction of 25% in gas bill compared with several preceding months."

H. A. Winkler states: "3 months ago my gas bill was \$4.25. Then I put a pair of IMP RINGS on my stove and my next bill was \$3.17."

Mrs. E. G. Holly writes: "Not only do IMP RINGS save gas, but there is no more soot and amudge on utensils after cooking."

We have many, many more letters from enthusiastic users praising IMP RINGS. Write for proof.

TO CONSUMERS

If you want a set of IMP RINGS for your own use, send \$1.00 with coupon, subject to our 60 days' guarantee.

BIG MONEY FOR AGENTS

No experience needed. Follow instructions and you can make up to \$20 a day. One man writes: "My best day was \$21. My poorest day, \$10." Mullen, Pa., writes: "Ship 48 sets at once. I cut my own gas bill 40%." Orders and repeat orders coming in droves. People save money by installing IMP RINGS. No wonder our agents are happy.

We Guarantee Your Sales

That's how sure we are that any willing agent can make money acting as our representative. Protected territory given to producers. Distributors also sell to stores and sub-agents. Display cards and circulars furnished free. This is the livest money-making proposition of recent days. It's made-to-order for present conditions. Gives pleasant work and a sure profit to the right men.

ACT AT ONCE!

Territory being gobbled up fast. No selling experience needed to make money with IMP RINGS. Send postal, letter or coupon for details of free test plan and free outfit proposition for demonstrating. IMP RINGS retail for only \$1.00 per set of 4, boxed. Its low price speeds up sales. Be the first and reap a harvest. Do it now!

ECONOMY APPLIANCES CO.

1213-1219 Van Buren St., Dept. 1911 CHICAGO, ILL.

SEND COUPON NOW!

Economy Appliances,
1213-1219 Van Buren St., Dept. 1911,
Chicago, Ill.

Send me all the details about IMP RINGS—your free demonstrator offer and free sales test plan.

Name

Street & No.

City

State

☐ I enclose \$1.00 for a set of 4 Imp Rings for my own use.



Imp Rings protect gas flames from drafts and overflow of liquids.



Imp Rings eliminate soot and amudge on cooking utensils.



No Imp Ring Here
The old way. But Imp Rings prevent the heat from escaping out into the room, giving more heat with less gas.

the terms laid out by the union whose men they employed. The rival union charged that it was really the only authorized one, and that the one recognized by the theatre owners was without authority to place its men in the theatres. So the bombing began. Police saw in it an attempt by those who were "out" to terrorize the theatre owners into a change in employees.

There are no rats quite so beneath contempt as those who shoot from behind and run away. The bombers were of that dirty ilk. They would sweep up in front of a theatre in a fast motorcar, hurl a deadly bomb into the lobby, and then speed away.

The bombings were done after the theatres were closed for the night, and therefore did not endanger the lives of audiences, but they did endanger the lives and limbs of passers-by.

One of the theatres bombed was Loew's Brooklyn Theatre. The bomb was thrown about one o'clock in the morning, and persons were about, but the bomb narrowly missed an old woman who was passing. It also shattered dozens of windows in nearby apartment houses and might easily have caused loss of life.

An alert man stood nearby as the bomb was thrown. He saw the bomber enter in the car, and he caught the license number of the machine as it drove away.

When police arrived this man, very much frightened because he had been so near to death, gave them the license number. An hour later the police by the aid of the license number caught the bomber. But—

When an officer went to the home of the witness to get him to look at the pris-

oners, the man pleaded he was too tired. The officer went away, returning half an hour later with a police sergeant. The policemen told the man that Commissioner Mulrooney wanted to see him at headquarters. The man demurred. The officers had no power to force him to accompany them, but they urged him to think of his duty as a citizen. They told him he could look at the suspects through a crack and that his identity would not be revealed. The man, however, would not go with them.

He was afraid to go. He feared he would have to testify against the men, and that they or their friends would "get" him. He wanted to keep out of it.

The consequence was that the police were obliged reluctantly to release the men, though they were certain they had the guilty men—men who were potential murderers and who were a constant menace as long as they were at liberty.

They couldn't do anything else as long as their witness declined to support them. That is but one concrete example of what is happening day after day. It makes the work of the police doubly difficult. These officers risk their own lives time and again against the bullets and bombs of the unknown; but citizens behave like "fraidy cats," lacking the nerve to stand up like men and face these hoodlums.

Commissioner Mulrooney has complained of this condition publicly, but with little success. Citizens think more of their own safety than of the safety of the society. It is human nature, but it is a serious weakness in the system of law enforcement.

THE WASHINGTON GRAB BAG

(Continued from page 37)

Pearson said the secretary went round and round in rage after reading that part of the book which lampooned his social activities under the title, "The Cottillion Leech."

"He had me in his office for two hours," Pearson said, "and he was very angry. He said that if it wasn't for his official position he would sue for libel. He said I couldn't get away with saying those things about him. He said that my facts were wrong. He cited the references in the book to his having been decorated for bravery during the World War just two hours before the Armistice was signed. He said that was false. It wasn't two hours before the Armistice, he said. It was five hours."

"He told me he was going to get me fired. Shortly afterward I was called in by my paper and told that my usefulness was ended there. I was handed a month's salary and told I was through."

The action of the *Sun* was surprising in view of the fact the biggest name on its payroll is H. L. Mencken, who for years has not hesitated to speak out boldly against the politicians, the Washington and the shallow politics of the capital. Mencken does not resort to the gossip-mongering tactics of the "Merry-Go-Round" writers. His writings have been pointed more sharply at vital flaws of politicians. Yet he has been a far more devastating crusader against the Washington wabblers than any other writer.

And the *Sun* didn't fire Mencken. And the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* didn't fire its Washington correspondent, Paul Y. Anderson, either. Anderson has been a constant fighter against vicious venality at Washington. That his writings have been a source of no comfort either to Hoover or other government officials whom Anderson dared to pillory, is well known.

IT IS NO SECRET IN WASHINGTON NEWS-CIRCLES that the administration was anxious to put the cover on the Anderson type-

writer. Whether or not it ever went so far as to suggest to the *Post-Dispatch* that Anderson be discharged, I do not know. They say as much in Washington. They say further that the *Post-Dispatch*, long recognized for its independence, declined all overtures from Washington to discipline Anderson. At any rate, Anderson still carries on at the capital for the St. Louis paper, his pen still free to trace the faults and foibles of men in high places.

Washington knows President Hoover's inability to smile under sharp criticism. He "can't take it." Though he appears stolid and unemotional, he actually is extremely temperamental, happy in praise, sulking under attack.

Many newspaper men suspect the President himself of being active in smelching and punishing writers who dare speak sharply about him or his administration. If this be true, it is evidence enough of a narrowness that has no place in a man who pretends to measure up to the Presidency.

One cannot help but contrast such a cry-baby attitude with that of, say, Abraham Lincoln, whose tenure of office was marked by much bitter condemnation. Lincoln never even thought of getting revenge upon his critics. Instead, he studied the criticism and sought to find in himself and remedy the faults others saw in him.

That the soft-skinned servants of the president at Washington ever resort to employment of government detectives to make life uncomfortable for those who criticize them was apparent following the ejection of the Bonus Army from the capital last summer.

A group of writers, some of whom are well known for their unflinching adherence to what they hold to be the truth, called at the White House to protest against the use of armed forces to drive the Bonus Army from the city.

The President declined to see them. He was "too busy." Not many weeks before he had not been "too busy" to chat with

The police, however, are keeping doggedly at their work despite the failure of support from citizens. They have placed police guards at every theatre in Brooklyn and at every Loew theatre in the entire city. If a bomb is thrown where these officers are posted, there will be prosecutions, for the police are not afraid to stand in court and testify against these rats of the sewer.

We all find much to criticize the police for, but there is also much to praise.

SENATOR DAVIS IS As this *Flash* goes to press, EXPLAINING AGAIN the Honorable

James J. Davis, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, is on trial before Federal Judge Coleman, charged with lottery violations in connection with Moose Charity Balls, and with pocketing \$172,000 therefrom. In view of the Senator's past performances (see "Washington Grab Bag," this issue), he undoubtedly has a good explanation for the judge. Any one fooling around with Uncle Sam's mails certainly needs one! . . . Testimony at the trial brought out the amazing information that more than a million and a half dollars were handled during the lottery in 1931. Theodore G. Miller, head of the Moose propagation department that arranged the charity balls, stated that he signed the contract with the approval and knowledge of the supreme council and of "Director General James J. Davis of the Loyal Order of Moose of the World."

—TOM O'SULLIVAN.

Rudy Vallee and to suggest to the orchestra leader that he write a "prosperity song." He had not been too busy to stand in front of news reel cameras and pose with Boy Scouts. But he was "too busy" to talk with a group of men come to discuss a matter in which the entire nation was seriously interested.

Nor was that the end of it. Several hours later the newspapers reported that the group of writers had gone directly from the White House to a meeting of radicals and communists. The implication was that the writers were involved in some outlandish maneuver to discredit the President's policy to the redounding glory of radicalism. It was stated that government agents had trailed the writers to the rendezvous with the Reds.

Wide publication of this story brought denials from the writers and from the government. But the purpose of Republican propagandists had been served. They had succeeded in casting suspicion upon the purpose and honesty of the writers. What matter that it was a lie? The action of the President in refusing to see them must be made to appear proper.

Mr. Hoover went to some lengths to defend his action in the treatment of the Bonus Expeditionary Force. Administration spokesmen took the stump immediately, charging that the B. E. F. actually was dominated by radicals who were without any army service record whatever. Assistant Secretary of War Truett Davidson told the New York State American Legion convention in Brooklyn that great numbers of forged discharge papers were found among the members of the B. E. F. He offered no proof. He was loudly booed and hissed by the Legionnaires.

A fact that the propagandists could not explain away, however, was that two members of the B. E. F. who were killed at Washington had war records and honorable discharges!

"Know Thyself"

*I've got the girl and perhaps
some day will have a home
Am I capable of this work
if I stick to it?*

Are You Happy

At home —
with your sweetheart
Are you working
What's wrong
Is it your fault
Your writing
tells the truth.

THE MAN WHO WROTE THIS

Can sell things if he tries. Makes friends, diplomatic, ready talker. His enthusiasm and ambition should get him the things he wants—the girl, the home, the happiness. Whatever he starts he will "stick to it" and carry it through. He must watch his temper and sarcasm, both faults that can be corrected.

...

READ SIMPLE RULES

If you are over 16, able to read and write and can use \$250.00, you are qualified. The specimen submitted must be your own handwriting and only one specimen will be accepted from a family. Write anything you like with pen or pencil—or write "What does my handwriting indicate?" Use the coupon or any paper—a postal card will do. The most interesting specimen submitted, in the opinion of the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis, will win. Replies will be property of Richard Day, Mgr. All replies must be postmarked not later than January 20, 1933. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties.

...

**BE PROMPT! I WILL
SEND YOU A \$100.00
CASH CERTIFICATE AT
ONCE!**

To make it worth your while to be prompt in sending your handwriting for analysis—if you will see that your letter is postmarked not more than three days after you read this notice, I will send you a Cash Promptness Certificate entitling you to an extra \$100.00 in cash should yours be the most interesting specimen of handwriting submitted in the opinion of the American Institute of Grapho-Analysis.

YOUR HANDWRITING ANALYZED FREE!

by M. N. Bunker, N. D., D. S. C., Ph. D., founder of the well-known American Institute of Grapho-Analysis, a chartered educational institution. Handwriting tells your character so accurately and intently that it may surprise you. Hidden talents may be revealed, the things you should know. To "know thyself" allows you to develop favorable traits and talents, or to avoid the undesirable. Success or failure—your business, social or love affairs—all trace back to the proper use of talents with which you have been endowed.

I WILL PAY \$250.00

For the most interesting specimen of handwriting sent me for analysis.
Not the fanciest — not the plainest — but the most interesting.

HOW YOU GET IT—You may write a letter if you wish, but you really need **WRITE ONLY THESE FIVE WORDS**, "What does my handwriting indicate?" Write with pen or pencil, on any paper—the coupon—or a postal card. Style and penmanship do not count. ANY handwriting will do and ANY may be the most interesting. You need not write fancy or even plain. Any handwriting may win. The farmer or mechanic has just as much chance as the school teacher. Mail this to my address and Dr. Bunker's brief report will be sent you promptly.

Interesting Chart Sent You FREE!—With the character analysis made from your handwriting you will receive absolutely FREE, a chart such as Dr. Bunker uses in his American Institute of Grapho-Analysis' work. With it you may tell something of the characteristics of your friends. It will be very amusing and somewhat mystifying we think.

Simply sending your handwriting for character analysis qualifies you for the still further opportunity to . . .

Win \$3,500.00 Cash

**OR STUDEBAKER 8 SEDAN
AND \$2,000.00 CASH**

This stupendous prize is additional and entirely separate from the cash prize offered for the most interesting specimen of handwriting. Picture \$3,500.00 for yourself—all yours—to be used as you like. Family, education, home, debts—surely you can use it. It's a little fortune—more than many folks life savings. Rush your handwriting to me now for your character analysis. Yours may be the winner!

RICHARD DAY, Manager
Dept. K-28-M
909 Cheapside Cincinnati, O.

\$250.00 PRIZE COUPON

**RICHARD DAY, Manager, 909 Cheapside St.,
Dept. K-28-M, Cincinnati, Ohio.**

Here's my handwriting for a brief character analysis:

My name is.....

Address

Town State.....

I am to receive FREE a brief character analysis from my handwriting and a FREE Character Analysis Chart.

If you write on a postal card or paste your coupon to it, you need **ONLY ONE INVESTMENT** to win in this big opportunity. Write on any paper, a postal card, or a coupon. Send, K-28, won Morgan, Tenn., paid \$200.00. Memphis, Tenn., won \$250.00. East Tennessee, won \$250.00. Send ONE of these **TWO-CENT STAMPS**! Use the Coupon **TODAY!**

SO ADOPT HAS POLITICAL PROPAGANDA BECOME that the entire nation may be hoodwinked quite simply by a clever propagandist, backed by such power as the Republican machine at Washington possesses. The most amazing recent example is that written on the ticker tape—the bull market which began in midsummer to the great surprise even of Wall Street.

If the rise in stock prices and the accompanying reports of business improvement were without political significance, they most certainly occurred at a suspiciously appropriate moment—the start of the Hoover campaign for re-election. You will not be able to prove it, but I think the bull market and this apparent business upturn were the result of slick political craft; but there are some very wise men, close students of politics and economics, who will tell you that this juggling with American wealth and with American hopes, was a carefully planned and executed political plot, conceived by Republican leaders as the most effective weapon for restoring the party to power.

It was clever. Americans forget quickly. Months of worry and joblessness—all under a Republican administration—have been forgotten quickly if the business indicator began pointing upward again. With stocks showing steadily higher prices in Wall Street and with the papers printing hundreds of items of business resumption in plants long idle, the public naturally would brighten, and its confidence in the administration at Washington be revived.

The movies, which are the most insidious of all the means of molding public opinion, were called upon. On the screens throughout the country you all have seen those pictures of men returning to work, of smoke coming from stacks of factories, and of the long lines in front of the paymasters' windows. Propaganda? Certainly. Clever? No end.

There has been, of course, a business pick-up. There are one hundred and twenty million Americans who, Depression or no Depression, must have the necessities of life. Factories cannot remain idle always. They have, nevertheless, shown no heartiness on the part of Republicans, but in answer to a natural economic law. The politicians deceive us because of their overemphasis of the business improvement and their claim that they are responsible for it.

FOR FEAR THAT SOME READERS may see in the foregoing a partisan attack upon Republicans, let me say that Democrats and Republicans alike have resorted equally to the several chicaneries of politics. The only reason that the Republicans may seem to be getting the worst of it in this article is that they, being in power, have been in a position to resort to these tactics more critically than the opposition. Four years been Democratic rule. I do not think there would have been any less political trickery and wastefulness than there has been under Republicans. We are interested in this article in exposing the helplessness of Americans under the thumbs of politicians. If the examples of the Republican, please understand them to be equally Democratic, for such they would be under a reversal of party fortunes.

The fault of the Republicans lies not in capitalizing improved business but in exaggerating it. Statements that factories are taking men back to work are welcome, but they are only half the truth. They neglect to set forth in many cases that the factory in question is not actually resuming after a long lay-off. The truth often is that the plant was closed only for a short time for inventory, and that the ballyhooed re-employment is merely a normal resumption after a routine, annual interruption.

The propagandists sending out the various smoke screens to conceal the real truth about the activity of politicians, make it difficult if not impossible for voters to know exactly all the facts. They would have America believe that business is definitely leaping ahead, and that any failure to support Republican candidates in November would be a national disaster.

The Democrats have been equally quick to confuse the issue. They observed the stock market rise and shouted it was a trick. Another Democratic spokesman said it was due to the fact that the Democrats had nominated Roosevelt. Roosevelt himself revealed one speeded early in his campaign to score the Hoover administration for failure to regulate the stock exchange, which he blamed for many economic ills. It seemed not to occur to him that the stock exchange operates in his own New York City, in the state of which he is governor; and that if it has been iniquitous, then he, as Governor of New York, ought to have done something about it himself!

IF YOU THINK THESE POLITICAL OPPORTUNISTS give a continental damn about your individual social-economic-political well-being, you have only to recite the disappointed hopes of previous elections.

Constitutional prohibition. Is a major issue this November. But what assurance have voters of getting what they want on this question? Dry states with minority populations can defeat the majority will because of the assinine alignment of votes in legislatures and in Congress. Besides, candidates of both party platforms cannot be depended upon.

Roosevelt, Garner, and the Democratic platform are definitely for repeal. Hoover is for a "change." Vice President Curtis, from arid Kansas, where intolerance is so great that even cigarettes are bootlegged, is with a dry, his only concession to the sweeping sentiment against Prohibition being a reluctant willingness to resubmit.

On the face of it, the Democrats, if victorious, would seem bound to act energetically for repeal. Yet a great part of the Democratic strength comes from the South, where dry no matter what the Democratic platform may say. In the last congress, after the party had voted so loudly for repeal, Democrats lined up strongly against legislation for the legalization of a mildly alcoholic beer. One cannot, therefore, predict with any degree of accuracy what the Democrats will do about it if given power.

The Republicans have a neat stratagem. Their candidate, the Great Experimentor, has served a term as a dreg, endorsed by the Anti-salooners, the W.C.T.U., and the other weird evidences of narrow mindedness in America. Now he comes forth with the statement that the Eighteenth Amendment has created a deplorable, undesirable condition and that something must be done about it, and that he will do it. The condition he bewails, as we all know, was just as deplorable four years ago, and I suspect that Hoover knew it then as well as now. At that time, however, the organized dregs were deemed to have such strength that it would not have been politically wise for Hoover to have taken a seat on the beer wagon. Al Smith and Governor Ritchie of Maryland were the only important voices that dared cry out then for an immediate change. They were four years heads of their party. Roosevelt, today, seeks the Presidency on a prohibition platform almost identical with that which Al Smith advocated four years ago.

HOW DID ROOSEVELT AND HOOVER, run-of-mine political figures that they are, happen to be nominated?

Hoover was nominated by Hoover. Rank

and file Republicans just sat back and accepted the inevitable. His machine was so ruthlessly powerful that it didn't even bother to present his name in Presidential primaries prior to the convention. What did he care about giving the people at the polls a chance to say what it thought of him? He should worry. He controlled the machine.

The Hoover train rumbled through the Chicago convention without protest. One opposition candidate, former Senator David Francis, actually was ejected from the convention floor when he dared to raise his voice. America, punch drunk from abuse at the hands of politicians and seemingly resigned to subservience, actually smiled at this high-handed violence.

That was too bad. Whatever his qualifications and whatever his purpose, Senator Francis was a candidate fully as much as Herbert Hoover. He entered the convention with delegates pledged to him—delegates chosen by the people. He sought, not his own nomination, but that of Calvin Coolidge. He believed honestly that Hoover had failed and that Republican hope of success lay in the drafting of Coolidge for the nomination. He campaigned for votes in his own name so that he could use those votes for Coolidge.

America laughed, but the pathetic effort of David Francis to buck the Hoover political machine was the magnificent effort of an honest man trying to help America.

To David Francis, and to a host of other Republicans, Coolidge looked to be a much better gamble than Hoover, yet in a convention where the odds were offered from the White House, the silent New Englander was not given a thought. Hoover wanted another four years. He controlled the political machine. He got the nomination.

HIS STEAM ROLLER WON'T BE SO SURE a swapper in November. That is the one time in which the "Forgotten Man" gets a chance to slap the face of an office holder of whom he does not approve. That, indeed, would mean America's chance really to rule itself, were it not for the fact that the only way they can clip the wings of one politician is to put another politician of the same calibre in his place. They can throw out Hoover, but to do so they must put in Roosevelt. Whichever road they follow, it leads to the same dark forest in which lurk the political robbers.

The Republican convention ended, and the Democrats met. They were deadlocked. The voters who swung the election was nominated. It was significant that he failed to get the full support of his home state or of the states closest to his own—New Jersey, Connecticut, and Massachusetts.

Thus, by political chicanery in which the welfare of Americans receive no consideration, Hoover and Roosevelt were named. No one deeply studious of their records regards either as the answer to America's need today. But what can be done about it? There they are, Hoover and Roosevelt. We can take our choice, hoping for the best, but certain of the worst.

HOOPER, SERVING AS PRESIDENT during the most trying years America has known in this generation, has spent for the upkeep of the White House and the personal expenses entailed in office as much as half a million dollars a year. That is more than any previous President has spent for the same purpose.

This same Hoover has inaugurated a tax program that Americans will find more burdensome than any it ever knew. By way of balance it may be said that the Roosevelt administration in New York state has seen the same ruthless increase of taxation,

the doubling of the state income taxes being particularly obnoxious, not to mention the high cost of owning real estate.

Criminal waste of public money is so flagrant in Washington as to make one gasp. The same Congressmen who rise in their seats and deplore the necessity of additional taxes are shown to have robbed—nothing less—the public by the expenditure of surprising sums for fishing trips, junkets, mineral waters—the kind that go into the making of highballs—and railroad journeys at forty cents a mile—journeys that were charged for but never taken.

Automobile hire, barbershop services at government expense, telephone calls across the country, with the tickets going to the taxpayers, pleasure jaunts, and hundreds of other extravagances having no connection with the honest affairs of government, are charged to the people.

No need to wonder why taxes are now so burdensome that even men with good jobs find it a problem to live. Washington knows why. Hoover and his office holders know why. Democratic office holders know why, too. The parties are on common ground when it comes to high living and fat purses at public expense. Republicans shut their eyes to the extravagances, just as they expect the Democrats when in power to shut their eyes.

IT HAS BEEN SAID THAT there is no record of a politician ever dying in the poorhouse. It is probably true. That tells a mouthful.

There is big money in politics. It is the most wretched racket in America. Why the public remains unconcerned about it is an everlasting mystery. The salary of a Congressman is comparatively trivial, but they live well and never seem concerned about money. Not that they grow rich. It would never do to become too rich. Voters might be put among two and two together and getting four.

The case of Albert Fall, who was President Harding's secretary of the Interior, was one of the few in which the public got a squint at the methods by which it is possible for public officials to line their purses with gold. Fall, selling out his country, got caught.

When six United States Senators charter two boats for five days in Florida and send the bill of \$1,687.50 to the people to pay, you can figure how much these six Senators care about saving your money.

When another party of Senators, with invited guests, consume three dollars worth of mineral water in a single day and have the chiffrony to send the bill to the people of the United States, you have another example of political indifference to honesty in the expenditure of public funds.

When you find larded among thousands of public expense accounts such items as Turkish baths, fish bait, and private detective services, you may know that the dignified, solemn-faced and often loud-mouthed gentlemen representing you in Congress are (to put it gently) a bit careless with money that doesn't belong to them.

And when you see on the books of the United States government an item that shows that three United States Senators went fishing for ten days and charged the government nearly two hundred dollars a day to cover the expense, you certainly are entitled to get mad.

The extravagances of prohibition enforcement agents are well known. Often their expense accounts show hundreds of dollars spent in the purchase of liquor and food, tips and speakeasy luxuries. The public can't drink, but the agents can! In New York recently seven agents found it necessary to dine and wine at great ex-

pense in a ritzy liquor place in order to make a raid. One agent would have been just as effective, but the other agents couldn't have had any fun. Another agent dined nightly at an exclusive hotel, where he finally wheedled a waiter into serving him a drink, after which he had the place pinched. His dinner bills for six weeks must have cost plenty of money. The worst of it was that the place was not violating the liquor laws, the drink that was served him coming from the private flask of his waiter, without the knowledge or approval of the management.

Roger Babson, the economist, said this fall that if the cost of government could be reduced fifteen percent "the depression could be ended at one fell swoop."

THEN WHY DO WE ALL—politicians, economists, and voters—hesitate to take steps toward this solution?

It is quite simple. Politicians control the voters instead of voters controlling politicians. The politicians live off the cost of government. For them to exercise sane economy in the handling of public money would mean for them to reduce their own incomes wholesale. This they will never do save only when compelled by an uprising of voters; and that uprising cannot come as long as they are able to control the voters.

The splendid behavior of American labor during the economic crisis of the past two years is a tribute of which it may be proud. With so many millions out of work it has been a source of gratification to the forces of government that there have been no untoward outbreaks. Yet there have been unmistakable symptoms of unrest auguring a drastic change in American political life. The farm strike in the Middle West was such a symptom. That was a revolt that sprang from the soil. Only a fool can fail to see the national significance of rebellion born of poverty and itself. Industrial disorders are momentous enough, but disturbances concerned with foodstuffs are far more critical.

As a national problem, the Farm Strike appeared purely economic, but it was corner-stoned in politics. Wild spending of public money by Washington, reckless failure of politicians to predicate their activities on the common welfare, and the inability of voters to gain control of their country are the answers to the nation's dilemma.

You saw how the farce of leadership was incubated at Chicago. Where in either convention was a single voice crying out for honest leadership for Americans? All the Republican talk was the wretched rote of glorification of Lord Hoover and the sing-song plea for continuation of his leadership as the one thing needed to save the nation. It was the same old bosh and nonsense. All the talk by the Democrats was along the lines of "Throw the rascals out. Give us new leadership. Democratic leadership! We and we alone hold the key to Prosperity!" That, too, was the same old bosh and blige.

America sat by during the conventions and swallowed the gibberish, knowing all the time it was hokum, knowing all the time that what the Republicans really wanted was to stay in power for their own good, and that all the Democrats wanted was to get in power for their good.

The strange Senator Borah, he of the great mind and the amazing about-faces, personified perhaps the real reaction of most Republican voters. He had been, four years ago, a Hoover supporter. He declined this year to play follow-the-leader.

As nearly as any politician, he represented the real thought of Americans. But to what avail? Though an outstanding national figure, he was no more than a drop of oil on the track along which the Hoover engine ran. Politics was bigger than Borah. The public weal which he espoused was of no consequence in comparison with the political lust of his own party.

Not that Borah's ideas were perfect. In the matter of the Eighteenth amendment he most certainly is not in tune with growing American sentiment. The important point is that despite the unpopularity of some of his espousals, his persistent efforts in behalf of Americans rather than the Republicans has marked him as the type of leader upon whom the nation must finally fix for its political salvation.

HIRAM JOHNSON, THE OUTSPOKEN SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA, once remarked (if I recall correctly) that the office of President is now so big that no so big as any man who would really fulfill its obligations properly for a four-year term most likely would wear himself out so as to be unable to continue for another term. His thought was that the growth of the country has added such duties to the Presidency as to make it almost too great a job for any one man.

Many agree to this. As a consequence, a man who would be President today must be more than ordinary. If he is to serve well and to the benefit of 120,000,000 Americans, he must be outstanding—a genius, if you please, or leadership. He cannot be a slave to political expediency, even be slave to a party platform. He must be, in short, an American rather than a Democrat or Republican.

How can Hoover, renominated by the power of party organization, refuse if elected to repay with political plums those who made his nomination possible? How can Roosevelt, if elected, ignore the McGuffin of California, Hearst of California, Curley of Boston, Hague of New Jersey, Farley of New York, and the others who either at the convention or after it climbed into his bandwagon? How can Americans expect either Hoover or Roosevelt to govern without thought of party prestige when it is the politicians themselves who made Hoover and Roosevelt possible?

It strikes me as farcical folly that Americans should prattle so much of democracy while all the time they have no true democracy. They have the vote, a sop to their greed, but they have no real democracy. The politicians select the candidates, and they make their selections only after assuring themselves that the candidates will play ball with them. The three worthwhile Presidents of the last quarter century have been accidents—men who reached the office through circumstances over which the politicians had no control. One of them was Woodrow Wilson, a little known college president whose nomination resulted when the political chiefs were outmaneuvered by one of the last of the silver tongues, William Jennings Bryan. The other two, Theodore Roosevelt and Calvin Coolidge, became President through the accident of death.

Taft, Harding, and Hoover are examples of the politically-picked Presidents.

You can wager your bankroll that, whoever is elected on November 3, the politicians will win and you will lose. There isn't the slightest question about that.

THE FORCES THAT WILL CHALLENGE and conquer the power of political recklessness and extravagance already are at work.

perience. I could scarcely do my work. I pleaded with the walking boss, to let me have a little time off to rest. He called me a leathome name and told me I should be glad I got out of the box alive. Finally, my persistence aroused his anger, and he knocked me down with one of his hamlike fists.

A pal of mine, Jack Palmer of California, came to my rescue, hitting the walking boss with a shovel. Of course the battle didn't last long. Palmer and I were dragged to the stockade, where we were beaten until blood flowed from a score of lacerations on our bodies. Then we were thrown into the sweat box.

My punishment continued for twelve days that time, even though ten days is the legal maximum. Released, I was so weak I had to be carried to the stockade. Nevertheless, I forced myself to go to work the next day. I realized I had to stand the gaff or pay with my life.

Working on a rock pile is a child's play in comparison with the labor a convict has to do in a Florida prison camp.

Two hundred and fifty pounds—came raging into our quarters and declared he was not getting his quota of work accomplished. He probably was afraid of losing his job, or at least of not making a favorable record. Disregarding our weakness, he forced us to get up and march six miles to help grub out stumps.

One of the boys who was sick, a Southerner about nineteen years old, was in such critical condition that he had to be sent back to Raiford. He died before reaching the penitentiary.

Life at No. 33 was so horrible that one man, sentenced to twenty-five years, deliberately sought mutilation so that he could return to a prison cell. He had a frail constitution and could not stand the work. One day, while we were chopping down trees, he turned to his partner and begged him to cut off his hand. His friend, seeing the other was in dead earnest, performed the gruesome task. The murderer nearly lost his life from blood poisoning, but he recovered and is now serving time at Raiford.

stockade. The guard who was supposed to remain at the prisoners' quarters, believing Red's "fever" would keep him in his bunk, wandered away, giving "half pint" a chance to saw off his leg irons with a hacksaw blade that had been smuggled in to him. Through the roof of the stockade was a smokstack for a stove that the guards sometimes used for frying fat for themselves. Red tore this down, enlarged the hole as much as he could, and climbed out to freedom.

Like every other camp, No. 33 had several bloodhounds. To prevent these from following him, Red doused his clothing with oil of mustard and some kind of liniment which has a scent very irritating to the dogs. Captain Dollar tried to sick the hounds on Red's trail, but for three days they succeeded only in running around and around the stockade. So far as I know, Red McInerney was never recaptured.

Another daring break was that of Bruce Johnson, a trusty who did not have to wear leg irons and whose duty was to drive the mules in construction work.



"Fourteen Hours in Hell!"

TWO desperate convicts make a daring break for freedom. Cornered like trapped rats, with their last tiny flame of hope slowly flickering out, they cast the dice in a final throw—in the form of flaming guns.

One guard hesitates to obey a command—and instantly loses his life. This leads to the death of thirteen others.

Hundreds of prisoners are herded in burning cell houses. Rioting continues under machine-gun fire. The ringleaders coolly execute their well-laid plans. Captured guards are killed, one by one.

At the end of fourteen hours, surrounded by militia, state and city police, knowing all hope is gone, the desperadoes take the only way out—suicide.

The first inside account of the frightful prison riot in Canon City, Colorado, told by an eye-witness, himself a convict, who saw the slaughter, has never been surpassed in blood-curdling details of the last desperate stand of desperate men, bent on escape at any cost. It will appear in this magazine, with the warning that it contains raw facts that will shock the average reader. It will be published complete in

The December REAL DETECTIVE

ON SALE EVERYWHERE NOVEMBER 15

We were building a road through one of the most miasmatic, pestilential sections of the state. Often we worked in green, stagnant water up to our armpits. When such was the case, our clothing never dried out overnight. Very few of us had changes of clothes.

We grubbed out stumps, cleared away dense brush, filled in low ground and made cuts through elevations. The most dangerous business was cutting down trees. Although we shouted "Timber!" when the tree was about to fall, it was difficult for a man to flee to safety because of his leg irons. One of my friends sustained a broken shoulder when he was struck by a falling tree.

We had to work from sun-up to sundown daily except Sunday, when we were so tired we were able to do little but lie in our bunks.

FOUR MONTHS AFTER I ARRIVED AT FERRY eighteen of us contracted malaria. The guards fed us quinine, but that was the only "medical attention" we enjoyed. Some of the prisoners had fever of 105 degrees.

We had been suffering in the stockade a few days when Captain Dollar—a very powerful, red-faced man weighing about

Did this incident create a furor among the guards? Quite the contrary! They considered it a big joke.

It was not surprising that many convicts tried to escape in the face of great risks. Eight or nine men, most of them with outside connections, made successful breaks during the time I was at the camp. Two others were killed and a third was wounded when they dashed for liberty.

The guards were crack shots; in fact, marksmanship seemed to be their chief qualification. Many were so ignorant they could neither read nor write. They did not have to pass civil service examinations to get their jobs. One guard was an ex-convict.

THE CLEVEREST ESCAPE from Camp No. 33 was staged by diminutive "Red" McInerney.

Red maintained he was able to stimulate a fever by swallowing soap and holding large wads of moist chewing tobacco under his armpits. I don't know how true his claims were, but his methods apparently brought results.

One morning he told the guards he was sick. They found he had a temperature of 104, so he was allowed to stay in the

One day it was so hot that the mules were on the verge of collapse. We were working several miles from the camp, and our supply of water had been exhausted after the first hour.

"Take care of the mules," Captain Dollar told Johnson. "We can get a lot of convicts if they fall dead, but mules cost money."

At first he was going to make us proceed with our labor, but later he relented and allowed us to rest.

Johnson, accompanied by a couple of guards, led the mules back toward the camp. To the back of one was clipped the name of Captain Dollar's horse. Slyly, without attracting attention, Johnson unfastened this rein. When he saw his opportunity he leaped on the horse and headed straight into the woods. The guards fired several shots at him, but he was never caught.

Johnson related an interesting story of why he was sent to the camp. He had been one of the favored prisoners at Raiford, winning the privilege of walking on Sunday afternoons with a pretty, young woman convict. Another prisoner became jealous of him and gave a trumped-up story about him to someone on the superin-

tendent staff. Johnson was sent to Perry and the lying stool pigeon got his girl.

BECAUSE OF THE LARGE NUMBER of convicts who became sick in the swamplands around Perry, the Department of Justice officials decided after several months to move Camp No. 33 to Jacksonville Beach and supplant it with a gang of Negroes, who were better able to stand the climate.

Our new job was building a road about twenty-two miles from Jacksonville Beach to St. Augustine on the white sand along the Ocean.

I was a sub-grader, following up the regular squad of workers and shoveling out uneven spots in the road bed. I had to work in a stooped position, with my eyes constantly fixed on the shimmering, blinding sand. None of us was provided with smoked glasses, which would have cost very little. After several weeks at Jacksonville Beach I began to get headaches that were almost unbearable. Sometimes I could hardly see.

When I went to Captain Dollar and asked for smoked glasses, he said:

"Something's always wrong with you. You'll have to get along without a few things here. Remember—you're only a convict."

Shortly before this, incidentally, I suffered a severe toothache. I wanted dental attention, but, failing to receive it, I finally had to yank out the molar with a pair of pliers.

As a result of working on glaring sand without protection for my eyes, I developed astigmatism. Many other convicts had the same trouble with their eyes. A Northemer, Charles Wiggins, told Captain Dollar that he had completely lost his sight.

"I'll keep you in the sweat box until you can see again," the captain declared.

Wiggins' cure required seventeen days. Released, he was so weak he could not walk.

Pat O'Brien, a warm-hearted Irish engineer employed by the state on the road project, sympathized with us. He went to the capital and made a plea in our behalf for smoked glasses and better food. It was reported in the camp that he was fired shortly thereafter.

DURING THIS PERIOD I continued to get my share of punishment. I may have been mildly insubordinate occasionally—who wouldn't be!—but for the most part I was a victim of the guards' prejudice against Northerners and Catholics. I spent several days in the sweat box on the average of once every six weeks.

Because of the sweat box, the scanty food and the hard work, I lost many pounds while at camp. When I was convicted I weighed 163; when released I weighed 129.

On one occasion we had things "soft"—comparatively speaking. That was when a prisoner in another Florida camp died from being kept too long in a sweat box. It stirred up quite a commotion, but of course did not result in such a sweeping investigation as that prompted by the death of Arthur Maillefer of Westfield, New Jersey, at the Sunbeam Camp last June 3. Maillefer was a martyr whose murder may bring to an end the vicious practices of Florida's penal system.

When I say we had it "soft" I mean that we were not worked quite so hard and that our leg irons were removed. This period of grace lasted only one week.

My legs just above the ankles had been reduced to a terrible state. There were solid sores where the shackles had torn and mangled the flesh month after month.

I have deep scars from the irons today and will have them as long as I live.

One of my shackles fitted poorly and was like a knife scraping against my leg. Large seals would form every night where this iron had rubbed, and during the day the seals would be knocked off. The flesh was laid raw; sweat got into the wound. I complained and got the response:

"You can't escape when you're crippled like that. We'll leave the iron just as it is."

Florida officials—Governor Doyle Carlton among them—will piously assure you that inspectors visit the various prison camps at least twice a year. That is true, but in our camp the inspectors never aided the convicts.

Once when the inspectors came to Jacksonville Beach several of us decided to air our troubles.

As the visitors passed in front of the lined-up prisoners, we stepped out and whispered in their ears so that the guards could not hear. We told them that we had to work too hard, were not given enough time to bathe and sleep, needed smoked glasses, received insufficient food, and required clothing and shoes.

That night, after the inspectors left, our knees ached with sticks and gun bolts. Not one of our complaints brought results. From then on, we knew better than to voice legitimate protests.

NOW COMES THE INCIDENT that led to my parole. In a way, it was the greatest injustice of all.

I smuggled out a letter to my mother in Chicago, telling her I was in rags and had to work practically barefoot on the burning sands, imploring her to send some underwear and shoes if possible. Day after day passed and I received no answer. Finally, after a month, I smuggled out another communication asking if she had written. I had sent a package.

Of course she had not denied my request; consequently, she went to the postal authorities and demanded that they trace the box she had forwarded to me by parcel post.

Following an investigation, the postal inspectors declared the package was delivered to addressee per Captain C. D. Dollar, in charge of Convict Camp No. 33, who states package is held waiting the discharge of the prisoner.

According to my sentence, I would have to wait nearly two years to get the articles I needed immediately!

I never learned what became of the package. Captain Dollar was too large to wear my clothes, but he had some sons about my size.

The captain "got wise" to the investigation. Thinking the matter over, he must have realized the seriousness of interfering with the U. S. mails. Consequently, he wrote me that he would keep me there until I could buy my own clothes.

I made a resolution not to give in. For fourteen days I was in misery. I steadfastly refused to do what Captain Dollar desired. Finally he saw it was no use to torture me any longer. He released me and even removed my chains.

My burly keeper, probably envisioning prosecution by Federal authorities, said he would use his influence at Tallahassee to obtain a parole for me, provided I caused him no further trouble.

Freedom! I was so excited over that prospect that I was willing to promise anything. For the same reason, I did not quibble over the provisions of the parole which was granted.

Although my sentence was for four

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Staubenville, Ohio.

years only, my parole is for life. Therefore, if I am "framed" or slip from the straight and narrow in any way in the future, presumably I can be returned to Florida to serve the remainder of my term, about twenty months.

The parole reads in part as follows: "It is considered and ordered by the State Board of Pardons that your conditional parole is granted and allowed upon the express condition that you shall here-

after live a law-abiding and peaceable life; in default or violation of which the Board reserves to itself the right without notice or hearing to revoke the conditional parole hereby granted and to cause you to serve the full term of imprisonment for which you stand committed, all of which shall be deemed accepted and agreed to upon your release hereto attached."

Captain Dollar personally saw that I boarded a train for Chicago; I suspected

he was afraid otherwise that I might go to Atlanta and report his action to postal authorities there. He had no cause for worry — my one thought was to get back to Chicago and see my mother and sister. I hope I never meet the captain again; more than that, I hope I never again have cause to step inside the boundaries of Florida. I know that if I were returned to a prison camp in that state, my life wouldn't be worth a nickel.

THE SUSQUEHANNA MURDER

(Continued from page 31)

pointed to a rip in the lining. A roll of bills!

Counted, the currency totaled \$340. The bills were of large denominations. There were also three new dresses, two pairs of new shoes, dancing slippers, and other articles of clothing which had been recently purchased.

Trooper Stone and Abrams were ordered to remain at the apartment to await the arrival of its occupant in case Miller and I missed her at the Penny Station. We departed for the barracks with the money and wearing apparel.

At midnight, my partner and I went to the station to meet the York train. We had been furnished with a description of Mrs. Miller and readily identified her when she left the train. We followed her to the apartment.

She was startled to find Stone and Abrams there. Before she had a chance to speak, we came up behind her. A quick search brought forth a fully loaded .25 caliber automatic from her handbag. The weapon was brand new.

"You are under arrest for carrying concealed deadly weapons," I said.

She was still too dazed to reply.

Taken to the State Police barracks, where her paramour was sleeping, she was questioned by Lieutenant Montgomery B. Bennett. Her explanation of her movements on the night that Miss Klink disappeared checked with Bowman's story. She was then told of her arrest, but the nature of the charge was not disclosed. No mention was made of Verna Klink. She admitted giving the salesman \$400, which she said she had withdrawn from a Harrisburg bank.

Lieutenant Bennett ordered us to take the woman to city hall for detention. Despite the late hour, we decided to question her again. I assumed a fatherly attitude, being more than twice her age.

"Now, Mrs. Miller, the trooper and I want to help you. Nothing will happen if you only tell us the truth," I pleaded.

She began to cry, and we waited until she had regained composure.

"For God's sake, what am I here for? What am I suspected of? Why has 'Hon' Bowman been arrested? Tell me what you men are driving at, or I'll go mad," she cried half-hysterically.

Trooper Miller suddenly drew out a snapshot of the missing woman and showed it in front of her.

With a look of amazement upon her face, Mrs. Miller said, "Why I know her! It's Verna Klink, the girl who works at Candyland."

"Do you know where she is now?" demanded the trooper.

"No—unless she's home in bed."

Acting on a hunch, for the trooper had no more idea of Verna Klink's whereabouts than I, he said, "No, Ethel, she isn't in her bed. Her body is in the Susquehanna."

Mrs. Miller trembled and grew deathly pale. Then she covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. We remained silent, and in five minutes the woman pulled herself together. Automatically, she removed several expensive

dinner rings and a necklace. A new fur coat, resting on the table alongside of her, was thrust aside as though it were repulsive.

"So that's where Hon got these! And he told me some man paid him a lot of money on Thursday. After he left my place Friday night, he said some bandits had tried to hold him up and had almost gotten the money, when some one came along. They tried to push him into the river before they fled."

She grew more excited.

"When he returned to my place, he was wet. I helped scrape ice from his pockets and dried his suits."

We were thrilled, for it looked like a big lead. But perhaps I failed to disguise my intense interest, for suddenly she grew silent. She probably realized her story contained damaging evidence against her sweetheart, realizing by this time the nature of the charge against him.

"He said now, Ethel," I said. "You are telling the truth. Keep it up, and you will feel much better."

This had no effect upon her, for she changed her story completely. She said she had given Bowman \$400, withdrawing it from a bank where she had a checking account. A threat to take her to every town in Harrisburg turned the trick, for she began to tell the truth once more.

Inquiring what time Bowman had left her apartment on the Friday night in question, she told us that he had departed at 11:40 o'clock, stating that he was going home. Shortly after midnight, she was surprised when he returned. His clothing was soaked with wet, ice having formed in places on his overcoat and trousers. He seemed highly nervous, and she was still more mystified when he produced a roll of bills. The money was wet. He said two bandits had tried to hold him up and had pushed him into the river as a young man approached. He then handed her \$300.

Asked if she believed the story about the holdup, Mrs. Miller nodded her head vigorously. During the previous November, while walking through the park along the river, in Bowman's company, Mrs. Miller said a bandit had tried to hold her up.

I made a note of this, and later in the investigation it was destined to result in a startling disclosure, which will be chronicled further on.

"Suppose you tell us where you got the automatic and just why you carried it in your handbag," I said.

The answer was that Bowman had purchased the weapon Saturday morning with his newly-acquired bank roll. He got it for her, so he said, in order that she would be able to protect herself from bandits. In addition to the gun, the salesman purchased a \$50 toilet set that morning and presented it to her. She used the \$300 to buy new clothes.

Recalling the money discovered in the old fur coat by Detective Abrams, I challenged Mrs. Miller to explain that. Her eyes widened with amazement, and she affirmed that the money had been placed in the lining without her knowledge.

It was now nearing five o'clock, Tuesday morning. She was close to exhaustion, and we sent her to bed, in charge of a police matron.

TROOPER MILLER AND I compared notes. It looked bad for Bowman, assuming the woman had told the truth. His statement that he had not left her apartment until the following morning was false, according to Mrs. Miller's tale.

Miss Klink apparently left Candyland at 11:45 Friday night. She presumably had the \$1,700 in her possession. Bowman had seen the roll earlier that evening while at the confectory store. He had left Mrs. Miller's place at 11:40 o'clock. Returning, he produced \$800 in wet bills.

This supported strongly a theory that Bowman did away with the restaurant manager for the money. Had he pushed her into the Susquehanna River?

That Bowman knew plenty was already evident. Could we break him? As the case now stood, a murder charge against him could not be sustained.

After breakfasting, we took Mrs. Miller back to the State Police barracks and confronted Bowman with her.

Looking at him with tears welling in her eyes, she pled, "Hon, why don't you tell these men what I told you? Can't you see you are getting me into this? Why did you tell me you got the money from a man? These men know where you got it."

At this point, Bowman turned to us and snarled that Mrs. Miller was lying. The two argued a few minutes. Finally I grew tired of the state of affairs and shook my fist under his nose. "Do you want to send this girl to the electric chair with you? Why don't you come clean? She has told us all."

He ignored my questions and asked Lieutenant Bennett, who had been grilling him without success previous to our arrival, to be left alone with Mrs. Miller. "Give me five minutes with her and I'll tell all, Lieutenant," he cried.

This request was granted, and the couple were left alone in the office. As the five minutes expired, Mrs. Miller staggered out of the doorway and faintly. She was revived, and then exclaimed:

"Hon told me, in there, that he shoved Verna into the river and took her money. I was to tell you they agreed to commit suicide."

So my partner's hunch was right—that the missing woman was in the Susquehanna River!

HER COMPLETE STATEMENT (Questions by Trooper Miller) follows:

Statement made by Mrs. Ethel Miller at the State Police Barracks, Harrisburg, Tuesday, January 29, 1929.

This is to certify that the following is true and correct, made without prejudice against Harry Bowman and that the signature below is mine.

Q. (By William A. Miller, Troop E, State Police):

Ethel, when Lieutenant Bennett left you and Bowman alone, what

was the conversation between you?

A. When we were alone in the room I asked, "Hon, did you do anything?" Hon said, "No." Then I told Hon, "The officers are going to take me to the bank to have me identified to see if I drew out any money." Hon said, "Do you know what you are doing when you do that?" I said, "No, what am I doing?" Hon said I was sending him to the electric chair. I then said, "What am I doing that I would send you to the chair?" Hon said, "If I confess the truth, will you still love me?" Then I said, "I will still love you."

Hon then said, "Yes, I did push Verna in the river." Then before we came out, Hon kissed me. Then I faint.

Q. When you speak of Hon, whom do you mean?

A. I mean Harry Bowman. I always call him Hon.

Q. Was it a shock when Harry Bowman confessed to you what he had done?

A. Yes, it was. I didn't think Hon would do anything like that.

Signed: Ethel Miller.

Witnessed:

P. J. Hyland,
Oscar Blough,
William A. Miller.

We took the woman before District Attorney Robert Fox and repeated her statement. She told of her love affair with Bowman. On Fox's advice, we formally brought charges of adultery, carrying concealed deadly weapons, and another serious charge involving Bowman, which is of an unprintable nature.

Alderman John Hallman committed her to the Dauphin County jail in default of \$50 bail for criminal court.

Meanwhile, the resumption of questioning Bowman had been in progress at the barracks. At 11:50 o'clock that morning, he made his first and only statement regarding the disappearance of Verna Klink.

Statement made by Verna Klink: "I was in the barracks of Troop E, State Police, at 11:50 A. M., on January 29th, 1929:

Verna, the girl who disappeared from the Candyland restaurant, and I met at the restaurant on Wednesday night. She used to think a good bit of me. She said she was going over home to get some money, and asked me to get one thousand dollars. I said I didn't think I could get it. She says, "Well, you do your best, and we'll meet at the river on Friday night, and I'll have the money." This was at about 11:45 p. m., or twelve o'clock midnight. I said, "Well, Verna, I am out of luck." I met her at the Walnut Street bridge on the park side. She said, "Well, Hon, if you don't have the money, I love you. Here's nine hundred dollars." She counted the money out, and I wanted to give it back to her, but she refused. She then said, "Well, we might as well end it all." We were standing above the Walnut Street bridge along the water, and we both jumped in. She clawed and bit me while we were in the water, and I said, "Come on, let's get to shore." I couldn't save her, as I had hard enough time to save myself, because I couldn't swim. I still had the money in my hand when I got out of the water.

Signed: Harry Bowman.

Witnessed:

Patrick J. Hyland,
John E. Abrams,
William A. Miller.
The man refused to say anything else.

His statement was of little value to secure an indictment on a charge of murder. He insisted Verna Klink came by her death through a suicide pact. We could only produce the statement of Mrs. Miller to prove otherwise—unless we were able to uncover something else.

As the corpus delicti was missing, we were unable to charge Bowman with murder. District Attorney Fox instructed that the man be charged with suspicion of murder, adultery, the unprintable charge involving Mrs. Miller, and larceny by bailer.

This last offense was based on the fact that Bowman stated he had taken \$900 from Mrs. Klink, failing to return the money to her mother or the authorities. Alderman Hallman held Bowman under \$12,500 for a further hearing on February 5. Unable to raise that amount, he was committed to jail.

ON THE NEXT DAY, we took him to the scene of the crime, or alleged suicide. Between Front Street and the Susquehanna River there is a park several miles in length. At the foot of Locust Street, along a concrete walk bordering the water and in sight of Pennsylvania's capitol, he pointed to a narrow ledge of steps leading down to the water's edge. Dance boats are moored there during the summer months. This was the spot, Bowman declared, where the "suicide" occurred.

Failing to get anything else out of the man, we returned him to the Dauphin County jail.

It was now of vital importance to find out where Verna Klink, Chief Miss Klink, of the Fire Department, directed the breaking of ice along the shore. An airplane was pressed into service, with hope that the pilot might spy the body. Mayor Hoover directed that everything possible be done to find Verna Klink.

State troopers and members of the city police made patrols along the banks, and the river was watched as far south as Middletown, 18 miles down the line. Commissioners of Dauphin County posted a reward of \$300 for the recovery of the body.

Mrs. Ida Bowman, wife of our suspect, was questioned a day later. My partner and I asked if she were aware of the illicit relationship between her husband and Mrs. Miller. We were astounded when she said that during July, 1928, she had been introduced as "Mrs. Ida Kline" by her own husband to the woman!

Employed in a shoe store, Mrs. Bowman said she made \$12.50 a week, always handing her pay to her husband each week. On the morning following Miss Klink's disappearance, Bowman had shown his wife \$100. His story was that Mrs. Miller earned \$200 by being out with a man on the previous night. Bowman said she had given him half that amount.

His suit was still damp, and Mrs. Bowman pressed it that morning. Although he had not given her any of the money, Bowman was "generous" enough to allow her to keep her pay. He had never been so kind before!

On February 5, Alderman Hallman held a formal hearing for Bowman and Mrs. Miller. Nothing new had developed and the session was brief. Due to the missing body, we were still unable to lodge a murder charge against Bowman. Both prisoners were bound over for the March term of Dauphin County criminal court.

Captain Speese then gave me a tip that one Raymond Landis, of 420 Hamilton Street, had been overheard saying that Bowman once hired him to stage a fake hold-up. Instantly, I recalled Mrs. Miller's story that she and Bowman had been confronted by a bandit the preceding November.

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Trooper Miller and I lost no time in probing into this angle, and our findings were somewhat amazing.

We located Landis, and he immediately implicated James McLaughlin, of 636 McClay Street. Landis, twenty-one years old, told us he became acquainted with McLaughlin during the early part of November, 1928. The latter proposed an easy way of making money through Bowman, who was introduced to Landis several days later.

Bowman explained that he was being bothered with a woman, Mrs. Miller, who had a crush on him. He stated that a fake hold-up would frighten the woman so that she would leave Harrisburg.

Landis and McLaughlin were to confront Bowman and Mrs. Miller. The pseudo-bandits would tell Bowman that his companion was no good. Then they were to take a diamond ring from her finger and slip it in Bowman's pocket. For this, the men would be paid well.

He also jokingly declared that he would act the brave gallant and scare the bandits away to impress Mrs. Miller with his heroism. On the night following this hold-up, Bowman would meet the two young men and pay them.

THE FAKE HOLD-UP was staged in River Park, just as Mrs. Miller had told us. McLaughlin decided to be the look-out, saying he knew Mrs. Miller and she might recognize him.

When Bowman and his paramour strolled along the concrete walk, Landis, armed with a toy pistol, saw Bowman tap his hip. That was the signal. Mrs. Miller managed to save her diamond ring by quickly removing it and holding the jewel in the palm of her hand. Landis took Bowman's diamond ring, but managed to slip it into the owner's pocket. Bowman then acted the hero, and Landis slunk away as though completely cowed.

We located McLaughlin, and his story was the same as that told by Landis. McLaughlin had known Bowman for some time. He once paraded as an automobile salesman to Mrs. Miller, after Bowman told her he would buy a classy roadster for her use.

He stipulated that the car should be delivered on a certain date, or the order would be cancelled. Mrs. Miller was quite impressed. Needless to say, the car never materialized.

More and more, Trooper Miller and I realized that in Bowman we had a devilishly cunning and thoroughly unscrupulous person to deal with.

District Attorney Fox, after hearing the stories of the two young men, decided to prevent any habeo corpus proceedings which might temporarily free Bowman. The plan was to have him arrested. In hiring Landis and McLaughlin to pull the fake hold-up, Bowman was guilty of conspiracy to rob and highway robbery.

Another hearing was held before Alderman Hallman on February 11. Landis and McLaughlin were held on the two charges under \$2,500 bail each, and were committed to the county jail in default. Bowman, already under \$12,500 bail, now had to raise \$15,000 to gain freedom as a result of the new charges.

If only the body of Verna Klink could be found! That was our prayer. If it could not be found, each would be committed to the murder charge—and by now, we were certain that he alone was responsible for her death.

What would the outcome be? Would all our efforts prove unavailing? Would the murder of an innocent woman go unpunished?

A flying trip to York by the trooper and myself revealed the secret of the roll of bills found in Mrs. Miller's old fur coat.

We learned that Bowman had inquired the fare to California, which was \$106. His plan, undoubtedly, was to skip from Harrisburg, abandoning his wife and Mrs. Miller. The roll of bills had been placed in Mrs. Miller's coat by him as a cache, so that when he completed plans to flee from the state he would have the money at hand.

The only missing link in this strong chain of circumstantial evidence against Bowman was the body of the slain woman—and twenty-three days after she had disappeared it was found.

ON SUNDAY MORNING, February 17, Boyd Crumlich, of 27 Chestnut Street, Steelton, was patrolling the Susquehanna in a rowboat. Crumlich, searching for the body since February 3, needed the reward money. He had been out of work and had a large family to support.

He was near the shore about the point where the southern limit of Harrisburg ends where the small town of Steelton begins. He had been rowing for several hours without sighting anything, and was about to return to land, when Mike Krzyzoriak, of 264 Frederick Street, Steelton, who was walking along the bank, suddenly shouted to him.

"A white spot, thirty-five yards from land and a hundred yards up the river from the boatman, had attracted the attention of Krzyzoriak. Little time was wasted by Crumlich in reaching the white spot, and he gave a mighty shout. It was the body of a woman!

Armed with grappling hooks, Crumlich managed to get the corpse to shore. Coroner John H. Kreider, of Harrisburg, was notified, and he flashed word to us. Soon a number of police officials were gathered about the body.

It was covered with a white smock, brown slicker, stockings, one glove and one shoe. Coal dirt and mud coated the face. Unquestionably, it was the body of Verna Klink.

The remains were taken to the C. E. Dugan undertaking establishment in Harrisburg. A post-mortem examination was held at three o'clock that afternoon by Dr. R. W. Thomas and Dr. J. M. Shuman.

They found rigor mortis absent. The face was considerably swollen with many bruises about the right eye and nose. A deep laceration extended across the bridge of the nose, the bones of which had been shattered. Black and blue marks literally covered the face, and behind the ear the sinuses were filled with a bloody mucus, and the cause of death was ascertained to have been drowning.

Following a consultation with District Attorney Fox, on February 18, the day following the recovery of the body, we lodged a formal murder charge against Bowman. The warrant was served on our before Alderman Hallman, and Miller and I served it upon Bowman at the county jail. He had no comment to make.

Theodopolis, the fiancée of the murdered woman, then made a rather important discovery. While cleaning Candyland, he found some clothing of Mrs. Klink's in a bankbook of the Dauphin Deposit and Trust Company made out in her name, two \$50 bills and a \$10 note.

From the bankbook, we found Miss Klink had deposited \$1,700 and had withdrawn \$1,025 on January 25, the date of the crime.

Coroner Kreider held an inquest on February 20, in the police station at city hall. District Attorney Fox represented the commonwealth, while Attorney Solomon Hurwitz was appointed to defend the accused.

One of the most delicate points during the inquest concerned the black and blue marks on Verna Klink's face.

Dr. Perkins testified that these marks

had been made before drowning had occurred. Citing the contusion of the cheek bone and laceration of the lower lip, the physician declared that had these injuries been inflicted by ice, while the body was in the river, there would have been no black and blue marks.

It was also testified that, as the bones in the nose had been shattered, the victim must have been struck a severe blow.

It took a jury less than an hour to reach a verdict that Verna Klink had come by her death through drowning, following blows inflicted upon her face and head by Harry Benton Bowman.

BOWMAN WAS HELD WITHOUT BAIL on a charge of murder to await action of the March grand jury. He pleaded not guilty.

Discovery of Verna Klink's bankbook by Theodopolis now enabled us to find out how much money she had in her possession on that fatal January night. The woman withdrew \$1,025 from her bank and \$110 was found in the pretzel can at the confectionery establishment. Thus, she had \$915 when murdered.

Of this sum, there remained only the \$340, which had been found in Mrs. Miller's fur coat. It might be explained that when Bowman and his paramour were nabbed, they had only a few dollars.

The rest of the money had been spent in purchasing clothes, the trip to York, jewelry, etc.

On March 22 the grand jury returned true bills on the following charges against Bowman: murder, adultery, and the unnamed charge. The other charges of larceny by bailie, highway robbery, and conspiracy to rob were ignored.

Mrs. Miller was indicted for adultery, the unnamed charge, and for carrying concealed weapons.

The bills against Landis and McLaughlin were ignored, and both young men were given their freedom. They had no direct connection with the murder, and since they had never been in trouble before, the D. A.'s office agreed that the pair be released. They were never again would they run afoul of the law.

Bowman's trial was scheduled for March 25 in the Dauphin County criminal court. With Judge William M. Hargest on the bench, a panel was speedily drawn and the trial began.

The commonwealth charged that Bowman had lured Verna Klink to the river front, had knocked her down and trampled upon her, and, after securing the \$915, had brutally cast the unconscious woman into the Susquehanna River.

Attorney Hurwitz staged a great battle for his client. He asserted Verna Klink was a prostitute, and that he had given her the money before she made the fatal plunge into the icy water and that the prosecution had failed to sustain the murder charge with satisfactory evidence.

It was four o'clock on March 28 when the case was handed to the jury. The panel was five. At 5:20 o'clock we were given a verdict of murder in the first degree, recommending life imprisonment.

Immediately following the verdict, Attorney Hurwitz filed application for a new trial, but on the following Monday this was withdrawn.

Bowman was brought before Judge Hargest on Monday, April 1, and was sentenced to life imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary, at Philadelphia. He received this sentence without a murmur.

Ethel Miller appeared before the Court on April 12 and a plea of nolle contendere was entered upon her behalf. She was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary and paroled in the custody of a probation officer for one year.

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"He had them at his mercy," said Naughton. "He would have shamed them into sin."

And Lieutenant Naughton, supported by Prosecutor Klenha, began mapping his fight to send Spencer to prison. Two charges were brought against him and Constance—possessing obscene pictures and contributing to the delinquency of a minor. The bail of each was fixed at \$7,000.

TWO HOURS AFTER THEIR ARREST, Ruby, still the faithful wife, though she knew how he had deceived her, sped to his cell to offer the solace of her caresses. And she spoke no word of criticism of Constance.

They were arraigned soon after their arrest, but obtained a delay by asking for a jury trial. Spencer shaved off his mustaches after his first court appearance because the press camera men made ribald jests of what they called his "feelers."

On August 24, Spencer and Constance were brought before Judge Justin McCarthy in jury court. His lawyers went to Prosecutor Klenha and offered to plead their client guilty if he would be satisfied with three months. Klenha laughed at them.

"Three months!" he cried. "Why, I'm going to put that scoundrel away for a year. I'd like to put him away for life."

Through her own lawyer Constance sent word to the prosecutor that she would do whatever Ray did.

While the lawyers were conferring, Ruby sat stonily in the section reserved for witnesses. Nearby was black-eyed Marie, with her pimples and curls. And not far away was Margery and several girls whom Spencer had talked into posing.

It was only when Ruby caught Spencer's eyes that the stiffness of her face melted into smiles of encouragement; but for Constance, sitting near her husband, she had only glares of hate.

At length Klenha said: "Gentlemen, let's forget about pias and start the trial. The state is ready and we are wasting time and money."

From his chair at counsel table Spencer heard Klenha's decision. His pinkish face turned gray. He whispered to his lawyers loudly. Apparently they told him Klenha was not to be moved. Spencer shook his dainty hands, stamped his feet on the floor and pulled his cerise locks.

Then he went into a huddle with his two attorneys. As Klenha accepted the last juror, Spencer's lawyers left him and again faced the prosecutor. This time they offered to take six months for their client if the prosecutor would forget about the trial.

Klenha conferred with Judge McCarthy. He pointed out that it would cost the county about \$700 to try Spencer. The court concurred in his view, and a sentence was fixed at six months in the House of Correction.

But he was not finished yet. Klenha, wishing to give the court a guiding line of evidence, had the jury withdrawn and called Marie Le Due to the stand. Growls of rage came from the audience as she told the story you have read here.

But Klenha wanted to be fair, so he summoned Spencer to the stand after Marie. The "professor" denied he intended to force his dupes into prostitution. Neither was he going to start love cults. Indeed, he etched himself as a benefactor of womankind, just a friend of girls who needed employment. He was interrupted by an outburst of scornful laughter from the audience.

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As he finished, Judge McCarthy sentenced him, but not before he characterized him as a depraved beast who should be confined for life. "It's really too bad that the law does not permit me to give you a term in the penitentiary," said the court.

Constance next entered her plea of guilty. She was given a similar term, but the charges were changed from possessing obscene pictures and contributing to the delinquency of a minor to the single accusation of living immorally with Spencer. She was later granted a year's probation by Judge McCarthy.

As Spencer started from the courtroom, Ruby raced to him, placed her hands on his shoulders and cried. Constance watched the tableau without visible emotion. As he reached the door he turned. Constance waved her hand and smiled at him.

Klenha was curious to learn just what peculiar brand of magnetism Spencer used in his heart affairs. So he went to Constance and asked: "How can you entertain any affection for a rat like that?"

She looked at him coldly and replied: "Ray is no rat. He's a wonderful man. Nobody understands him but me."

Klenha shook his head and cried Ruby: "What in the world do you see in that little two-timer you married? Do you know he made a monkey of you?"

Leily she looked the prosecutor straight in the eye and said:

"I wouldn't call him a two-timer. He's a fine man. Nobody understands him but me."

"I see," replied Klenha, "just a misunderstood male."

VICIOUS AS WAS THE WORD OF SPENCER, there was nothing new about his use of the word "studied" to bait credulous girls into vice. Earlier, Roy Wilkins, a rich young voluptuary, whose sex aberrations had alienated his family, leased a studio on Chicago's near North Side and called himself an "Interpreter of Ancient Greek Dancing."

His business cards, which were widely distributed, announced that he was preparing to open a class for girls "who wished to become professional dancers," but he could be seen only by appointment.

While he was waiting for students he negotiated with several fraternal organizations and offered to enlighten their smokers by sending them "one of my troupe of nude dancers," who, he added, "were all beautiful and young."

Wilkins didn't have much difficulty in lining up an itinerary that embraced the Chicago area, and as the producer and manager he was to receive \$500 for each night's entertainment.

The girls he accepted for his "class" knew nothing of this. He told them that, as soon as they were trained, he intended to tour the better class theaters of the world; that they would become internationally famous.

When he had selected ten from the 100 applicants, he told them: "Now, girls, it's like this. I can make you classic dancers. I can make your names household words in America, but because of our silly conventions we must enter into a sort of conspiracy. By that I mean we must conceal the true nature of our work."

"Not a thing wrong about it, you understand, but there are so many prudes in this land of ours that if they were to know what we are doing they might cause us trouble. Therefore, I must ask you to conceal from your parents everything that happens here."

"Our first real engagement will be in New York. When we get ready for our opening there I want you to tell them everything, but until then, while we are

playing these tank suburbs, I want you to be silent about our affairs."

Dazzled by the vista he had unrolled before them, the girls readily promised. Wilkins paid each of them five dollars weekly during the six weeks of rehearsals, and not once during that period did he utter a suggestive word, although the girls danced for him in the nude.

THE ONLY IRREGULARITY that appeared on the surface was his insistence that the girls drink at least one glass of grape juice before every rehearsal. He explained that the Grecian dancing maids did this as a toast to Bacchus, who was supposed to guide their dainty feet through the intricate steps without faltering.

Though the girls wondered what Bacchus had to do with dancing, they said nothing and drank their grape juice. They never suspected that it was with the grape juice the Wilkins plotted to toss them into the vortex of prostitution.

When the sixth week came to an end, he announced: "Monday night, girls, we're going to have our tryout. If you go over the way I expect, our fortunes are made and you girls need never worry about the future. I'll tell your parents you won't be home till late. I have arranged with a group of dance enthusiasts to sit in judgment on your artistry. The audience may seem somewhat uncouth, but I'm sure you'll assert yourselves with distinction."

So on Monday evening the girls went blithely forth to a suburb west of Chicago. Instead of a theater, Wilkins took them to a hall on the outskirts of town. The audience consisted of about 200 men. Most of them were intoxicated.

The stage was a roped ring in the center of the hall. As the girls were about to go on, Wilkins suddenly appeared with a bottle of grape juice. He filled a glass for each of his dancers.

He babbled incessantly while he watched them drink, and when a girl named Marjorie Dando complained of a "funny taste," he flew into a rage and threatened to banish her from the troupe.

Later the girls learned that Wilkins had heavily dosed the grape juice with a sex stimulant, his object being to inflame their passions.

AS HE LED THE GIRLS TO THE ARENA, the audience burst forth in a medley of coarse whoops of maudlin excitement. Those within reach tried to caress them, voiced revolting proposals. Even this display did not acquaint the girls with their desperate plight, though, needless to say, they were badly frightened.

As the girls, one by one, came into the hungry-eyed men, the dancers did nothing more than parade about the ropes, smiling as Wilkins had taught them to smile, while the audience shrieked in drunken frenzy.

Wilkins, as ring-master, ordered the girls to one up, shoulder-to-shoulder, then said to the crowd:

"We're delighted at our reception. Your attitude has told us that you approve of the girls, that you enjoy watching them dance. To show our appreciation the girls and I will drink a toast with you."

Once more the girls were fed the doctor's grape juice, and when they had drained the glasses Wilkins revealed his real purpose. While the crowd of mad-dened men voiced ribald shouts, he said to his victims:

"Girls, we're over. We're a success. Just one more thing. We'll need money to open in New York. I think we can get it right here. It's plain that some of these men want to talk to you girls in private. Nothing wrong about that. We'll just gratify

Rug-Washing Big Profits for YOU

1. A. Eagles took in \$200 first week in Madison, Wis. 11. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 12. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 13. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 14. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 15. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 16. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 17. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 18. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 19. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 20. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 21. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 22. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 23. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 24. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 25. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 26. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 27. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 28. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 29. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 30. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 31. J. H. Hiley averages about \$15 a day. 32. J. H. 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their wishes by auctioning you off, with the understanding that you'll spend an hour with the highest bidder. You know—just go upstairs with him and tell him what we plan to do."

As the startled youngsters uttered their objections, Wilkins swung to the audience, held up his hand and said:
"Now, gentlemen, we're going to start the auction. Each of the girls will spend an hour with the man who wins her; but remember—only one girl to a bidder. Ready, gentlemen? Then let's go!"

Wilkins selected a seventeen-year-old girl as his first sacrifice. The first bid was ten dollars. It quickly jumped to fifty dollars. The winner was a middle-aged, rheumy-eyed Sadist, who reached through the ropes, grabbed the girl's ankles and pulled her to him. She cried out in pain, struggled to free herself, but his hot drooping lips stilled her voice.

He was half-carrying her toward the rear steps, which led to the upper floor, when the front door crashed in, and into the hall swept Pat Roche, chief investigator for State's Attorney John Swanson, and five of his men.

ROCHE'S KEEN EYES SWEEP THE HALL. Turning, he saw the slim little dancer, in the arms of her "purchaser." He snapped: "Get your hands off that girl!"

Wilkins leaped from the ring and dashed toward the rear exit. As he flung open the door, a fist shot out and connected with his head. He flopped to the floor. Over him stood another of Roche's men who had been assigned to guard the door for just such an emergency.

Roche strode to the arena. To the girls, he said: "Go put on your clothes and wait in the dressing room." And to the audience: "You're all under arrest. As I've talked to these girls I'll have something more to say to you."

He waited a few minutes until the girls were dressed, then entered the dressing room and was met by a salvo of hysterical sobs. They told him what they knew of the affair, but Marjorie Dando gave him the lead he wanted when she said: "Mr. Roche, there was something funny about that grape juice. I don't know what it was, but it didn't taste like grape juice to me."

"Did any of you other girls notice anything peculiar about it?" asked Roche.
They had, they explained, but Wilkins had reprimanded Marjorie so sharply that none dared say anything.

Roche sent the girls home in a squad car, with this promise: "I'll try to handle this so that you'll not be called upon to testify in court. Run along home now and forget about Mr. Wilkins. I'll take care of him."

As the girls filed out, he ordered Wilkins brought before him. The apostle of Greek dancing as a prelude to vice was sitting on the floor where he had fallen, dazedly rubbing his jaw. He was yanked to his feet, dragged before Roche and pushed into a chair.

"So you tricked these silly little girls

into believing that you'd make them famous dancers, and at the same time you were planning to deliver them into prostitution. Don't look at the floor! Look at me. I want the whole story out of you. If I find you've lied to me I won't be responsible for what happens. Now go ahead."

After a glance at the two men beside his chair, Wilkins didn't hesitate. Stripped of its emotional outburst, tearful pleas for leniency, this is the story he told Roche:

"When I was a kid my parents gave me all the spending money I wanted. I went around with the wrong kind of girls. When I was eighteen I could no longer find a thrill in the normal ways of sex. But I found that by watching nude girls my fixation left me."

"Then I hit upon the idea of making money out of my diversion. It was then that I planned the dancing class and arranged with fraternal societies for the girls to appear before their members. It was my plan to auction off the girls to the highest bidders, but I intended to divide the money with the girls so they'd keep quiet. I was to receive \$500 for every show; the fraternal society was to keep anything over that, the money to be obtained by charging a stiff admission fee. This was my first attempt."

As he concluded, Roche said to his detectives: "Keep him here, while I go out and see the audience."

From the roped ring, he addressed the crowd of men:

"Most of you are old enough to have girls the age of those kids who appeared here tonight. I'd like to see every one of you dragged before the public and shown up."

"I'm going to arrest Wilkins and the five men who helped put on his show. If they plead guilty your names will not be brought out. But if they plead not guilty I'll make every last one of you testify."

Roche's men picked up the five to be prosecuted, then dismissed the rest of the audience. Next morning, Wilkins was fined \$500, and each of the local directors \$250.

When the hearing was over Roche was asked: "Where did you get the tip, Pat?" He grinned and replied: "Marjorie Dando is one of our operatives."

These delayers of innocent girlhood—Spencer and Wilkins—are but two of a pack of human wolves, whose lairs are so-called studios. Into these places trusting youngsters, many of them hungry, all seeking work, are enticed with the promise of employment—employment that doesn't exist save in the inflamed fancies of the self-styled artists.

Spencer, the professor of prostitution, is now in the House of Correction, serving a six months' term. For hours at a stretch he sits glumly in his cell, saying not a word. And not once since his arrest has he expressed remorse for the misery his hideous trade brought to the girls he lured to his "studios."

THE BORGIA OF THE BARRENS

(Continued from page 43)

That evening, after they had viewed the body, the two officials went to Cleveland to see Martha. They asked her to come back to Hardacre with them because they needed her help in solving the mystery. She came, willingly enough.

But she had not reckoned on a merciless downpour of rain that sent the round dogs rattling on the tin roof of the prosecutor's office.

Followed the scene in the dismal room, when Mrs. Roshon impressed on Martha the belief that the falling rain drops were the Voice of God.

And Martha confessed. She confessed to all the fires and thefts, as well as the poisonings that led to death. And through all her confession ran the thread of a starved life seeking a thrill.

"I liked the life of the underworld and bright. I liked funerals, with folks all around and feeling sorry for me," she said.

IT WAS THE GEINKE BOYS, the prosecutor explained, who first became suspicious of the Widow Wise. They recalled her anger when their parents chided her about her elderly love affairs.

ROUGH ON RATS

is behind this. I've had several tips. Costello is the man you'll have to get. . . Or do you love him too much?"

Mason's grin vanished. He said, slowly, "No. I'll get Costello if I can. He knows it, because I've told him so."

DONN COSTELLO EMERGED FROM THE DELAWARE AND LACKAWANNA RAILROAD STATION, in Hoboken. He crossed the street, passing the row of taxicabs, and swung right, along the waterfront.

Something caught his attention and arrested it. He turned, walked through a wide gate across a cobbled court, and vanished beneath a pier-shed.

Fat Mason found him leaning inconspicuously against a string-piece. Nearby, a big placard announced, in glaring red letters: "FUMIGATION! KEEP OUT! POISON FUMES!" Costello's glance was fixed upon a small tramp steamer, berthed beyond the sign. Men, with their heads covered by what appeared to be gas masks and carrying queer cylinders, moved to and fro upon its deck.

Mason said, "Hello, Donn. Interested in ships?"

A Costello gave no indication of surprise. He did not turn his head. He answered, "No. But I am interested in what they are doing in this one."

"Fumigation?" Mason asked. "They do that to kill bugs and germs, don't they?"

"Principally," Costello answered, "to exterminate rodents, carriers of bubonic plague. There is nothing unusual about fumigation. It is the new method I find of interest."

The detective, who wore no hat, passed a hand through his tousled hair. He murmured, reflectively, "Seems to me I read something about it recently. It's hydrocyanic gas, the same stuff Nevada uses in its legal executions."

"That is right," Costello said. "It is odorless, painless, and instantly effective. He added, half abstractedly, "It should be pretty rough on rats." His eyes turned slowly from the ship and dwelt impersonally on the detective. "How did you happen to come here?"

"Chief's orders," Mason said. "He believes you're the gunman who's been raising hell on Broadway the last two weeks, so I'm on your track."

Costello said, "If you followed me, you must have seen the suitcase and golf bag I checked at the station. I am going to Delaware Water Gap, to play golf."

They had emerged from the pier shed, as they talked, and reached the street. A yellow taxicab was cruising toward them. They halted at the curb, waiting for it to pass. The driver increased his speed.

Mason cried suddenly, "Look out!"

The cab had swerved from the street, plunged over the curb, and was roaring straight at them.

Mason leaped aside. He was conscious of a sharp pain as a fender struck his thigh a glancing blow. He caught a fleeting glimpse of the coarse-featured driver, hunched low over the wheel. He fell, then, and went rolling across the pavement as the cab flashed past.

There were two sharp, crisp shots. A rear tire of the vehicle seemed to explode. The cab careened wildly, toppled over on its side, and brought up with a crash of shattering glass against a lamp-post.

MASON STAGGERED TO HIS FEET. Costello, with amazing speed, had darted to shelter within the pier gate. He was casually repositing his gun.

Two policemen appeared, running. One

dashed to the demolished cab. The other reached up to Costello.

He panted, hoarsely, "I saw you! I saw you! You can't get away with that! Gimme 'at gun!"

Costello regarded him impersonally. He did not move.

The other policeman bawled, from the cab, "He's stiff as a salt mackerel, Bill!"

The policeman, near Costello, blustered almost defensively, "Y'hear that? You've killed the guy!"

Costello said, "Indirectly, perhaps. I shot the rubber off the rear wheels of the cab. That is what made it overturn."

Mason walked over and showed his badge. He said, "That driver, whoever he was, was tried to run over us. It was a willful attempt at murder."

"Yeh?" the policeman grunted. "This fella in the department, too?"

"No," Mason answered. "But it's all right, officer. I'll take care of him."

The policeman growled, "The hell you will! You New York dicks think you own the world! That shield of yours don't mean a damn thing over here! . . . You come on, now. Both of you."

A crowd had gathered. Several cabs had pulled up at the curb. The policeman waved Mason and Costello into one of them and climbed in himself.

They drove to the district station-house. Costello remained at the desk. His expression was bland. Mason went into the captain's office. He identified himself and explained what had occurred.

The telephone rang. The captain picked up the receiver, grunted a few answers, and turned back with a grin.

He said, "Check and double-check, Sergeant. That driver was Greek Sneddy, one of the South Side gang. Just a cheap gorilla. Good riddance had of bad rubbish. I guess we'll forget about shooting up peaceful Hoboken. . . . So that little egg is Costello, eh? I've heard something about him. We do hear things, you know, even way out here in the sticks. . . . All right, you can take him. Take him back to New York—and keep him there."

Mason accompanied him to the check room, then to the train platform.

At the steps of the chair car Costello said, "Much obliged, Pat. It takes almost three hours to reach the Gap. I'll play golf all day tomorrow. If you want to make sure I'm there, telephone. I'll leave word at the hotel and club house. They'll call me off the course."

The detective grinned. "Why, thanks, Donn. That's nice of you. . . . By the way, the Hoboken folks overlooked something. I'll have to ask you for that gun."

"You know," Costello stated, "that I have a permit to carry it."

Mason said, "Oh, no, you haven't. The chief cancelled it the other day."

Costello looked at him a moment, then took the weapon from his pocket and silently extended it.

"Much obliged," Mason said. "Now my official conscience is satisfied. The next time you're found with a gun, Donn, we'll get you on the Sullivan law. Well, cheerio. I hope you break a hundred."

Costello said, equally, "I've played over there before. I'll be between seven and eighty-one, both rounds, tomorrow."

So long, Pat.

A VISITOR ENTERED PAT MASON'S CUBBY-HOLE AT HEADQUARTERS, at six o'clock the following day, which was Saturday. His body was gross and his face was slightly puffy. He had, almost, to squeeze himself into the door.

He said, "My name is Spiro."

"The famous Al Spiro?" Mason murmured. "Well, well!"

Spiro said, "Don't kid me, I'm trying to do you a good turn."

"One of your gorillas," Mason remarked, "did me a good turn—in Hoboken, yesterday."

Spiro said, "You know damn well you wasn't after you. . . . Listen. That's over. But you'd like to know the guy who's been staging these Broadway gun-fights, and catch him red-handed, wouldn't you?"

Mason nodded.

"Well, it's Costello," the gangster announced, "and you can get him tonight."

"Maybe you know, or maybe you don't, that I've started in business in New York. There's been some problems. We're having a powwow tonight. Costello says he's gonna be there—and you know what that means."

"Costello," asserted Mason, "is out of town for the week-end."

Spiro grunted, "Is that so? Well, take a look at this."

He extended a crumpled paper. It was a note. It contained a few lines of writing in a small, clear hand:

"I am informed that you have scheduled a meeting on the East Side tomorrow (Saturday) night. I have given you several warnings. They have been ignored. This is to advise you I shall attend your meeting. I put the statement in writing so that you cannot question its source.—D. C."

Mason commented, "That's funny. It's from Costello, all right. And, so far as I know, he has never bluffed."

"So they say," Spiro agreed. "Of course we could bump him off, but there might be trouble. We're already been enough of that," he added, virtuously.

Mason grinned, "Al, when do you want to start to Sunday school?"

"Aw, hell!" Spiro grunted. "What's the use? You dicks are the limit. You're always yelping that the best way to stop trouble is to keep it from happening, and you never get it. Well, hell, here a fella comes along willing to co-operate—give you a break—"

"Now, now!" murmured the detective. "Keep your shirt on, pal. You're getting me all wrong. I appreciate this deeply. Yes, indeed. It's just the surprise of it I can't get over, for a minute. . . . You see, Al, you've never been so chummy before. And, of course, being a cop, I'm naturally suspicious. How do I know you're not asking me to stick my nose into a trap?"

Spiro shook his head sadly. He looked injured. He said, "This is what always happens when a fella comes clean. . . . I ain't asking you to come along. Sarge. Bring the whole force with you if you like. All I do ask is for you to get the goods on Costello if he tries to let off any fireworks."

"Fair enough, Al. I'll do that," Mason agreed. "Where's the place?"

Spiro told him. . . . See you later, I hope."

The gangster departed. Mason leaned back in his chair. He looked thoughtful.

He picked up the telephone, put a call through to the Shawnee Country Club at Delaware Water Gap, and asked for Mr. Costello.

A voice said, "Just a moment. . . . Yes, Mr. Costello is here. He is still playing."

Mason asked, "Are you dead-sure?"

"Oh, yes," the voice answered. "He is on the last green now. I can see him through the window. He is playing with a young lady—a Miss Byrnes, I believe."

After an interval, Costello's voice came over the wire. He said, "Hello, Pat. . . ."

Mason answered, "Hello, Donn. What was your score this afternoon?"
"I shot a seventy-six," Costello replied.
"Mm-hm. That's pretty good. Better than you expected, huh? . . . Well, give my regards to Cherry—and don't drink too much tonight. . . . So-long."

Mason hung up the receiver and looked at his watch. It was six-fifteen. The meeting, Spiro had told him, would take place at eight o'clock.

Once more he leaned back in the chair. He scratched his head.

THE HANGOUT OF THE SPIRO CROWD, on Avenue A, was an old stone cement. It stood alone. There was a junk yard on one side of it and a monster gas tank on another.

The district was a recognized haunt of gangsters. There was little street or foot traffic on it after dark.

Mason brought three men with him, two packed uncomfortably in the rumble-seat of his Ford. The men were second-grade detectives. They were stalwart and knew how to shoot.

They parked the car a block away, and entered the building. Its interior resembled a jail. The hall and the walls were concrete. The stairways and railings were steel.

The door, with the numeral, 1, on it, was in the shadowy rear of the first-floor corridor. Mason tapped the signal Spiro had given him. The knob turned. Mason threw his weight against the door, forcing it back suddenly, and darted through. At his heels were the three detectives, their hands inside their coats.

They crowded into an ill-lit, shoddy living room. It contained a large table, littered with bottles and glasses. Al Spiro sat at the table with the other men. A fourth chair had been vacated by the man who opened the door.

Spiro raised his eyes. He said, with labored humor, "Don't shoot! Have a drink instead?"

Mason said, "Hello, Al. Has Costello been here yet?"

"Not yet," Spiro replied.
Mason turned. He nodded. "All right, boys. You know what Costello looks like. Jim, you and Murphy stick around the street door. Keep out of sight inside it. Let Costello through and close in behind him. Barlow, you stay at the head of the stairs. Remember, it's Costello you're after. Don't hop the wrong man. And don't forget to knock twice on this flat door to warn us—if he comes."

One of Spiro's companions growled, "Whadda ya mean, if he comes?"
"You heard me," Mason retorted. "On the joy, now, boys."

The detectives filed out into the hall. The gangster who had let them in closed the door after them and reached for the bolt.

Mason touched his shoulder. He said, "Nix. Why look it? We want Costello. If he don't pull a gun we're out of luck. . . . Make things easy. Barlow will warn us, anyhow."

Spiro said, "Well, come and sit down, Sergeant. We got a few minutes left to live. It ain't quite eight o'clock. These boys are pals."

"They look it," Mason remarked.
Spiro continued, "Boys, this is Detective Sergeant Pat Mason. He looks young and innocent, but they say he's bottled dynamite. Perhaps you'll find out, some day. Don't try tonight. Tonight we're allies. We're backing the police."

"Thank God," Mason said, "it won't happen often."

The men at the table scowled unamiably.

Spiro said, "Have a drink, Pat. It's good stuff. Right off the boat."

"Sure," Mason nodded. "I know. The ferry." He walked to the table, poured a liberal drink into a tumbler from one of the bottles and gulped it down. His mouth twisted and his eyes grew watery. He growled, "That's so hot as that!"

One of the gangsters snarled, "I suppose now you'll pinch us for possession. That's the way you dicks work!"
"I don't," Mason said. "Anyhow, if I wanted you, Red Riley, and tried hard, I could think of a lot worse charges than peddling hooch."

The gangster started out of his chair. He reached toward his hip.

Spiro snapped, "Lay off that stuff, Red! You'll crab the act."

Mason grinned.
From outside the flat echoed a startled, muffled cry. It broke off suddenly.
Mason jumped. He ran toward the door.

The door burst open. Three men plunged into the room. They were roughly dressed. They had black handkerchiefs tied around their faces and guns in their hands. One jabbed his gun into Mason's chest. The others leveled their weapons at Spiro and his companions.

The leader of the newcomers cried, in a harsh, sharp voice, "Get 'em up, you punks!"

The men at the table raised their hands. The leader rasped, "Now stand up! Face the wall!" . . . Aw'right, Mike; collect their rods."

His companion stepped forward and deftly searched the men against the wall. He tossed their guns upon the table. He swept all the weapons together, carried them to a corner, and dropped them on the floor.

"Oke!" he growled. "Now let 'em have it!"

The man with the gun in Mason's ribs called, "Say! How about this dick?"

"Wait a minute!" snapped the leader. "We don't want him up here. I'll make trouble. . . . Tie him up!"

Mason's captor produced a leather thong. He extracted the detective's gun from its shoulder-holster, and tied Mason's hands behind him.

The leader rasped, "If the cops don't connect the bump-off of their own men with these punks, they'll go easy."

"Whadda gonna do?" snarled Mason's captor. "Slap their wrists an' send 'em home!"

The leader cried, "Like hell! We'll feed 'em to the river—afterwards! . . . Dump Mason in the cellar, with the other dicks, then get Spike an' Nicky and come back here."

"Oke!" grunted Mason's captor. "Turn around, you!"

"Listen," Mason protested. "Take it easy."

The leader cried, "Tap him! Tap him, damn it! We ain't got all night!"

The man behind Mason raised a black-jack. It fell with a soft, crunching sound on the crown of the detective's head. Mason sagged to the floor.

The man stooped. He seized an arm and a leg of the detective and raised him across his shoulders in the fireman's lift.
"Get going!" called the leader.

"Oke!" the man grunted.
He bore Mason to the room.

THE FORCE OF THE BLOW HAD BEEN DEADENED, somewhat, by Mason's thick hair. The detective lost his powers of motion, but retained his senses in a hazy, detached way.

He realized, vaguely, that he was carried down two stair-flights, then dumped

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into what seemed to be a cavernous pit. While his senses reeled anew, from the jar, a gag was thrust into his mouth and tied.

Gradually his brain cleared and his eyes adjusted themselves to the blackness. The pit was the tenement furnace room. He was lying in a large coal-bin. He was not alone. The dull light, filtering through the oblong window which formed the aperture for the coal chute from the street, was sufficient to reveal, dimly, the forms of his three subordinates, also trussed and gagged.

Mason recalled the threat of the masked leader. It was, doubtless, a question of minutes for them all. He struggled vainly with his bonds. Pinpoints of perspiration beaded his forehead.

There was a faint rustle from the direction of the cellar stairs.

The beam of a flashlight bit into the darkness. It circled, then crept toward the bin.

Mason sank back. He closed his eyes, simulating unconsciousness.

The light passed over his face. Hands touched his shoulder, then turned him over on his stomach. He felt a slight jerking at his wrists.

The pressure of the thong diminished. His wrist felt free.

He held his breath, remaining absolutely motionless.

The flashlight, blazing, appeared upon the floor beside his head. Its beams licked across the blade of a substantial pocket-knife.

There was an instant of complete silence. Then, again, Mason caught a distant rustle. He twisted about, snatching up the flashlight. He leveled its beam upon the cellar stairs. The light danced, briefly, upon the form of a man, climbing upward.

The man vanished. Mason lowered the flashlight. He grunted an exclamation deep in his throat.

"Costello! I'll be damned!" He seized the knife and saved at the knot of his gag until it parted.

With the aid of the light and knife he quickly freed the other men.

The detectives looked sheepish. Their bodies had not been injured, but their pride had. They began to bluster excuses.

"Pipe down!" Mason snapped. "Anybody still got a gun? . . . No? That's swell! . . . Well, let's get out of here before they dump us in the river!"

He led the way up the stairs with the flashlight. The men crowded after him in single-file, noisily.

The street floor was deserted. The building was quiet. It gave an impression of emptiness.

Mason whispered to the man behind him, "I'm going on up."

"You're nuts!" the detective grunted.

"They'll get you, sure!"

Mason moved forward without replying.

The detective growled, "Well, if you're going after it, so are we. Come on, boys!" They crept up to the first floor and along the hallway.

A dim glow sifted through its shadows. It came from the Gensler flat. The door of Number One stood wide open.

The detective behind Mason mumbled, "What the hell!"

Mason flattened himself against the wall. He advanced cautiously toward the open door.

No sound issued from the apartment.

Mason inched his head around the door-post.

He halted in his tracks. His eyes widened in a stare.

The men behind him waited, breathing heavily.

Mason's body relaxed. He said softly, "What a mess!" and stepped through the doorway.

There were nine men in the shoddy living-room. All were dead.

Against the street wall lay Al Spiro and his three lieutenants. They had been shot down, presumably by the masked men.

The five invaders were sprawled in grotesque poses around the table. Half-empty glasses were scattered about them. They had removed the handkerchiefs from their faces, apparently to celebrate. There was no mark upon them.

The two windows of the room, which had been closed when Mason first entered, were now wide open; but there was nothing to show how death had come or gone. The three detectives huddled silently in the doorway behind Mason. They were awed.

Mason's glance moved back and forth. It focused, at length, upon an object in the center of the table. This he regarded steadily.

He said, quietly, "The party's over, I guess. Blake, go hunt a telephone. Call headquarters—and the morgue."

A detective shuffled off.

Mason edged forward, once more regarding the object on the center of the table.

A curious expression was on his face. The object was a small circular box of brown cardboard. It was a rodent exterminator of a popular brand. In black letters on the cover was its trade-name:

ROUGH ON RATS

AN HOUR LATER SERGEANT MASON RANG a telephone. Frank and Toni's place. Toni inspected him through the grill and opened the door, beaming.

He said, "Yes, Meester Mason. Meester Costello is upstairs."

Mason asked casually, "How long's he been here?"

Toni grinned. He did not answer. Mason winked at him. He climbed the stairs, knocked, and entered the little private room.

Costello was seated at the table. He wore a golf suit. A hulk-shaped bottle of Benedictine stood at his elbow. He was reading a newspaper, the edition of a morning paper. Occasionally he paused, to sip from the liqueur glass in his hand.

He did not look up.

Mason slid into a chair beside him. He said, "Can I help myself to a drink?"

Costello said, "Certainly. Fill my glass while you're at it. I like this stuff."

Mason poured the drinks. He gulped his down and filled his glass again.

He said, evenly, "I suppose I ought to thank you, Donn."

Costello said, "No need of it. I owed you something for playing fair with me in that night-clad jam. . . . But this stuff, I'm not going to answer any questions, if you're here officially."

"I'm not," Mason replied. "The only thing I've got on you, definitely, is that I saw you in the cellar. And, under the circumstances, I can't use that."

Costello nodded gravely. He put down the paper and lit a cigarette.

"I am, though," Mason continued, "curious as hell."

Costello said, "Oh, sure. You have more curiosity than a cat. It will either lead you to the desk of the commissioner or an early grave."

Mason grinned. "Do I get my choice?"

Costello said, "Say, Donn, will you answer a few questions, informally?"

Costello said, "Maybe. Maybe not. Shoot."

"The fastest train," Mason stated, "takes two hours and a half to make it from the Gap. I talked to you there at six-fifteen. Al Spiro held his meeting at eight o'clock."

Costello said, "This is the age of air travel. . . Next?"

"The five masked men who raided Spiro have been identified as Nick Gatlin and his Brooklyn gang. Who invited them in?"

Costello said, "Indirectly, I did. Spiro wanted to muscle in on Broadway. Gatlin did, too. I merely played them against each other. It was Gatlin who bucked Spiro right along. But Spiro didn't know it. . . That's all."

"And tonight?" Mason asked.

Costello said, "Well, what about tonight?"

"I noticed," Mason replied, after a moment, "that the door and window frames of that flat had been carefully padded, to make 'em air tight. A hole had been drilled from the hall wall of the living-room through which a nozzle might pass. Finally, a curious-looking cylinder was found in the junk yard across the street. . . What do you suppose was the reason for all of that?"

"What do you suppose it was?" Costello asked.

"I don't suppose," Mason told him; "I know." He leaned forward, frowning.

Costello said, "The reason, whatever it was, should not trouble you. The nine men who were killed were all gangsters, murderers, and worse. The world is better off without them. Personally I think the police department should be grateful to the man who did that job. . . You especially have no kick coming, Pat. After all, you laid a trap for me tonight."

"I'll do my duty," the detective asserted firmly, "as I see it, every time."

Costello said, "Well, this time you almost got caught in your own trap. Be careful. Profit by experience."

"I will," Mason promised. "Believe me, Dom, I will." Suddenly he grinned. "Say Dom, it's the first time I've known you to play to the gallery. That box of rat poison was quite a touch!"

Costello raised his glass to the light, surveyed the amber fluid, and sipped appreciatively.

He said, "I was not playing to the gallery. I was playing to one man—a man I like, but who, very probably, I shall have to kill one day. . . Here's to your health, Pat. Cheerio!"

The GHASTLY HOAX OF IOWA'S CRAZY "GOVERNOR"

(Continued from page 21)

what she was later to experience.

In the middle of June, four and a half months after Smith failed to put across his hoax, he wrote a note to his wife asking her to meet him at a secluded spot near Fremont, Nebraska, across the river from Iowa. This trust was not revealed until later. Perry officers knew she had left on a mysterious trip, but they didn't suspect its real import.

During that rendezvous the "Governor" told his wife of his bigamous marriage in Kansas. It was great a blow to her as it had been to pretty Pauline. But the woman who had stuck by him through storm and strife forgave him.

It was then that they arranged his hair-raising reappearance.

It was three days after the trust when Charles Grau, a farmer living near Garner, Iowa, a hundred miles north of Des Moines, was awakened by anguished moaning. Dressing quickly, Mr. Grau grabbed a lantern and followed the direction from which the weird sound came. Lying in a roadside ditch, near the Grau home, he found a man bound hand and foot. What the farmer asked the strange creature his name he replied:

"I am 'Governor' Smith of Iowa."

The prodigal son had returned. Grau summoned officers, and in loosing his bonds it was noticed that they appeared to have been tied by limbs of iron.

Never had such a ghastly change come over a person as had come over Smith in the five months since he disappeared. He babbled like a lunatic. If he was acting the role of an insane man no actor could have done it better. He stared crazily when officers questioned him, or made foolish answers.

He said kidnappers had held him captive for a year in a basement. When told he had been gone only five months, he insisted it was a year. The kidnappers, he said, operated a still in the basement. He could not tell its location. His captors, the "Governor" told the officers, bound him and placed him in a car on the night he was found, then kicked him out into the ditch near the Grau farm.

The kidnapping story was exploded when it was noticed that his skin was tanned and that he had had a recent haircut.

Mrs. Smith continued to play up to her role. She refused to believe he had been

found. It was not learned until several days later that they had held a tryst at Fremont. She would not answer when asked if she had taken her husband to Garner.

I drove to Fremont with my son, and met my husband on the road near Fremont and spent the afternoon with him," she confessed. "He told me he would come back and take care of me."

The "Governor" was taken to the capitol in Des Moines. A few months before he had been seated in the governor's chair in the same building. Iowans shuddered at the thought of their escape in having such a man preside over their state.

Still all efforts failed to solve the mystery of the corpse. He evaded each question with "I can't remember." The officers accused him of feigning insanity. One of his pet delusions was to accuse every person who came near him of being one of his kidnappers.

The meeting of the "Governor" and his wife was genuine enough—on the surface. The officials did not yet know of their secret meeting three or four days before. She was fighting desperately for her life, to keep up the deception, and to protect herself.

Smith's pictures were plastered in every newspaper in the Middle West after his reappearance, and these Mrs. Clayton and his Kansas bride recognized as Mac J. Smith. The two women went into action, and were to get their revenge for wrecking Miss Shaw's life. They went to Des Moines, and Pauline told their story, which included Smith's mention that his Iowa wife was a double-crosser and reference to the insurance.

Within a few hours Mrs. Smith was under arrest, charged with conspiracy to defraud the insurance companies. She still maintained she was innocent, but after long hours of grilling she broke down and confessed that she had discussed the fraudulent plot with her husband.

THE "GOVERNOR" WAS AT LAST PERSUADED to tell his story about the burning of the truck.

"On February 3," he said, "I was driving from Perry to Manila on a business trip. I went by way of Carroll. Just east of Carroll I picked up a hitch-hiker. I didn't want to take him far, so I said I was only

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going to Carroll. He said that was all right.

"But while we were going through Carroll he got hold of my jack handle and threatened to brain me if I didn't keep on going. I did. We got some distance west of Carroll and the man made me stop. He jerked the keys out of the car and started to run away, but I jumped out and caught him. We grappled, and just then two other men drove up in another car. They piled on me and slugged me. I knew nothing more until I came to my senses in Minneapolis.

(It was the first time Minneapolis had been mentioned.)

"Did they take your truck away?" he asked.

"Yes."

"How did you get the car you drove from Kansas to Winterset?"

"I did it alone."

As the "Governor" sat staring blankly at the floor he would suddenly jump up and exclaim: "Ah, I just thought of something!" He would dig a pencil and paper from his pockets and write. Always he wrote: "John Smith," nothing else.

Smith was led into a room in the capitol, where his Kansas bride confronted him.

"Hello, Mac," she said.

"Hello," grunted the "Governor," and strode on into another room for further questioning.

"Wasn't that your second wife?" an officer asked.

"Yes, by gosh! But I thought the girl I married had red hair."

Smith's two wives had a long chat. After the Kansas waitress had told her story, the Iowa woman said: "Well, John

does peculiar things. I'm awfully sorry for what has happened to you, but it is not half as bad as what I am facing now. Maybe it will come out all right in the end."

Miss Shaw said Smith had "pulled a dirty, mean trick" on her and hoped he would be sent to prison for a "long, long time."

THE "GOVERNOR" WAS TAKEN BACK TO PERRY to face the charges of arson and conspiracy. As he passed familiar landmarks or old friends greeted him, he said he did not remember them. The route took him past his home, and when it was pointed out to him he said: "Is that where I lived?"

A hearing was first held to determine his sanity. Two alimists were called to the witness stand. One said the "Governor" was "unquestionably insane." The other termed Smith's condition "masked epilepsy" in which convulsions may not be apparent. He recommended that Smith be restrained behind walls. It was also recalled that he had been discharged from the army during the war for dementia praecox. The skull fracture, which Smith received in Norfolk many years previous, was pressing on his brain, it was claimed. The jury quickly brought in a verdict of insanity. But the judge explained that if Smith ever recovers he will be brought to trial.

The "Governor" was committed to the criminally insane ward in an Iowa asylum. As he sits there it is easy to imagine him singing that old ditty: "I May Be Crazy, But I Ain't No Fool."

Thus closes, temporarily at least, one of the most horrifying chapters in crime the Middle West has ever known.

BY SATAN OUT OF MIDNIGHT

(Continued from page 52)

scanned the writing, mumbling aloud as he read rapidly: "Stocks as follows . . . um . . . paid gas and water bills . . . fifteen stock-promotion letters . . . twenty-one old lottery tickets. . ."

He looked up as he came to the last item, and the peddler of *Prince of Darkness*. What's this last item, Miss Leake?"

"Prince's pedigree. I told you," impatiently, "that Prince had the highest kind of breeding. That's his pedigree. His registration papers, you know."

Sergeant Blair looked at the list a moment, grunted, and turned back to the first papers. "Is this letter, now," he asked, "about the stocks. Is it to a reliable brokerage concern?"

"The bank recommended them," she commented dryly.

"Does it give a correct list of all the stocks that were in that box when your father handed it over to you?"

"It does." Blair held the letter a moment, running down the itemized list. "Gone into bankruptcy . . . hands of receivers' . . . 'dis-solved by Federal injunction' . . . 'not listed for three years' . . . say, those stocks weren't worth much, were they?"

"She smiled bitterly. "Read on," she ordered. "You'll find out exactly what they were worth."

He reached the bottom of the sheet, and his eyes widened incredulously. "Almost worthless; would say total value of thirty-five hundred dollars. Say, they mean thirty-five hundred, don't they?"

"They mean," she told him quietly, "thirty-five dollars. For the whole batch of stocks. That's what my father left me as my share of his estate."

"What about the other stuff in the box?" "Look at it yourself," she advised.

She stood at his shoulder as he lifted the items from the cash box. "Those are

the paid gas and water bills," she pointed out. "Why he kept them, I have the slightest idea. Maybe," she considered a moment, "maybe sometime somebody tried to make him pay a bill twice. You'll notice that they run from some years ago almost to date."

"Those," she went on, "are the stock-promotion letters. It's very interesting to compare what they say about the stocks they advise with what that brokers' letter says they are really worth."

"And those are the lottery tickets on half a dozen foreign lotteries. They run from five years back almost to date."

Blair was running through the tickets like a deck of cards. "Irish . . . French . . ." he commented, "*Loteria Castellana* . . . another Spanish one—Say, you said they ran almost to date. The last one here is a year old."

Muriel Leake smiled wearily. "All right. From five years back to one year back, if you must be absolutely accurate. That last paper is Prince's pedigree."

He scanned the more intently than the importance of it seemed to deserve. "Prince of Darkness," he said at last, slowly, his fingers drumming the table. "Prince of Darkness . . . by Satan, out of Midnight."

A LONG MOMENT OF SILENCE. Blair looked up suddenly, sharply. "Bog-gan!" he snapped. "I sent Reilly up on the roof, long ago, to look for a man that climbed out of my window. I haven't heard a thing from him. Get up there and see what's happened. I don't like it."

He surveyed the girl keenly. "What's the matter with you?" he asked.

"I—don't feel so well," she faltered.

"I'll get through with you as quickly as I can," he promised. "Your father made

this will disinherit you about a month ago. Do you know of anything that could have caused him to do such a thing?"

"He—must have changed his mind," she said sullenly, obviously evading.

"Do you know what caused him to change his mind, Miss Leake?"

"How could I know what was going on inside his head?"

"Miss Leake, suppose you stop arguing with me and answer my questions. We'll make a lot better time that way. I know you're tired; and this has already lasted too long. Answer this question directly, if you please. Did you and your father have any disagreement of any kind about that time, or just before it?"

"She waited a long time, obviously unwilling, then finally nodded.

"About what?"

"Personal matters."

"What personal matters?"

"That's my business!"

"And mine, Miss Leake. What personal matters?"

Evidently the girl did not want to answer. Evidently too she knew that if she did not, the information could be obtained without her answering. She spoke at last: "About a—boy I was going with."

"A boy? What was his name?"

"John—Ross . . ." it was as if it had been wrung from her.

"John Ross, eh? John Ross!" A kind of grim smile played about Blair's stern features, then suddenly he shot at her:

"Where is John Ross?"

She looked the detective squarely in the eyes. "I don't know!" she told him flatly, head back, chin up.

"All right, all right; I didn't say you did. Nothing to get mad about. From what did your father die? What was the cause of his death?"

She edged her head over toward the waiting physician. "Dr. Bradford was his doctor," she answered bluntly. "Suppose you ask him."

"I will—as soon as I have asked you a few more questions, Miss Leake. Let me ask you this: when we first saw you to-night, you said you had heard a noise downstairs. Is that correct?"

"I did think I heard something down there."

"Didn't you hear anything upstairs, Miss Leake?"

"I didn't know where it was. I thought it was down."

"And that's why you wanted us to search downstairs before coming up here?"

She did not answer. He eyed her keenly, then went on:

"Were you alone, Miss Leake?" he asked softly.

Her face flamed. "I had retired—yes, I was alone."

"Do you," he asked innocently, "always sleep with two pillows on the bed, Miss Leake? And muss up both of them?"

She looked anywhere but at him, her throat working.

He let her suffer a while, finally gestured with a finger. "All right, sit down over there. I think I'm through with you. Dr. Bradford, step around here a moment and let's see what you can tell us. This woman—Mrs. Leake—no doubt about the cause of her death, is there?"

THE PHYSICIAN WRINKLED HIS FOREHEAD. "I'll have to answer that two ways, Sergeant. On the witness stand, under oath, I'd have to admit that I had performed no autopsy, had not examined the organs for poison, had made no examination for any other cause of death. But, speaking just as man to man, Sergeant, somebody choked that woman to death. That's what killed her."

"Doctor, let me ask you a question that

may seem queer. Were she and the cat cat killed by choking?"

The physician smiled faintly. "I didn't make a professional examination of the cat," he admitted. "The only certain information I can give you about that, Sergeant, is that they both were killed at about the same time."

"Dr. Bradford, you were the attending physician to Mr. Leake, were you not?"

A nod of assent. "And to Mrs. Leake, also."

"To Mrs. Leake? What was the matter with her?"

"She has been highly nervous for some weeks. I prescribed bromide. Occasionally I had to come over and administer a stronger sedative."

"Anything really the matter with her—except nerves?"

"Why, yes. Her heart. I won't bother you with the technicalities of it, but her heart would run amuck on the slightest provocation. Like—well, like the governor on an engine getting out of whack and letting the engine run too fast. That's why I wanted her kept calm."

"Dr. Bradford, what was the cause of Mr. Leake's death?"

"The immediate cause was a form of *uræmia*. For years his kidneys had not functioned properly. The poison finally killed him."

"Anything suspicious about his death, Dr. Bradford?"

"Not the slightest, Sergeant. He had been under treatment for years by two men of the highest standing in this community. I called them into consultation toward the last. I think they will tell you that Mr. Leake outlived their expectations."

"Was Dr. Charles Castleman one of them?"

"Why, yes! How did you know?"

"He signed as one of the attesting witnesses to the new will. He, and you, and Croydon, yonder," he jerked his head toward the armless man. "You signed as one of the attesting witnesses to the new will?"

"Oh, yes. Mr. Leake had it when we happened to be here. He needed two attesting witnesses; so he used Dr. Castleman, myself, and Croydon."

"Why did he use three witnesses, Dr. Bradford?"

"I don't know, Sergeant. I merely did what I was asked."

"Dr. Castleman . . ." mused Sergeant Blair aloud. "He certainly is a man of the highest standing . . . All right . . . Oh, yes, Dr. Bradford, why was it you were here tonight at just the time you happened to arrive?"

"There wasn't any happen-so about it, Sergeant. I got a phone call to come here—Sa-a-ay, now that I think of it, there was something mighty funny about the voice that called me! A woman's voice, I should say. At the time I thought it was Mrs. Leake. Sergeant, there was something very funny about that voice!"

"How do you mean, 'funny,' Doctor?"

"I don't know. At the time I thought it was Mrs. Leake. Now, I don't know."

"What did it say?"

"Merely that I was wanted here, and to come as soon as I could."

"Did you?"

"I stopped at the drug store at the corner of Main and Tenth to get some stuff I was out of, and came directly here."

"On foot, Dr. Bradford?" very softly.

He smiled. "Yes. Part of the way. About four or five blocks away I had a flat tire. I drove to the curb, and walked. When I heard the whistles and saw the crowd, I ran."

"Thanks, Doctor. Now you," Blair nodded at the grizzle-headed, stalwart passerby.

"That's what you know about this?"

He sniffed. "Nothing," he said shortly.

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"Walking by—and minding my own business."

"What is that business?"

"I'm the postman on this route, if you have to know."

"I don't have to, but I'm glad to. Where do you live?"

"One Hundred and Eleven West Madison Street."

"Hum-m-m... pretty far from home, weren't you?"

"I have been farther. Franc, for instance."

"What's that got to do with this?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing. Neither have I."

"What were you doing 'way over here, at night, alone?"

"Taking a walk."

"Taking a walk? In this heat? What for?"

"For the night air. I'm on vacation, and I'd been indoors all day. Any objections?"

"Not right now. Myrtle later. You're pretty smart, ain't you?"

"Yes, thank you. So are you."

"I have to be—in my business. You," Blair turned suddenly to the armless, black-coated Croydon. "Step around here."

The culture-like figure oozed around in obedience. "Your name is Croydon, huh?"

"Yes, Sergeant Blair."

"What—He! Let that 'phone alone! Get away from it, I tell you!"

The stalwart postman had walked over to the telephone in the corner and had reached a hand toward it. At the sharp command he backed away. Sergeant Blair loomed about.

"Nobody has left this room? Good. See that no one does."

HE TURNED BACK. "All right, Croydon. Now let me ask you something: why did you call my name and rank, 'Detective Sergeant Blair of the homicide squad' when we saw Miss Leake on the landing?"

The buzzard-like shoulders shrugged. "I don't know, Sergeant, I was wondering what you were doing in uniform. I wanted to know."

"What did they have you for, that last time I saw you at headquarters? Violation of blue-sky security law, wasn't it?"

The other shook his head in affronted denial. "Oh, no, Sergeant! I wouldn't fool with anything like that! They thought—a fellow complained I was making book."

"Why did he complain? You didn't pay off when a horse won?"

"Nothing like that, Sergeant. I got a hunch his ticket might be good, and bought it from him. And then, when the horse won, he didn't like it."

"Hum-m-m, I see—up to your old tricks again. Got advance dope the horse was slated to win— Well, that's got nothing to do with this. Croydon, I see a lot of lottery tickets in that bunch of junk of Miss Leake's. Sell any of 'em to old man Leake?"

The other hesitated. "This just between us," he asked. "Not to be used by the other bunch at headquarters? . . . Okay. Yes, I sold a good part of 'em to him."

"Any winners among them?"

"Shake of the head. "Nope." He looked over at the box. "There's not a winner in that whole batch."

"Croydon, did you ever call at this house?"

"Certainly, Sergeant. Old Man Leake was one of my good customers."

"When did you last sell him a ticket?"

"Um-m-m—some time, I'd say. Some time."

"And yet he was one of your 'good customers'?"

"Sure! A man doesn't have to buy somep'n from every drawing to be a good customer."

"And that's why you kept calling here regularly?"

"I didn't say I kept calling here regularly. It's good enough reason, if I did."

"But you did keep calling regularly, didn't you?"

"I don't know what you mean by that. Not any more than," his teeth were exposed in a yellow half grin, half snarl, "Dr. Bradford, for instance."

"Dr. Bradford was generally invited to call. Were you?"

"I was never ordered out."

"Ever sell a ticket to Mrs. Leake?"

"Who? Mrs. Leake? No."

"Well, tell me, Croydon, were you as welcome to Mrs. Leake as you were to Mr. Leake?"

"How should I know?"

"That's not answering my question. Flat out, Croydon: did you ever have a run-in with Mrs. Leake?"

"With Mrs. Leake? I should say not!"

"Then you were on friendly terms with her?"

The armless one hesitated a long time. Then, "Depends on what you mean by 'friendly,'" he admitted at last, with caution.

"Would you say she liked you, or didn't?"

"I wouldn't say. Aw, hell!" he exploded impatiently. "Neville was her boy friend. Why should she pick on me?"

"Well, did she pick on you?"

"She—did—not! Is that definite enough for you?"

"Yes, thank you. How did you happen to be in front of the house, Croydon, at the precise moment we drew up?"

"Oh, I was just walking," he explained. "For the night air."

"Is that so? Well, what time did this walk for the night air begin?"

"About eight o'clock."

"Eight o'clock! It certainly lasted long enough."

"I wasn't walking all that time."

"What were you doing?"

"Standing back in the shadows of the hedge, watching the front door of this house."

"What's that? What were you doing that for?"

"Oh," innocently, "to see who came in and out."

"Why did you do that, Croydon? What possible reason could you have for that?"

"Well, I was walking, and about a block or so away, I saw a man come out of the door, carrying something. I started hanging around, then, to see what I could see."

"Croydon, what's all this shilly-shallying about? What are you driving at?"

"Why nothing, Sergeant Blair."

"Do you realize you have admitted hanging around the front of the house where a woman was killed for a long while before she was killed? How can you prove you didn't have something to do with it?"

The armless man laughed. "It was not a pleasant lark, the doctor," he said, "told you she was choked to death. You'd have a hell of a time making anybody believe I did anything like that!"

Blair's eyes narrowed. "Ye-c-es," he said slowly, "I think . . . I would . . . This man, now, that you saw coming out of the front door, did you see his face?"

"Oh, no, I was a great deal too far away for that."

"This thing he was carrying. Was it big or little?"

"Little. Like a small basket," and his eyes sought Dr. Bradford's instrument case. Sergeant Blair's eyes followed his.

"And this man, small or large?"

"Rather tall."

"Tall as—which man here?"

"Well, about as tall as Dr. Bradford, I'd say."

Sergeant Blair turned around. "How tall are you, Neville?"

"Five feet, eleven."
"And you, Dr. Bradford?"
"Five, ten and a half."

THE SERGEANT TURNED BACK TO CROYDON.
"And you still say," he asked curiously, "this man you saw was about the size of Dr. Bradford, and not the size of Neville?"
Croydon shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, all right," he agreed innocently, "as tall as Neville, if you insist."
"How long before the murder was that, Croydon?"

"Well, let me see. I walked straight up to the shadows of the hedge. I'd been there, I'd say, about half an hour when you fellows got here."

"Half an hour, huh? Where did the man go that you saw coming out of this house?"
"I wish I knew. I lost sight of him."

Sergeant Blair drew the copy of the will before him. "Croydon," he said slowly, "your name is signed to this an attesting witness."

"Yes."
"Croydon, who signed your name to this paper?"

"Why, I did!"
"You did, eh? All right, here's a fountain pen and a piece of white paper. Let's see you sign your name on that!"

Slowly, maliciously, the armless one made ready. "Uncap the pen," he ordered. "Now, let me have it—!" and he grasped the blunt end between his teeth. As they watched, he bent his head until the pen touched the paper, swung head up, down, forward, and the name was written.

Sergeant Blair capped his pen slowly. "Who shaves you, Croydon?" he asked.

"Well, I have done it. I can do it. I generally have it done, though."

"Shave yourself? How?"

"Hold the razor with my toes." His voice held resentment.

"Let's see you pick up this glass from the floor."

Croydon drew back in anger. "What do you think I am—a dam' side-show freak for you to shoo off?"

Sergeant Blair's eyes drew together. "I'm making up my mind," he told the armless man levelly, "just what you are. If you'll take my advice, you'll co-operate every way you can in getting this murder solved. Would you rather be placed under arrest?"

Slowly, suddenly, the other withdrew his right foot from the shoe. The sock cut squarely across; the toes were entirely free. There was something not quite human about the long, prehensile toes, almost like fingers.

The foot went out. The curling toes clasped the lip of the glass, lifted it. "Satisfied?" snarled Croydon.

"Almost," imperturbably replied the sergeant. "And this vase, how would you go about taking hold of it?" He placed on the floor the cylindrical object. Croydon's eyes snapped at it.

"I'd have to take two feet," he told him, "and even then I couldn't hold it tight. I wouldn't have the strength to hold on," his lip went back, "even to a woman." He stopped abruptly.

From somewhere in the house there came a knocking. It was not the rapping of a polite request on a door. Instead, it was heavy, hollow, unearthly.

Dead silence. Their eyes sought each others. Again, closer, more unearthly, then directly above their heads.

"Sergeant Blair!" called an echoing voice. "Sergeant—! we got him—!" and a uniformed man's legs appeared, downward, through the window. It was Reilly, who had been sent up on the roof; and he paused, half inside, reaching upward.

A man's bare feet appeared, the yellow lower section of pajamas, then the whole

of a disheveled young fellow, dirty, bedraggled, bruised. There was a choking sound from Muriel Leake. "John—!" she cried. Sergeant Blair's arm held her back. "What's this, Reilly?" he asked.

Reilly snapped around proudly. "It took me long enough!" he crowed, "but I got him."

"I knew I'd see him go up on that roof. There wasn't anywhere he could have gone, except maybe into the tall oak tree, and that's a dam' good jump from the roof, in the dark. I didn't see how he could have made it, but if he had, I was going to get him. I've been checking the big oak tree, inch by inch, with the beam of my spotlight."

"He wasn't in it. Then I was sure I heard some'n. I couldn't locate it, so I put my light out and waited. By 'n' by Boggan came up, and I put him at the far end of the roof. He heard it, after a while, too."

"Did you know where that son of a gun had hid? Inside one of the chimneys? There's a lot of iron rods set inside, 'n' he'd climbed down where I couldn't see him. If he hadn't been so uncomfortable, hanging on, I'd never have caught him."

"Good work, Reilly," commended Blair. "All right, young man, snap out of it. What's your name? Who are you?"

No answer.

SERGEANT BLAIR PULLED A NOTEBOOK from his pocket. "John Ross," he read. "Five feet, eight and a half inches tall. Brown hair, brown eyes, scar in shape of crescent on left wrist. Wanted on sheriff's warrant for embezzlement from Third National Bank. Disappeared from his boarding house six weeks ago. . . . Where've you been hiding since that time, Ross?"

No answer.

"You know, young man," softly, "there are ways of persuading prisoners to talk." The boy's head came up. "You can kill me if you want to," he said in a low, well-modulated voice. "But you'll never make me tell you that."

"Oh, all right," Sergeant Blair's hand went to the other's shoulder. "John Ross, I arrest you for the murder of—"

"Wait!" the girl's voice shrieked. "I'll tell—I'll tell! He didn't do that—he couldn't have—he's been with me all the time! That's why he didn't want to tell. I've had him, all the time, hidden in my room!"

Sergeant Blair turned to the girl. "I see! He didn't want to get your name mixed up in it."

The girl grasped his meaning. "No!" she shouted at him. "I found out to be in a routine. I made him marry me—marry me, can't you understand? That's why I started to answer that my name is Muriel Ross. That's what my father and I disagreed about. He found out that I had slipped off and married John—tried to make me tell where John was into it. I've kept him hidden for six weeks, except late at night when we dared slip out and take walks for exercise. Six weeks like an animal in a dark den—"

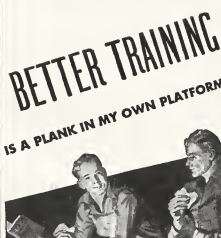
"Then he thought," Sergeant Blair ruminated aloud, "that if he told where he had been, he'd get John was into it. I've helped a man the police were hunting for. He whirled suddenly on the captive. "All right, young man," his tone was pointed, "how do you explain your being up here in the room with a woman who was choked to death, the door locked, this business of climbing out on the roof and hiding in a chimney—if you didn't have anything to do with it?"

"Why," the answer came in a surprised tone, "we had gone to bed. We heard the struggle upstairs, and that awful scream. We knew something was mighty wrong. I

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was on the steps, running up to see what
it was, when I saw policemen coming in
the front door. I couldn't get back down
without your seeing me. I didn't think. I
just wanted to get away."

The sergeant's eyes were fixed on the
girl. "So that is why," he commented
tersely, "you were so set on having us hunt
downstairs first. So Ross would have a
chance to get back to your room, huh?"
His eyes narrowed. "Where's your clothes,
Ross?" he asked sharply. "In the room
downstairs? All right, Reilly. Hold these
people here, until I bring this young man
back."

Waves of heat billowed through the
windows. Now and then there came one
or another of the night-sounds of a city under
the burden of unseasonable heat. Reilly
mopped at his dripping forehead and turned
to one of the fingerprint men. "Say," he
demanded, "I've been up on that roof.
What's it all about? Didn't I get the bird
that did it?"

"You've seen Blair work before," re-
minded the expert. "And he said he
wanted us to hold these birds, too." He
nodded toward them. Evidently it mattered
not at all that they could hear. They were
merely subjects in a problem of work be-
fore Sergeant Blair and the officers.

"Who's that 'un'?" asked Reilly, nod-
ding his head.

"Him? Oh, he's the postman on this
route."

"Humph! Big enough to 've done it, all
right. Uh-huh. Remember that case we
had where a messenger knew a woman had
received some'n valuable, and conked her?
He might know some'n. What they got
on the girl?"

"Aw, plenty. Got plenty on all of 'em.
That's the trouble. The girl's stepmother
died her dirt, got the old man to change
his will. At last, they claim he did. Old
man died right after he made the will."
The officer nodded sagely, with a knowing
wink at Reilly.

"Horsefeathers!" commented Reilly dis-
paragingly. "Who those two?"

"Them? One's the doctor. Somebody
'phoned for him, he says. That 'un was
her," nod toward body on the floor, "boy
friend."

"So," said Reilly sagely. "Boy friend,
huh. Don't blame Blair for holding him.
Remember that Estis case? What they got
against him?" nodding toward Croydon.

"Aw," replied the other, "he sold the old
man a bunch of no-count lottery tickets.
And he tells some wild yarn about waitin'
outside for I-don't-know-how-long before
the murder was committed."

"Funny, ain't it?" asked Reilly. "Any
one of these birds could 'a' wanted to kill
her. What they reckon Blair thinks?"
"Dunno," came the answer, "but one
thing. Blair told us to hold the rest of 'em
here. Only thing I'm sure of is that Blair
don't believe the boy did it."

AS IF THAT WERE A SIGNAL, Sergeant
Blair entered, his face grim, his grasp
on the shoulder of the now-clothed John
Ross. He swung that one toward Reilly.
"Hold him," he ordered curtly, and
advanced upon the girl.

"Miss Leake—Mrs. Ross, whose hand-
writing is this?" He showed her an en-
velope addressed to "Juan Fernandez, New
York."

Muriel's face showed surprise. "My
stepmother's," she announced without hesi-
tation. "What is it?"

Sergeant Blair did not answer. "And
this?" He held out a crumpled fragment
of paper.

The girl did not hesitate. "That's her
handwriting, too," she announced as posi-
tively.

"Ever see this before?" He drew from

the envelope a letter and held it before her.
His voice was more stern.

The girl shook her head wonderingly.
"No," she answered. "But she wrote it,
just as she did those other two. What is
it?"

Sergeant Blair drew the paper back from
her outstretched fingers. "I'll read it to
you," he told her, grimly:

"It's to Juan Fernandez, and reads: 'I
enclose ticket number 13-33-34 of the *Lot-
teria Castellana*, by registered mail. Your
telegram, in answer to mine, informs me
that this ticket is payable to bearer, at the
present rate of exchange of the *peseta*, win-
ning prize of a little over \$50,000. When
the funds are received, kindly remit to me
at the address below, in New York ex-
change, less your commission.'"

Blair slapped the sheet of paper with
his hand. "You've never seen this letter be-
fore?" he insisted.

"No. Certainly not. Where's the ticket
it talks about?"

The sergeant smiled. "There was no lo-
tery ticket in that letter," he said quietly.

A sudden silence. Muriel was the first
to speak. "No lottery ticket!" she cried
unbelievably. "Where did you find that
letter?"

"I found that letter," Sergeant Blair told
her levelly, "torn open—in the inside pocket
of your husband's coat."

"John—!"

"Just a moment," sternly Sergeant Blair
restrained her. "All right, Ross, that was
your concern, isn't it?"

No answer.

"Ross!" Sergeant Blair shot at him.

The girl broke in:

"John! Answer him, John! Tell him
the truth. Tell him—"

The boy's head came up slowly, unwill-
ingly. "Yes," he said in a low voice. "My
—coat."

"How did you get that letter?"

No answer.

"These your cigarettes that were in that
coat?" the sergeant took from the table the
half-burned stul. "Yes, both the same
brand."

"John Ross, let me tell you what you
did. You needed money to make your
getaway—you needed it bad. You saw a
chance and stole that letter from this room.
You were downstairs when the woman dis-
covered her loss. You heard her making
the row and screaming when she found it
had been taken. You ran upstairs. And
then, when she accused you—you killed
her!"

Sergeant Blair swung about on the girl.
"And your wife," his finger shot out at her,
"either helped you do it, or knows you did
it, and is trying to shield you!"

"No!" shrieked the boy. "She didn't!
she didn't! She doesn't know what I did.
I'll tell—I'll tell. I did it—I did it! But
Muriel didn't know. Muriel didn't have
anything to do with it. I did it—I did it
by myself, I tell you! I killed her!"

Oddly, Sergeant Blair had his back
turned to the man who was confessing
a murder. His quiet eyes darted keen
glances from face to face of the others in
the room.

Deems Neville, tall, thin, haggard, stared,
his pale face drawn, his eyes wild, in-
credulous.

Doctor Bradford's face showed sliver,
shocked surprise and utter unbelief.

Croydon, like a culture, in his black coat,
had a sarcastic smile on his face. He
resembled a bored critic watching the im-
possible efforts of amateurs.

Muriel Ross whirled upon the official.
Her voice trembled. Her face was work-
ing:

"You—dirty dog!" she cried at Sergeant
Blair.

The stalwart ex-soldier postman grunted and spat appraisingly.

"That kid," he said calmly, "is lying. He never did anything of the sort. . . . Is the postman right?"

If John Ross's confession is a lie, who choked Mrs. Leake to death?

LADY WALLINGFORD

Dr. Markel's "advances" had totaled \$23,900. But she had the drafts, on the Chase National Bank of New York. She pointed out, however, that it would be dangerous to try to cash them in San Francisco, for Jones' emissaries were watching her too closely. So she went south, very secretly, to deposit them for collection in the Hollywood branch of the Los Angeles First National.

Barbette had now about worn out the financial possibilities of the Jones situation. So, on returning from Los Angeles, she proposed a new plan to Dr. Markel.

"You told me the other day," she said, "that you were interested in establishing an orthopedic clinic. . . . It seems to me a wonderful idea, except that it isn't big enough. Why not an orthopedic hospital?"

"It would cost half a million," objected the surgeon.

"What of it?" said Barbette. "I can raise it. I've got half the Hollywood movie colony interested already, even though it's to be in San Francisco. Local people would be even more enthusiastic. The officials of the Hollywood bank have agreed to act as trustees, and they're drawing up a contract right now naming you as president at a salary of \$25,000 a year. What do you think of it?"



This is how Barbette appeared when operating her salon.

Dr. Markel thought very well of the idea, so with his endorsement she began collecting funds from San Francisco doctors and philanthropists. He gave her \$2,000 for expenses. With \$100 of this she—returning to L. A.—opened an account in the Hollywood bank in the name of the California Orthopedic Foundation. Then a few skillful strokes of her pen changed the \$100 entry in the passbook into \$100,000. She returned to San Francisco and showed this to Dr. Markel as the result of her collection efforts so far; and she also produced a contract, bearing what appeared to be the signatures of the bank officials as trustees, fixing his salary as president at \$25,000 a year.

The delighted surgeon was now in a mood to give her anything she asked—but he had nothing left to give. To finance

Six people in that room had the motive to kill. Which—if any—did it?

You will find the amazing solution of this mystery in the final installment of "By Satan Out of Midnight" in next month's REAL DETECTIVE, on sale November 15.

(Continued from page 27)

her past activities he had had to borrow \$15,000; and \$10,000 of this was unsecured and the bank was now demanding payment. The most he could raise on his remaining securities was \$7,000. This left less than nothing for Barbette. But she quickly solved the difficulty. She wrote a check for \$10,000 on the Hollywood bank, and handed it to him.

"You can pay off your note with this," she said. "By the time it reaches Hollywood the Jones money will be there to cover it." Dr. Markel was so relieved that he offered no objection when she asked to borrow another \$950.

Barbette then crossed the Bay to Berkeley, and bought a new sedan, giving a check for \$462 on the Hollywood bank as first payment. Then she drove to the jewelry store of W. R. Burke at 2199 Shattuck Avenue. Three months earlier she had opened an account there, after telling Burke she was setting up a \$200,000 estate. The account by this time had reached \$5,000; so when she now came in and picked out a \$3,000 ring, Burke told her she would have to pay cash.

"Could I give you a postdated check?" she asked.

"Well, could I give you a postdated check for \$1,000, and the rest in cash?"

"All right," he said, reluctantly.

She wrote three checks on the Hollywood bank for \$1,000 each. One was postdated December 15. The two others, Burke noticed, had first been dated November 29, and then the dates had been changed to the current one—November 27—by changing the nines into sevens. He assumed she had mistaken the date and corrected it, and he forgot all about it—temporarily. Barbette took the ring and departed. She now had \$14,462 in checks out against an account of thirteen dollars.

In a couple of days she went back to Dr. Markel.

"Unfortunately," she said, "there will be a few days delay in collecting those Jones drafts."

"Then that check—" he began anxiously.

"It will come back," she said calmly.

"But I've fixed everything, so all you have to do is to put it through again."

"How have you fixed it?"

"I've arranged with the Hollywood bank to accept your remaining securities to cover the check until the Jones money comes through. Simple, wasn't it?"

He turned over to her \$12,000 in stocks and \$5,000 in life insurance. But instead of taking them to Hollywood, she went to a bank in Oakland and asked how much she could borrow on them. She was told she could borrow \$7,000, but that she would have to get statements from the companies that there were no liens on them. Without telling Markel of her visit to Oakland, Barbette then turned the securities back to him, and made him promise to get the statements at once.

ALL THIS TIME THE POLICE were searching for Barbette Hammel, on Dohrmann's behalf, for Dorothy Hammel; but the sharpest eyes on the force had failed to recognize either of these in the person of Dorothy Whipple. The growing orthopedic project, however, had become of news interest, and it happened that Dohrmann was

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4 to 6 Inches
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"I wore the Director Belt and reduced my waistline from 42 to 33 inches. Practically all adipose tissue can surely be eliminated by its faithful use. I have recommended it to many of my patients."

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This remarkable belt produces an instant improvement in your appearance the moment you put it on. Note how much better your clothes fit and look without a heavy waistline to pull them out of shape.

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"I received my belt last Monday," writes S. L. Brown, Trenton, N. J. "I feel 15 years younger; no more tired and bloated feelings after meals."

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"I was 44 inches around the waist—now down to 37½—feet better—constipation gone—and know the belt has added years to my life." D. W. Bildebeck, Wichita, Kans.

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now one of the principal owners of the San Francisco Bulletin. Because of its philanthropic aspect he issued orders to give the new hospital plenty of publicity.

His reporters soon found that the moving force behind the project was Mrs. Wimple. From Markel they learned that she was a business woman who had been handling some of his private transactions during the past year, and that she lived at the Mayflower Hotel. At the Mayflower they learned that she also kept a suite at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood. And at the Roosevelt, the paper's southern correspondents were told that she was an English heiress and philanthropist—this having been her story in the South.

Why, the newspaper men wondered, should a woman of independent wealth have been in Dr. Markel's office? Evidently she was posing somewhere, and since the pose had something to do with the collection of money, they sensed a "racket." They could recall plenty of minor female racketeers, but in the \$100,000 class they knew of only one—Barbette; and it was recalled that Barbette also had spoken with an English accent. Two of the men who had covered her story three years before were assigned to watch the Mayflower lobby, and when she came in they recognized her.

But Barbette came in only to go right out again, for she had learned from Markel that the Bulletin was asking questions about her. So, when the police arrived at the Mayflower they found she had left without waiting for her luggage. The Bulletin immediately broke a story to the effect that the brain behind San Francisco's new hospital project had been the scheming one of Barbette, alias Dorothy Hammel—and that she had disappeared.

Dr. Markel, in great distress, told the police of his dealings with Barbette, and asked if they thought there was anything wrong. They said they thought there probably was.

The checks she had given Burke came back, of course, and he swore to bad check charges against her. Since Berkeley is in Alameda County, it then became the duty of my office to find her and bring her to trial.

Where Barbette was, we did not know; but by this time we knew Barbette. We knew that she knew that Markel was only half convinced that she had buncoed him, and that a few words from her would reassure him. We knew she would need those remaining securities of his on her flight, and that she had audacity enough to try to get them. So we watched Markel.

He went to a medical convention in San Diego. There he received a phone call. On his way home on December 7 he stopped off in Los Angeles and went to the Biltmore. When he left, our men went upstairs and arrested Barbette. Among her effects they found the "Jones" drafts that were supposed to have been deposited in the bank for collection; and wires to the eastern banks proved them forgeries.

In the Berkeley jail Barbette sent for Markel and Magee.

The stupid authorities have made a terrible mistake," she told them. "It's a thoroughly innocent. I was confident the money would be in the bank to cover that check, but I wasn't counting on the drafts. I guessed long ago that they were forged, and that Jones had given them to me so that I would get into trouble if I tried to cash them. So I pretended to fall into his trap. And then I sent my bodyguard, Crawford, whom I knew I could trust, to get the money directly from the bank."

"But how could he do that," asked Magee, "without the drafts?"

"It was in the escrow agreement," said Barbette, "that the money could be paid to

my order. Crawford was in here a little while ago. He has the money under guard in the mountains near Los Angeles, and he'll turn it over to nobody but me."

MARKEL AND MAGEE WERE CONVINCED NOW that the money was virtually in their hands—if only Barbette could get out of jail to go after it. So they put up a \$7,000 bail bond, and she was released. She proposed at first to go to Los Angeles accompanied by her mother, but Magee insisted on going along, too. The day after their arrival in the southern city she told him she had been in touch with Crawford. "When do we get the money?" he inquired eagerly.

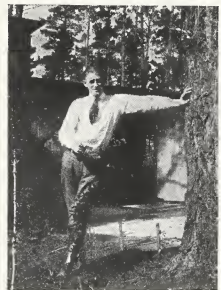
"It's a little indefinite," said Barbette. "Crawford says he'll have to wait for further instructions from the Chicago bank."

They returned to the bay district to wait for these, and on December 22 Barbette was held to answer to the superior court on the Berkeley bad check charge, and was also arrested on a charge of grand theft of labor growing out of the old salad episode. At the same time a "hold" was put on her by the San Bernardino County authorities for bad checks there. Neely & Co., San Francisco bail bond brokers, got her out of jail this time.

It was decidedly time to go away. But she needed a car, as hers had been seized in Los Angeles. Markel would have nothing more to do with her, having discovered the raised passbook entry; and Magee had gone to San Diego to attend his father's funeral.

So on Sunday, December 30, Barbette hired a taxi in Burlingame, where her mother lived, and crossed the bay to Sotobor's home in Piedmont. She handed him a check for \$100.

"That's a little advance on the Jones money," she told him. "I'm going south now to get the whole hundred thousand,



Oscar Hansen, the taxi driver, who finally captured Barbette and carried her, kicking and screaming, to an automobile and took her to jail. Of all the men she met—and she met plenty!—he is the only one she failed to outwit.

And then you'll get the rest of your share. But I mean you to have to buy a little cheap used car to make the trip in, and I want you to vouch for me at the dealer's."

"But," said Sotobor, puzzled, "this check is signed Alicia Homans!"

"I always keep an account under that name as a reserve," exclaimed Barbette. "Oh, all right," said Sotobor, and got into the cab with her. She took him to the

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